

When Three Wrongs Make a Right

by 1stPrelude

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost, Toothless

Pairings: Hiccup/Toothless/Jack Frost

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-09 06:55:20

Updated: 2015-03-21 16:53:32

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:44:38

Rating: M

Chapters: 36

Words: 179,972

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After fighting with his father and being kicked out of his house, Hiccup is taken in by a group of misfits. Little did he know how much they would change each other's lives, especially those of his two roommates. Together they heal their pasts and confront the most dangerous gang in the region. HiccupxJackxToothless / M for 8 16 19 21 23 26../ violence / drama / action / polyamory

1. Chapter 1

****Hi there! This story is a modern take on the HTTYD and RotG movies while using the characters many have grown to love. However, as word of caution. There is a romantic trio (not a triangle) between three boys, as well as violence, sexual violence, graphic language, and hopefully a buttload of feels. If some/all of that is not your thing than this may not be the story for you. I appreciate constructive criticism or opinions.****

****I do not own the cover image. All rights to that go to H-Phoenix, who can be found on DeviantArt.****

****If you cannot tell by the first chapter, this was inspired by Runaways by Sahreah. Although, it goes off in a different direction pretty quickly. I received the author's permission before I wrote this.****

* * *

><p>Kapitel 1

Unlike other stories Hiccup Haddock had read, he didn't seem to fall into the normal pattern of, "I've known all my life". He knew he was socially awkward and didn't seem to make friends at his school easily, he knew he had a knack for drawing, and he knew he never lived up to his father's expectations of the role model son. But he

never expected it to turn out like this.

Hiccup's first realization that he was gay happened at a school basketball game. He never had a strong affinity for sports, but it was the only activity his father would take time from work to engage in with Hiccup. Since Hiccup didn't play sports personally, he would invite his father to a game with him. At this particular basketball game, Hiccup could hear the other guys around him chatting about the cheerleaders' appearances and their colorful descriptors of what it would be like to be with girls like them. Hiccup stared at the girls and noted that they were attractive, but his gaze couldn't help focusing instead on the male players' physiques. The way their muscles wrapped tightly around their frames, the broadness of their chests, and the hard lines of their jaws... It was at that point in his freshman year that he accepted he wasn't attracted to girls.

Hiccup tried to bury his feelings for the following three years. Hell, he even tried to convince himself again and again that he could definitely see himself with certain girls. One girl, Astrid, was very pretty and took a liking to Hiccup early on despite the fact that he was considered an outcast. Coincidentally, their fathers became friends as well and would often joke that the two of them would hit it off one day. Hiccup's father, Stoick, would constantly ask Hiccup if he and Astrid were an item yet, to which Hiccup always frustratingly responded, "No dad, we're just friends," Which was the honest truth. Astrid and Hiccup only ever developed a strong friendship with one another. She was the only person whom Hiccup trusted out of everyone in Berk. She was also the first person Hiccup ever confessed his identity to. He knew she would accept him right away, because she was more open-minded than most of the people in their suburban city. But the real fear came when she urged him to come out to his dad. Somehow she had convinced him to do it the summer after their final year of high school, which didn't end as Hiccup had hoped.

"No, you're not gay. I **never **raised you to be that way," Stoick raged at his son after Hiccup had finally worked up the courage to be honest with his father.

"L-Like w-what dad?" Hiccup asked as he tried his absolute best to keep a straight face. Stoick had always dwarfed Hiccup with his size and bulk, but never had Hiccup felt so minuscule and helpless before his dad as he did now.

"I never raised my son to be some pussy-footed **faggot**."

The feeling only increased as the torrent of hateful slurs flowed so effortlessly from his father's mouth. Hiccup had no idea his father felt this way.

He started to plead with Stoick while trying to choke back sobs, "Dad...please just listen to me..."

"No. I've had it. I accepted a lot of disappointment from you over the years, Hiccup, but I won't accept THIS!" Stoick spit out that final word out as he gestured to his son's figure. "No son of mine will be a part of that lifestyle."

Hiccup had no idea his father would react this way. He knew his dad

was more traditional, but over the years he always seemed tolerant.

"So this is it?" Hiccup asked, his voice catching as he erratically sucked in air. "You knowâ€¦ You never listen to me. You'd rather pretend I was the perfect son instead of actually talking to me." Hiccup saw his father turn away from him, furthering the wall that separated them, and it made Hiccup irate. "FINE!" he yelled, "If you can't even get over your own pride enough to look at me, fine. I'm out of here. It's no wonder mom left you-" and before Hiccup knew it, he felt something collide with the side of his face that swiftly knocked his head to one side. His father had slapped him. Never in his seventeen years had his father slapped his face. And he did it hard.

Hiccup bit his lip and fought back tears as he grabbed his backpack and left the house. His hopes of being able to have a good relationship with his dad were completely shattered. He knew that Stoick had always dreamed to have a son that was a shining reflection of himself. But instead he got Hiccup. After his mother died, Hiccup was Stoick's only chance to have a family member take over the repair shop that he and Hiccup's grandfather had started. Stoick didn't see the point in sending Hiccup to university because of that, not that they necessarily had the funds to pay for it anyway. But even that last shred of a life was ruined, and Hiccup was the one who caused it to blow up in his face.

With his backpack over one shoulder and tears silently running down his face, Hiccup walked aimlessly through the suburb of Berk. It was already fairly late and most people had gone to bed. Fresh tears broke through as Hiccup realized that he no longer had a bed. He couldn't go to Astrid's because Hiccup didn't want her dad to learn that Stoick had disowned him, not that he would let a teenage boy spend the night anyway. He doubted that Astrid's father would be any more understanding than his own. Lost in thought, Hiccup wandered for hours until he passed by an old park and noticed a wooden playset with a tunnel. At the moment, he didn't really care where he went as long as he could fall asleep and temporarily forget what had just transpired. He dragged his feet over to the playset and threw his backpack into the tunnel. The tunnel was made for small children so Hiccup had to really bend down and scrunch to fit into it. The night had been too emotionally draining for him. After the stream of tears had dried on Hiccup's face, his mind settled into a shallow sleep...

* * *

><p>So that is the introductory chapter. I have a plot laid out, but I am always accepting of comments, ideas, and tips. The story I was inspired by can be found at this link:

****s/9938405/1/Runaways****

****It's a very good read, but I wanted to adapt it and take it in a different direction. I have the author's permission to do so and most of what I am taking are skeletal plot points. But definitely check the story above out as well if you haven't already.****

2. Chapter 2

I'm pretty excited to get the ball rolling on this story, so I may be posting fairly frequently for a little bit and then taper off to a once a week deal. But this is still my first story, so shower me with reviews and I will probably maintain that frequent posting pace for awhile.

* * *

><p>Kapitel 2

Hiccup didn't sleep well. He faded in and out of consciousness for a few hours, in part due to the previous altercation with his father and also due to the cramped, uncomfortable space he was in. The playset was old and the wood was growing rough with age. Hiccup had to pull his knees into his chest to be able to fit in the tunnel he decided to sleep in. Even then, his shoes were still resting in the woodchips that surrounded the fort. Now, other than his ridiculous first name (which was given to him out of vague Viking tradition), his peers would often taunt Hiccup with names like 'runt', 'midget', 'shorty', and...You get the idea. Puberty seemed to raise its ugly head later for Hiccup than it did for many others. Fortunately, in his final year at Berk High he managed to grow quite a bit. At this point he was rapidly approaching six feet; however, he didn't seem to inherit the hairiness, bulk, or muscle build of his father. Although...Hiccup was a little grateful for that. He was also grateful to have packed his backpack beforehand. Prior to his confession, he maintained the fear that he would have to leave for a few nights to give his father space, so he packed appropriately. But now, Hiccup was doubting that his father would ever come around. The amount of fury and hateful words his father said to Hiccup was more of a reaction than he was prepared for. He only packed a couple changes of clothes, his toothbrush, and his sketchbook. But he was glad he remembered his leather jacket, because despite it being summer, the air still had a mild chill to it. Or maybe Hiccup's body was experiencing early shock symptoms, he couldn't be sure.

Hiccup had just started to doze into a lucid dream, which made him completely unaware of the approaching group around his tunnel. He woke up when two pairs of hands grabbed his ankles and dragged him forcefully out of the tunnel. He struggled and tried to kick his legs away from his aggressors but was forced still when someone gave him a heavy kick to the abdomen, knocking the air out of him.

"Well, well. I see we caught ourselves a little fish tonight," the guy who kicked Hiccup sneered as Hiccup hugged himself and gasped for air to make its way into his lungs again. The boy knelt down in front of Hiccup and pulled him up by the hair to better look at his face. "Whatcha doin' out here, boy? This park is ours, you know." A couple others in the group chuckled in agreement with what Hiccup guessed to be their leader. There had to be at least five of them total. Hiccup tried racking his brain for ways to get away from them.

"I-I'm sorry I had no idea..." Hiccup wheezed at the end of which the boy jerked his head up more sharply, causing Hiccup to grunt at the pain.

"Hey, you look sorta familiar. Have we caught you 'round here before?" the boy narrowed his eyes as he contemplated Hiccup's

appearance.

"No! I swear I've never been here before!"

Then another member spoke out, "Hey, yeah, he's the kid with the dumb name Astrid always hangs around for some reason."

"Yeah yer right, Snotlout. It's the Haddock boy." Hiccup recognized the voices but didn't know anyone by the name of Snotlout.

"Uhhh Dagur can I beat on him, please? I've been wanting to corner him again for years," the boy called Snotlout almost too eagerly asked the leader.

"Ch... Alright, Snotlout. You can have this one," Dagur replied releasing Hiccup's hair and letting him fall to the ground.

Hiccup tried to quickly rise to his feet and prepare to defend himself. He knew he wasn't very strong and had no experience fighting anyone. But at the moment it didn't really matter as he felt a blow to the side of his head before he could completely stand, which knocked him back down to his hands and knees. Rubbing his aching skull, he looked up at his attacker and recognized him to be a boy in his year named Scott. Scott had bullied Hiccup a lot when they were younger and would go out of his way to make his life miserable. It didn't help that Scott, now christened as Snotlout, had always been twice Hiccup's size. But he had suddenly stopped after Hiccup became friends with Astrid.

Hiccup felt another hard kick to his side and he curled into a ball to try and protect his chest and abdomen as he received kick after kick. His side and back were burning from pain and he only hoped his bones would stay intact. There was no possible way for him to escape. He was surrounded by the other four members and he couldn't move without making his body more vulnerable to the heavy blows. Someone then yanked him up by his hair again and punched him in the jaw, causing Hiccup to cry out in pain and struggle against the hand holding him up. Hiccup's hair was released and he heard the sound of flesh colliding with flesh and he flinched thinking that the sound was meant for him. But as looked up from the ground, he saw that the formation of people had changed. There was someone else fighting with Dagur and was managing to dominate him. Snotlout and the other's attention quickly drew away from Hiccup as they ran to try and pull the man away from Dagur with little success. Out of the corner of his eye Hiccup saw another figure sprint across the park and punch Snotlout in the head before kicking him to the ground trying to help what seemed to be his companion.

Fighting against the pain in his ribs and back, Hiccup struggled to crawl away from the fray and hide himself. He managed to get behind a large tree and hoped that nobody had noticed. He continued to hear the mess of people fighting, but he had no idea what to expect. How the hell did he get himself caught up in what seemed to be a gang fight? After only a couple minutes, Hiccup heard Dagur yell the retreat and the gang of five ran off. Then Hiccup heard voices, one of which had an Australian accent.

"Ya alright there, mate?"

"Yeah, no real harm done. Where'd the boy go?"

"Maybe he ran off then? Woulda been the smart choice, if you ask me."

"No, he was beat pretty hard. He couldn't have gotten far."

Hiccup then heard footsteps getting closer to his makeshift hiding spot. He clutched his side with one arm and hugged his knees with the other hoping that the darkness would conceal him enough. But the footsteps only got closer and he flinched as someone knelt down next to him.

"Ay, mate. It's alright. We're not here ta hurt ya. What's your name?" The speaker spoke in a low voice in an attempt to not frighten the boy further. But Hiccup only shook his head and buried his face into his knees not wanting to give his name out to possible gang members.

The other pair of footsteps approached and knelt down on the other side of him. A hand touched his shoulder, which surprised Hiccup enough that he quickly looked up at the second person. It was dark, but there was enough moonlight out for Hiccup to make out his appearance. The first striking characteristic was his hair. His hair seemed to be snow white and was heavily disheveled from the fight. Overall, his skin was very fair and his face had soft features. His lips were pressed into a thin line and his eyes looked at Hiccup with a genuine expression of concern. God, Hiccup's face must have looked awful to warrant that expression.

Then, the boy's expression changed to one of realization. "Hey...I know you." the boy uttered.

"What?" Hiccup replied, confused.

"Ah, the kid does speak!" the Australian jokingly remarked. "Wait, you know this kid, Jack?"

Jack...Hiccup realized that the guy next to him was Jackson Frost. Hiccup must have been pretty dazed to not piece that together. Who the fuck else did he know with white hair? But he never would have thought that Jack knew who Hiccup was. They graduated in the same year, but Hiccup tended to think that he was invisible to most people at his school. He never liked to draw attention to himself, because that would usually lead to him embarrassing himself in some fashion.

Which was why Jack's response surprised Hiccup. "Yeah, we were in a few art classes together." Jack then turned his attention back to Hiccup. "Why were you out here by yourself anyway?"

Hiccup bit his lip and looked off to the side at nothing in particular trying to inhibit the tears that threatened to emerge again and also not wanting to launch into the story of how his father had disowned him.

Jack recognized the pain in Hiccup's eyes and didn't attempt to pry further. Instead he just factually noted, "You don't have a bed to sleep in tonight then, huh." Hiccup shook his head. Jack looked over to the Australian and started saying, "Bunnyâ€¦"

"Jack, we don't have room for anymore."

"He can stay in mine then. I'll crash on the couch."

"Jackâ€|"

"We can't leave him out here, Buns! Dagur's group will probably come back and the kid doesn't have a safe place to go."

Bunny sighed and then submitted, "Alright, fine. If you're willing to give up your bed. But he can't stay for long like that. We don't have the room."

Jack nodded and then stood up while offering his hand to Hiccup. Hiccup just looked at it dumbly, not really knowing what the two were talking about but registering that he was being offered a place to stay for the night. In most other circumstances, Hiccup would have refused out of politeness. But he felt too much like shit and too scared to stay out in the open, so he grabbed hold of Jack's hand and struggled to stand up. His side hurt way too much and he hunched over holding it and gasping in pain. Jack put Hiccup's other arm around his shoulder to offer some supportâ€| Good thing they were both roughly the same height.

"Okay, let's get outta here then." Bunny said as he picked up Hiccup's backpack and walked off with Hiccup and Jack following slowly behind. Hiccup walked while leaning on Jack for support, since it hurt him to breathe too deeply and some of his abdominal muscles would burn every time he stepped with his right foot. They didn't walk too far, thankfully. After they left the park, they walked a few blocks until they approached a building. Hiccup didn't realize how far away from his home he had wandered. He had left Berk and meandered his way unknowingly into the neighboring city, which was built up a little more than his smaller, residential town. The buildings were closer together and there were more restaurants, businesses, and entertainment venues than in Berk. The building they approached displayed a sign on the front in cursive labeled The Guardians; however, they didn't walk up to the door. Bunny and Jack led Hiccup around the side of the building and down a metal staircase. Stairs proved to be more cumbersome for Hiccup as he had to hold onto both the railing and Jack to hold himself steady. Bunny fumbled with some keys below them and then opened several locks on the metal door before he pushed it open and flicked on a light.

They entered into what appeared to be an old storage basement. The walls and floor were made of cement and there were pipes running all along the ceiling. However, Hiccup was a little impressed with how they had refurbished the old storeroom. It looked as though they had converted it into a series of rooms like a large apartment. He could tell they had somewhat recently set up drywall to divide the open basement into rooms, some of which Hiccup couldn't see from where they had entered. The basement was pretty large and there was a hallway that led off to a series of rooms. From where they stood, Hiccup could see the open living room with furniture and lighting arranged somewhat tastefully. None of the furniture matched, but Hiccup could tell they organized it as comfortably as they could. There was no television though, only a radio and a large bookcase that was sadly devoid of books, save for a few. There was, however, enough seating with several couches and armchairs for possibly eight or more people. A wide coffee table stood in between the couches.

Without additional lighting, Hiccup couldn't really make out what the kitchen looked like in detail. But he let Jack lead him down the winding hallway and into a room at the very end of it. As they walked towards the end of the hallway, Hiccup could see that the walls at the end changed from drywall to red brick. The room at the end wasn't created out of drywall either, but instead seemed to be built with the original building and out of the same brick as the hallway. Jack unlocked the door to what must have been his room and turned on a light as he led Hiccup inside.

The room was really small. There was just enough space for two beds and a small wardrobe. A large carpet had been laid across the floor to provide a little warmth against the cold stone. An old radiator was in the far corner around which the two beds were placed for warmth. Decorating the walls were some posters of bands Hiccup had never heard of before. But when Jack turned on the light, he caused the sleeping occupant of one of the beds to stir and groan.

"Sorry, Toothless. I'll explain later. Someone else is taking my bed tonight." Jack quietly explained to his roommate. Who, disgruntled, covered his head with the pillow to block out the light. Hiccup walked over to the other bed and sat down on it, not really sure of the whole situation.

"The...uh...bathroom is right across from this room. And I'll be on the couch if you need anything," Jack quietly told Hiccup in an attempt to not wake Toothless anymore. He looked over at Toothless to see if they were bothering him further. "Probably best not to wake him. Like I said, if you need something just come and find me. I won't be offended if you wake me up."

Hiccup could feel Jack watching him as he stared at his shoes. He didn't know the appropriate response for this type of situation. So he sheepishly said the only thing that came to mind.

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me yet. Your body's going to feel like shit tomorrow," Jack jokingly replied back to him. After which he grew a little more serious, "But hey, don't mention it. Just rest a little and I'll see you in the morning." Jack then turned off the light and left Hiccup alone.

Hiccup didn't really want to be alone, not that he technically was. But the sleeping roommate wasn't likely to offer him anything in the realm of comfort tonight. He took off his shoes and his jacket and laid them on the floor next to the bed. Then he gingerly crawled under the covers and tried to find a position that he could comfortably sleep in without upsetting his bruises. Before he knew it, he was finally able to fall into a deep sleep.

3. Chapter 3

Kapitel 3

Well...Jack was right. Hiccup's body felt worse than it had ever felt before. Before he even opened his eyes, he could feel the stiffness all over his sides, back, and neck. His head was throbbing and pain emanated from the right side and his jaw. His cheek was also

sensitive from where his dad had hit him. Hiccup tried not to think about that as it would only make him tear up again and the last thing he wanted to do was cry in a stranger's home. He sat up in bed groaning against the stiffness and bruising of his body. He tried massaging his neck a little, it felt as though he incurred whiplash after being knocked about so harshly.

He finally took a moment to properly inspect the room. Toothless was gone and his bed was neatly made. What Hiccup didn't notice the night before though was that their room had a little window near the ceiling that let in some natural light. It was pretty bright outside, so it was hard to tell what time it actually was. Hiccup stood up and started fixing Jack's bed. He didn't want to rudely leave it crumpled up. As he was doing so, he noticed a spot of blood stained on the pillow. Hiccup immediately started to inspect his head to find the cause. He felt the spot where Snotlout had punched his skull and winced. It was swollen and he could feel where his hair had clumped from the dried blood. He sighed and worried how bad the damage actually was. It couldn't be too bad because he could still move around. But what if he was suffering a concussion? Quickly he recalled the events of last night in his head, he could still vividly recall every painful detail. To be sure he snapped his fingers to check his hearing and then stood up to check his balance. At least he was almost sure he didn't suffer brain damage. Positives.

Hiccup sat back down to put on his shoes and then remembered Jack had told him where the bathroom was. He walked across the hallway and into the little bathroom. It had the basic necessities and was clean despite its aged appearance. Hiccup emptied his bladder and then, as he washed his hands, he gathered the courage to look at his face. It was surprisingly not as bad as he had expected. He had a large bruise on the cheekbone under his left eye and his hair was a mess. But other than that, he didn't seem to sustain any additional damage other than sensitivity. He washed his face off in the sink and attempted to wash the blood out of his hair and comb the sticks out with his fingers. He then attempted to style it back to how it was supposed to look. His dark brown hair was generally pretty choppy in appearance and his bangs hung down to his eyebrows. He had two small braids under his right ear that were generally concealed unless his hair blew in the wind. After he was satisfied with his head, he moved on to inspect the rest of his injuries. He lifted his green shirt off to look at his torso. Unlike his face, the left side of his body and back were littered with dark red bruises. He touched one on his rib and drew his fingers back quickly at how much pain the simple touch had inflicted. He probably should take a cold bath or put ice on himself he thought.

Suddenly he heard a knock on the door and Jack's voice. "Hey, Hiccup...Are you in there?"

"Uh, yeah! Just one second." Hiccup quickly pulled his shirt back on and then opened the door to see Jack waiting for him. Hiccup was surprised to see him actually looking concerned. It was weird, since they never really shared much in the realm of interaction before, Hiccup assumed Jack was always...shallow.

But then Jack looked directly at Hiccup with his ice blue eyes and smiled slightly. "How are you feeling?" he asked Hiccup obviously knowing the answer.

Hiccup smirked and honestly replied, "Like you predicted. I feel like I was hit with a meteorite."

Jack couldn't help but release a laugh at Hiccup's phrasing. "Well, then I bet you wouldn't mind some ice. And probably some food, yeah? You slept until 4."

"In the afternoon?!" Hiccup asked shocked he had slept for over 12 hours.

"Heh, yeah. We were starting to get worried." Jack said as he rubbed the back of his neck. "Come on, I'll show you around and get you some ice."

Jack walked Hiccup back through the hallway and into the living room. There were quite a few small children playing games on the floor and running around. Jack changed direction and then walked into the simple kitchen. It wasn't the biggest, but it could get the job done. There were two tables pushed close to the wall in an L-shape so that as many people could fit as possible. In place of chairs, the tables were fitted with long benches like a picnic table. Jack walked over to the fridge and removed the ice box to start making Hiccup a cold pack.

"What is this place?" Hiccup asked Jack. It was a strange question, which was why Hiccup was hesitant to ask it, but he wasn't able to put together for himself what was going on in this basement.

Jack smiled a little as he put ice in a plastic bag and replied, "It's a little haven that North set up a while ago. He took over the club above us and those of us who are old enough are allowed to work for room and board with additional wages. It's off the books, so it may not technically be legal. But all of us here don't really have any other place to go, so it's better than the streets or being shuffled into the foster care system." He filled the bag with some water, sealed it, and moved the ice around to chill it. Then he wrapped it in a dishrag and handed it to Hiccup.

"Foster care?" Hiccup asked as he took the bag from Jack. He touched the bag immediately to the swollen part of his skull and winced after he forgot how much pressure the wound could comfortably withstand.

Jack smirked at the expression on Hiccup's face after he accidentally hurt himself. Then he replied, "Yeah. Most of us were too young to be emancipated when we came here. Everyone's situation is different though. I just turned 18 a few months ago, so legally I'm an adult now. But just last year we took in a girl and her eight young siblings, so it's been a bit chaotic. The kids are all too young to work and their older sister is studying to be a dental hygienist. She came to us desperate, because the government was threatening to take her siblings away and separate them all unless she proved she was able to support them. She does what she can around here on top of studying, but she would have been overworked. So I voluntarily decided to stay here and help out. Besides, it's cheaper than finding a place of my own."

Hiccup admired Jack's sense of altruism and was thankful he gave him the cold pack. His skull started to numb and the pain was ebbing away. "Thanks again by the way." He motioned to the cold pack. "For

this and...rescuing me last night."

Jack smiled again at Hiccup and said, "Well what were we supposed to do? Walk by and let Dagur's bunch of thugs beat up some defenseless guy in front of us?"

"Well you could have gotten hurt as well," Hiccup pointed out.

"Eh, I knew I would be fine with Bunny there. He was the first one to react. He could have probably taken out all of them by himself. The only two that can actually fight are Snotlout and Dagur. I really didn't do anything except watch his back." Jack leaned against the counter nonchalantly as Hiccup sat on the bench still pressing the cold pack on his head. Suddenly Jack straightened up and exclaimed, "Oh crap! I'm so sorry, I forgot about this." He reached into the fridge and pulled out a plate with a sandwich on it. "You must honestly be starving," he said as he handed the plate to Hiccup.

Hiccup took it earnestly and tried to alleviate Jack's sense of guilt, "No, no. I didn't even think about. And you don't even have to do all this anyway."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because you don't even know me."

"So? You can't be nice to people you barely know?" Jack quickly counteracted. As Hiccup silently began to eat the sandwich, Jack's demeanor changed from cheerful to concerned. He walked over to Hiccup and sat next to him. Then he asked him quietly, "So why couldn't you go home last night?"

Hiccup stopped eating and looked away. He knew he couldn't avoid answering Jack again after all he did for him, so he flatly responded trying to keep his voice steady, "Because my dad kicked me out."

Jack's jaw tensed up a little and then he tried to probe a little further. "Why?"

"Look, I would really rather not talk about it." Hiccup sharply responded back as his eyes started to glaze over.

Jack leaned away from Hiccup and replied, "Fair enough. Well, I know Bunny said we don't have room. But if you work and help out around here, we can probably fit you in my room."

"But your room is already full. And I don't want to be a burden to anyone like last night."

"Cut it out, you weren't being a burden. You were in trouble, man. It's okay to ask for help when you genuinely need it." Jack gently elbowed Hiccup's arm. "Besides, we do need the help around here. I'll move the furniture around and we'll squeeze you in somehow."

"What about your roommate?" Hiccup was concerned whether he would be as generous as Jack was.

"Oh Toothless? I know you didn't really get to meet him last night."

He doesn't talk much, but I have a strong feeling he would understand if I talked to him. We've all been through our own share of rough patches in our lives, so it'd be a dick move to turn someone down during theirs."

Hiccup smiled as he looked at the sandwich in his hands. He couldn't believe how nice Jack was being towards him. He barely had any friends his whole life and yet this random stranger was willing to give up the shirt on his back for him. After one of the worst nights of his life, he had to be grateful that the cosmos was at least forgiving.

"This sandwich is really good by the way," Hiccup remarked after what seemed like a long pause.

"Yeah, Bunny bakes the bread himself and we grow the vegetables on the roof."

"...what?"

Jack smiled again at Hiccup's confusion. "In order to save money, we try to make or grow a lot of our own food. North built a greenhouse on the roof and we have the rest covered in garden patches. It's actually pretty impressive."

Hiccup was indeed impressed at the group's ability to get by. He was also surprised that the masculine Australian knew how to bake bread.

"Oi, Toothless!" Jack called out as Toothless walked in the front door and started to pass by the kitchen. He backtracked and then walked in to hear what Jack had to say to him.

While Jack was explaining the situation to Toothless, Hiccup couldn't help staring at him. The boy was to simply put it, beautiful. He was taller than both himself and Jack but was lean like the two of them. His hair was jet black and fell in messy layers around his face and past his shoulders. His bangs swept off to one side exaggerating his large, emerald green eyes. But it was his face that captured Hiccup the most. He had very fair features. His face was delicately angled and would have been almost feminine in appearance if it weren't for his strong cheekbones. Toothless was silently listening to what Jack was saying with his hands in his pockets, until he noticed Hiccup was staring at him. He nervously shifted his weight to the other leg and tonelessly responded, "Sure that's fine. You guys can do what you want." And then he quickly strode out of the kitchen.

Hiccup was a little concerned that Toothless wasn't actually okay with it or that he had accidentally freaked him out. Jack on the other hand thought the conversation went rather well.

"Don't worry about it, Hiccup. If he wasn't okay with it he would have said so. The guy doesn't talk much, but when you ask for his opinion, he'll give you an honest answer. Sometimes he's a little too honest, actually." Jack reflected humorously on when Toothless told many a customer at the club that her attire didn't flatter her in the slightest. Jack couldn't remember the exact phrasing that Toothless would use, but it was amusing to watch. A lot of the female patrons unsuccessfully flirt with the guy and Toothless is not the type of person for casual interaction let alone being seduced. Many at some

point would ask him what he thought of their clothes and he would tell them his honest version of the truth. Needless to say they wouldn't leave him a good tip after that.

Hiccup wondered what Jack was thinking about that was making him smile like that, but he decided to divert the conversation. "Shall we try and fix up the room then?" he asked.

Jack snapped back out of his thoughts, "Uh, yeah, sorry. Let's go do that."

Hiccup washed his plate and emptied the water from the cold pack while Jack went off to fix the room. His head did feel better after the ice and food. His body was also starting to relax the more he moved around. When he got to the bedroom, Jack was already moving the beds around and trying not to disturb any of Toothless's few possessions. With the radiator in its awkward position, there weren't a lot of options.

"Hey Hic. We don't have any other spare beds or mattresses. So I'm just pushing these two together and fitting them with larger sheets. Is that alright?"

"Umâ€¦yeah I can handle that." Hiccup felt heat rising in his cheeks at the thought of sharing a bed with Jack and Toothless. But he figured as long as neither of them had a problem with it, then he wouldn't object.

After pushing the beds together and fitting them with adequate bedding, it actually seemed to add a little more space to the cramped room. Hiccup placed his backpack in the corner by the radiator.

"You can put your clothes in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe. Just scoot mine over," Jack suggested to Hiccup.

Hiccup did as he was told. He opened the drawer and scooted what was there of Jack's over a little. He didn't have a lot of clothes either. A couple pairs of pants, shorts, maybe a week's worth of socks and underwear, and a handful of shirts. That explained why Hiccup had very often seen him wearing his signature blue hoodie. After he moved everything over, Hiccup laid what little he had there as well.

"If you need to take a shower, you can use this towel." Jack tossed Hiccup a towel from across the room. "Just take care of it when you use it. We don't have much around here, so we try and keep everything as clean as we can. And, actually, if you can start taking your shoes off by the front door, that would help too." Jack responded to Hiccup.

"Oh, yeah, of course. I-I'm sorry..." Hiccup started to stammer.

"Don't worry about it. It just means that we don't have to sweep or wash the floors as often. Speaking of which, I'm going to go take a shower before work. Feel free to do whatever." Jack walked out the door and into the bathroom, leaving Hiccup alone in the room. Not knowing what else to do, Hiccup took out his sketchbook and started working on an old drawing.

A little while later, Toothless walked in and took into account the change of furniture and noticed Hiccup sitting on the bed. He walked over and lifted what used to be his mattress and pulled out another sketchbook.

In an attempt at forming at least a basic level of friendship with him, Hiccup asked, "You draw too?" He immediately felt foolish after he asked, since the answer was obvious.

Toothless then stiffly answered, "Yeah." and walked out of the room. Hiccup felt that Toothless wasn't trying to be rude or disliked him in any way. He got the feeling, based on what Jack had said, that Toothless was just reserved. Hiccup decided after a minute to go find him.

He walked into the living area where all the kids were playing. They didn't seem to pay Toothless any mind and shyly moved away from Hiccup. Hiccup wasn't really good with kids, but he figured if someone introduced him to them, he could maybe warm up to them. He walked over to where Toothless lounged on a couch and asked him, "Mind if sit with you?" Toothless shrugged, which Hiccup took as an ok. He sat down in the armchair near Toothless and considered what he wanted to draw. For some reason, he decided to make a quick sketch of Toothless.

Toothless must have noticed after a while that Hiccup continued to glance at him over his sketchpad, because he asked abruptly, "What are you drawing?" Fortunately, Hiccup was basically done, so he tore out the page and handed it over to the raven-haired boy. Toothless looked at it and his eyes grew a little bit out of shock. The picture was really well drawn for a quick sketch. It was of a person with long, dark hair and an angled face. The person was smiling broadly while its eyes gazed directly out of the page at the viewer. The expression was the happiest than Toothless had ever seen in a person. And, strangely enough, it made him feel hopeful himself. He glanced back over to Hiccup and asked, "Who is it?"

Hiccup's first thought was that he did a terrible job if Toothless didn't recognize the picture. But to answer the question he awkwardly stammered out while rubbing the back of his head, "I, uh, well it's supposed to be you."

Toothless's expression immediately darkened as he looked back down at the picture. Then he abruptly stood up and firmly declared, "It doesn't look anything like me." And he ripped the page in half and stormed out the front door. All the kids stopped playing, looked up at the door and then at Hiccup only to mirror his look of shock and confusion. Hiccup would have felt incredibly hurt by the gesture, if he hadn't detected a note of sadness in Toothless's voice.

4. Chapter 4

Kapitel 4

Jack walked into an unusually quiet living room. He looked around and saw that all the children were looking at Hiccup and Hiccup was staring at the front door. Rubbing his fingers through his still damp hair, Jack walked over to where Hiccup was sitting.

>"What's the matter, Hiccup?" Jack asked Hiccup rather

confused.<p>

Hiccup snapped out of his surprise and looked at Jack. Before he could say anything, a little girl who couldn't have been any older than eight ran up to Jack and pulled on his arm.

"That kid hurt Luka's feelings and he ran out!" She pointed accusingly at Hiccup, which only caused Hiccup to look away and feel worse about what happened. Wait, Toothless's name was Luka?

Jack knelt down next to the girl and calmly told her, "Now Pippa, I doubt that he meant to. You know how Luka can be sometimes." He then addressed the rest of them. "You guys get back to your games, I'm going to talk to Hiccup." Some of the kids snickered when they heard Hiccup's name. But they obediently listened and went back to their board games, coloring, and dolls. Jack's eyes flitted to the floor by the couch and he noticed the torn drawing. He picked up the ripped halves and put the pieces together. His eyes widened a little when he took in the drawing. "Wow, Hic, did you just draw this?" Jack asked Hiccup in amazement.

Hiccup nodded in response, still upset that he had somehow offended Toothless. All he wanted was to be his friend, but Hiccup guessed that he had fulfilled his friend-making quota for a few more years. That seemed to be the frequency at which he could make a new friend, anyway.

"Come on." Jack leaned down and grabbed Hiccup's wrist to pull him up. He then dragged him back down the hall into their room.

"What?" Hiccup asked, a little annoyed that Jack had dragged him somewhere without telling why.

Jack let go of Hiccup's wrist and confessed, "Sorry, I didn't want to talk in front of the kids or if anyone else happened to come in."

"What's up with Toothless? All I did was sketch him and at first he looked impressed, but when he found it was of him he got all pissed offâ€¦ It actually looked like I upset him a little..."

"Try not to be easily offended by Toothless. It takes a lot for him to warm up to people and he tends to have odd reactions sometimes. Hell, it took me six months to be able to have daily conversations with him and we share the same room." Jack said as he shrugged his shoulders.

"Why is his nickname Toothless?" Hiccup asked looking over to Jack. "It's not like he has a dumb name like I do that he needs to hide behind."

Jack smiled at Hiccup as he responded to the latter remark, "Your name isn't dumb, Hic. It's kind of endearing actually." Hiccup skeptically raised an eyebrow at that statement. "But I don't really know much myself. He refuses to let anyone other than the kids and Anna call him Luka."

"Anna?" Hiccup asked.

"Anna Toothiana. She's the older sister going to dental school," Jack

quickly reiterated. "But yeah, he gets really weird when anyone else calls him by his real name. I'd rather not do it if I were you."

Hiccup bit his cheek as he thought about why Toothless hated his name so much. Hiccup had a name he gets made fun of for all the time, but he never tried to change it. Let alone to a nickname that is even stranger. Which made him remember that Jack never answered his former question. "But why Toothless?"

"He was called that before he came here, apparently. Not sure where it originated. But I joke with him and say it's because I never see him smile." Jack's face softened a little after he said that as he recalled a memory and continued in a lower tone, "I saw him smile only once before, actually. Your sketch surprisingly comes close to that."

"Really? You think its ok then?" Hiccup wanted to make sure that the reason Toothless was upset wasn't because he actually hated the drawing itself. Maybe he was just embarrassed that Hiccup had taken the time to draw him.

"Okay? It's actually really impressive. I'm more astonished you did that in the time I was getting ready. I know I'm slow sometimes, but there's no way I could do anything close to that in under 30 minutes."

Hiccup swelled a little inside at the compliment. He rarely showed anyone else his drawings, mostly because he had no one to show them to. His dad never particularly seemed to care either. He entered several pieces in school art fairs, and he did win a few times. But he never thought that highly of his skill.

"You...wanna look at some of my other stuff?" Hiccup tentatively asked while looking down at the sketchbook in his hand.

Jack looked at his watch and replied, "Yeah, I've got a few minutes before I've gotta go to work." He smiled at Hiccup as they walked over to the bed and sat down next to one another. Hiccup handed his book over to Jack, who proceeded to study each drawing before gently turning the page over to look at the next one. Hiccup couldn't help but watch him intently as he did so, trying to gauge his reactions. He also couldn't help but quickly run his gaze over Jack's body. Jack's work attire was pretty classy to say the least. He was wearing black slacks that were nicely tailored to his hips and were cut in such a way that showed off the length of his legs. As for a shirt, he was wearing a stark white button-up with a thin black tie. His white hair complimented well in relation to his shirt. He was bouncing his leg a little as he turned the pages in contemplation of Hiccup's drawings.

"These are incredible, Hic. You really have talent," Jack replied gently to Hiccup. He returned the sketchbook and continued, "I especially like the one with the black dragon. It's really cool. I actually think Toothless would like to see that one. He likes drawing dragons too, you see." Jack winked at Hiccup as he placed his hands on his knees to stand up, "Well, I'll be off. We'll probably get you to work tomorrow or something. I'll talk to North tonight and he'll fix you up with a uniform. I'll be back late."

"Alright, I'll see you later then," Hiccup replied, still glowing from the fact that someone admired his sketches. Jack opened the door to leave only to find Toothless about to enter the room.

"Oh, sorry man. You better hurry up or you'll be late," Jack mentioned to Toothless.

"I was actually told by North to come get Hiccup. He needs two people to run an errand for him," Toothless explained as he glanced over at Hiccup on the bed.

"Alright...I guess then I'll see you in a little bit," Jack replied before he sidestepped around Toothless and walked down the hall.

Hiccup wanted to apologize and clear the air between them before it could get any worse. So he immediately stood up with his arms outstretched and his palms facing forward. He started, "Look, Toothless. I'm really sorry about earli-

"No, don't be sorry. I shouldn't have torn your drawing." Toothless flatly responded to Hiccup, which Hiccup took as a sincere apology and smiled in relief. Toothless quickly scanned Hiccup up and down before he added, "Well...are you coming?"

"Oh! Yeah, uh- of course." Hiccup walked hurriedly over to Toothless and followed him to meet the infamous North.

After they had entered the club and climbed multiple sets of staircases to reach what Hiccup gathered to be North's office/flat, Toothless finally knocked on the door. Hiccup wasn't sure what he expected North to be like, but the furthest thing from his mind was what he could only describe to be a very Russian Santa Claus. North opened the door and shouted rather jovially, "OH! Finally I meet friend of Jack and Toothless." He then reached out and picked Hiccup up to give him the hug of his lifetime, apparently. Hiccup was taken completely off-guard and thought he was going to be crushed by the massively jolly man. The bruises probably only intensified the experience. Hiccup heard Toothless snort in humor next to him.

After North put Hiccup back down, he placed his two large hands on Hiccup's shoulders. He said, "Toothless already explain you want to stay, no?" Hiccup confirmed his position and North continued, "Da. Ok. I first measure you for your uniform. You like black, white, or red?" North asked Hiccup, who didn't really understand what choice he was making.

"Um...red?"

Then before Hiccup realized it North had pulled him into his foyer, whipped out a measuring tape, and went to town taking down the size of Hiccup's neck, arms, torso, hips, and inseam. Toothless stood with his arms crossed in the corner smirking as the large man was erratically moving Hiccup's limbs around to measure him. When he was done, North exclaimed, "Good. Now I am low on few things. Did not expect newcomer at this moment." North glanced down at Hiccup and smiled warmly. "You and Toothless run to supermarket and pick me up these things." He handed a list to Hiccup that from a glance looked like sewing supplies. Then he looked to Toothless. "Oh and we are also low on Vodka. Stop at Val's and pick up couple bottle." He

tossed a small wallet of money at Toothless. The two boys left North's flat and walked outside to head to the store.

Hiccup looked over at Toothless. "You're 21?" He inquired because he didn't know how North expected Toothless to buy alcohol otherwise. The boy didn't appear quite that old, but it was possible that his fair features altered Hiccup's judgment.

But Toothless clarified, "No. I'm only 19. But Val knows North and I, so North just sends me there." After a short pause he sighed and added, "It never seems to be a surprise to Val that the Russian is mysteriously out of vodka so much."

Hiccup laughed at the remark as he hadn't even put that stereotype together until then. Toothless gave a half-smile at Hiccup and they continued walking to the store in silence. It was fortunate that there were stores open all night, as it was already almost midnight. They picked up the sewing supplies for North and then made their way over to Val's.

"Why did North have to send us to do this tonight?" Hiccup asked Toothless since he was confused about their night errand.

"Because North stays up all night for the club. He probably wants to tailor your uniform tonight so he can sleep tomorrow."

That made sense to Hiccup. He was starting to grow tired though since he normally went to sleep around this time. He asked Toothless a second question, "How much further to Val's?"

"Couple blocks more. It's a little out of the way from the club, but it's the only place I can buy," Toothless responded. Toothless then suddenly stopped in his tracks, which caused Hiccup to turn and look at him. Toothless was glaring into a dark alley they had just passed with his knees slightly bent as if deciding whether to fight or flee. Hiccup looked as well but didn't see anything. Then they both heard a sound come from behind them and turned to see a small group surrounding them.

"Lucky for us, we found our little fish again. This time without the Australian to jump in and rescue you..."

Hiccup recognized Dagur's sneering voice and saw that Toothless had proceed to ball his fists and raise his arms slightly in a readied stance. His jaw was clenched and Hiccup noticed a fire in his eyes. Hiccup tried to take a on a similar threatening stance in hopes he could better defend himself. Unfortunately, he feared his bruises would prevent him from a free-range of motion and would make him more susceptible to pain than before.

"What are you doing here? This isn't your area," Toothless growled at Dagur.

Dagur maintained his focus on Hiccup while he responded to Toothless's question. "Well, you see, your mates came onto our territory yesterday and fought me and Snotlout. So I thought it only fair to bring my gang and fight two of you where you least expected it as well." Dagur drew his attention away from Hiccup and looked Toothless up and down rather slowly. "It's been awhile, Luka. I actually thought about you the other day. It's hard to

forget...Except your voice is different. Seems your balls finally dropped," he snickered at his own joke.

Toothless grew red in the face at the comment and before Dagur had realized he moved, Toothless punched him in the stomach. Two other members quickly surrounded Toothless and they all started to brawl with one another. Arms and legs flailed as Hiccup heard cries of pain from various people as they were punched or kicked in sensitive areas. Hiccup tried to move in to help Toothless, but was pulled away by Dagur, who proceeded to force Hiccup down to the ground by punching him into a kneeling position. Grabbing his neck and clutching it to make sure that Hiccup wouldn't move, he yelled at Toothless to distract him from attacking his comrades.

"Your little boyfriend's weak, Luka! Pitch might have some use for him thoughâ€¦" Dagur sneered into Hiccup's ear and squeezed his throat a little tighter, causing Hiccup to choke.

Toothless stopped fighting and was quickly subdued by the two members he was brawling with. They grabbed hold of both of his arms and one kicked the backs of his knees so he fell roughly to the ground as well. Toothless's eyes filled with fear as he recognized the implications that Dagur was making. "You wouldn't..." he started to say.

"Oh I dunno. It's not really up to me right now. HEY, Benedikt!" Dagur called out to someone that had been standing in the shadows of the alleyway. Hiccup could hear him slowly walk out of the alleyway and toward the group. He couldn't see him, because Dagur was still clutching his throat and prevented him from moving. Instead he could see Toothless's eyes widen in recognition as he beheld the figure coming out of the shadows.

Toothless started then pleading with Benedikt, "Benedikt, please. Don't let them take him to Pitch." When Benedikt didn't respond, Toothless suddenly broke out into another language Hiccup couldn't understand. He only knew that Toothless continued pleading with him, "Bene, Bene bitte. Mach es nicht. Er hat nichts getan und du weisst schon, was Vater ihm machen wird."

"Aww, we got the little Nazi to reveal himself. You must be desperate," Dagur grabbed Hiccup's chin to forcibly shake his head, to which Hiccup responded by trying to wrench himself out of Dagur's grasp. Before he managed to do so,

Dagur went back to clutching his throat and holding both of Hiccup's hands behind his back. Hiccup felt his knees grinding into the cement underneath him and tried to lean back into Dagur in an attempt to shift some of his weight.

Benedikt was quiet for a moment and the only thing Hiccup could hear were his own quiet chokes and Toothless breathing heavily with adrenaline. Finally Benedikt responded in a deep voice carrying a bit of an accent, "Leave them be, Dagur. Pitch has better things to do than to bother with more of your shit."

"Whaat?! No! You're only saying that because Luka's here-" Dagur sputtered out angrily.

"I said LET'S GO!" Benedikt yelled as he stormed off and away from

the group. Dagur released Hiccup obediently, but spat into Toothless's face before he left with the rest of the group after Benedikt.

Toothless was sitting on his knees while supporting the rest of his weight with his hands. Hiccup rubbed his throat as he became reaccustomed to breathing and crawled over to Toothless, who was shaking heavily. Hiccup placed a hand on Toothless's shoulder blade, but Toothless flinched away and weakly stood up. Hiccup followed suit and picked up their discarded shopping bag and walked straight back to the club. Toothless swayed as he walked, from what Hiccup was uncertain. He couldn't tell if it was from injury or otherwise. After Toothless unlocked the basement door, Hiccup placed the bag on one of the kitchen tables and followed Toothless into their room. They both silently changed into flannel pants and Hiccup removed his shirt. After he turned around, he saw that Toothless had already climbed into their widened bed and laid on his side at the edge of the bed. Hiccup crawled under the covers in the middle, so as to leave room for Jack.

Once again, Hiccup didn't know what to say. He barely knew what had happened. He didn't know why the group seemed to know Toothless, why Toothless was suddenly German, or who Benedikt or Pitch even were. He had so many questions to ask Toothless, but he didn't dare upset him further. Instead he said once again the only thing that came to his mind.

"Thank you, Toothless."

5. Chapter 5

Kapitel 5

It was three in the morning and Jack was growing worried because Toothless hadn't reported back yet. After he finished helping the others clean up the club, he rushed downstairs to find Toothless and Hiccup.

He opened his bedroom door and sighed in relief when he saw the two of them sleeping. He laughed silently to himself when he noticed that Toothless was curled up on the very edge of the bed and Hiccup had managed to take up the remaining three quarters of it. Jack figured he would just shove him over when he came back.

As he was leaving the basement to go report to North that the two had returned, he noticed the bag on the kitchen table. He opened it and recognized it as the supplies North was getting impatient to obtain. He grabbed it and marched up to North's flat. The large, jolly man was happy to get the bag, but then gave Jack a lecture how this was the third time his roommate forgot to pick up the vodka. North's ravings made Jack have to stifle a laugh in front of the old man.

After he and North were finished, Jack went back downstairs and into his room. Everyone else in the basement was already asleep, but he enjoyed the quiet every once in a while. After he changed out of his work clothes, he went over to the bed and gently rolled Hiccup over a little. The swelling seemed to have gone down on his head and cheek, but his bruises still maintained a ruddy red color. Jack pursed his

lips a little and thought that despite his frame, at least Hiccup was able to hold his own against injury. It would be better for him to learn some basic self-defense though.

Jack finished his ponderings and crawled in next to Hiccup. It's probably more comfortable to share a bed, anyway, he thought to himself. Their corner of the basement was always too damn cold. But with three people's body heat in one place, Jack felt immediately comfortable enough to fall asleep.

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The morning light shone in through their small window near the ceiling and Jack lazily sat up and stretched his back. He had forgotten to set an alarm and would probably get reprimanded for that even though he only got a few hours of sleep. He looked next to him and saw that Hiccup and Toothless were still sound asleep. Jack obviously didn't know Hiccup's sleeping patterns, but Toothless was usually up hours before Jack to make breakfast for everyone. Jack sighed a little and pulled his hoodie out of the wardrobe to go find Bunny.

As we walked out of the hallway he found the Australian in the kitchen busy as a beaver. The man couldn't have been any older than thirty, but he had prematurely blue-grey hair messily tied back as he cooked. His hair was really long, more so than Toothless's, as it reached down almost past his shoulder blades. But despite his fierce appearance with his heavily muscled physique and tattoos running along his arms and ribs, he was a wizard in the kitchen and would always take a moment to do crafts with the kids. He looked like he had finished breakfast and was now starting lunch with several pots on the stove and a cutting board full of vegetables. Anna was at the kitchen table drinking coffee and reading her textbook. Jack made a sound in his throat in a subtle attempt to announce his presence.

Bunny continued cooking something in a pan, but turned his head to look at him and said, "Oi, snow fairy! Yeh just wake up then? Where the hell is Toothless? 'Cause of him I hadda rush food for everyone and now I'm behind on what I gotta do!" Bunny exclaimed, a little annoyed at the fact that Toothless had complicated his day.

Jack didn't want to tell him that Toothless was still sleeping, so he just tried to appease him instead. "If you make me a list, I've got time to help you out before my shift." Bunny didn't question Jack further, it wasn't really a surprise when Jack didn't know where Toothless was.

"Good, jus' give me a sec here," Bunny said to Jack.

In the meantime, Jack poured himself a cup of coffee and sat down next to Anna.

"Morning Jack," she said smiling at him pleasantly as she looked up from her book.

"Hey, how's the school work?" Jack asked to keep up polite conversation. He really liked Anna, but she had the habit of talking nonstop about teeth and always asking to examine people's mouths. At least she was getting into the right profession...

"Eh, stuff that would probably bore you if I started goin' on about it." Jack silently thanked the heavens. "But hey, how's the new kid? Pippa told me last night that he did something to Luka?" she asked, betraying her curiosity about the situation.

Jack snorted lightly and clarified, "Not really. He tried to do something nice for him, but Toothless took it the wrong way. I'm sure he's over it by now, though."

Anna smiled a little into her coffee cup as she took a small sip. Then she added thoughtfully, "Mm...Luka doesn't really know how to gracefully accept an act of kindness."

That was an understatement.

Bunny then walked over to Jack and handed him a list of tasks to do. Jack groaned at the sight of it. "Come on Buns, don't you ever run out of things to do? Like I've seriously never seen you relax for one day and have some fun."

Bunny let out a guffaw as he returned to sautéing the vegetables and said, "Well maybe if your lazy ass was more willin' to help me out, I could actually achieve that pipe dream."

"Pft, bullshit. You're a workaholic and you know it," Jack said as he exited the kitchen and went to go wake up his two roommates. Toothless would definitely owe him one after today.

He opened the door to his room and walked over to where Toothless lay on the bed. Jack was always bemused that Toothless could sleep face down like that. Jack laid his hand on Toothless's shoulder blade and was going to shake him a little to wake him up.

But the minute Jack touched him Toothless shot up rapidly, which caused Jack to back up in surprise. Toothless sat at the end of the bed rubbing the side of his head and then looked around the room still disoriented from sleep. Jack noticed instantly that Toothless's lower lip was swollen and had broken open leaving dried blood on his lip and chin.

Jack slowly knelt down so he was level with Toothless and gently touched his lip asking, "Oh my God, bud. What happened?"

Toothless didn't move from Jack's cold touch for a moment, as he couldn't really remember himself. But then the memories came washing back and he shoved Jack's hand aside and left for the bathroom to inspect himself. Jack remained frozen for a second putting together that something must have happened to them that caused them to come home so late last night.

He looked over to Hiccup, who started to stir from the noise that Toothless had made leaving the room. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. Jack turned his attention onto Hiccup, "Hic, what the hell happened last night?"

Hiccup stopped rubbing his eyes and crossed his legs under him while he recalled the events of the night prior. "I-I don't really know. We were walking to Val's when Dagur's gang took us by surprise. Toothless tried fighting them off, but they threatened to kidnap me and take me to someone."

"Who?"

"I-uh...the name started with a P," Hiccup felt ridiculous that could have possibly forgotten. Although, it wasn't an average name. After Jack made no motion to interrupt him, Hiccup continued rapidly, "Then someone named Benedikt came out and ordered Dagur to let us go, which he objected to but- did you know Toothless was German?"

"What?"

"He spoke in German to Benedikt asking, I think, to let us go and he did."

Jack felt more confused than when he had entered the conversation. Figuring that Hiccup had given up all the information he had, Jack had to try and talk to Toothless. He went to the wardrobe and hurriedly pulled on a pair of fitted brown pants, obviously not noticing Hiccup blushing profusely as he did so, and then knocked on the door to the bathroom. He could hear the sink running and a few other noises he couldn't pinpoint. After there was no answer, he quietly knocked again and said, "Hey...bud. I know you probably don't wanna talk butâ€¦. I think this is something more important than usual. Whenever you're done, I'll be waiting in that one spot."

Hiccup overheard what said but was confused at what Jack meant.

Hiccup was pulling a shirt over his head as Jack walked in and explained in a low tone, "Hey, Hic. I'm going to go try and talk to Toothless. I'd ask you to come...but I think he'd be overwhelmed with two people. I'll let you know how it goes, though. If you could just do me the biggest favor in the world and do some of the stuff on this list that Bunny gave me?" Jack asked him while trying to put on a pleading smile.

"Yeah...sure." Hiccup said as he took the list from Jack. His curiosity was killing him, though, and he hoped that Jack could get Toothless to explain what happened. Jack then left quickly down the hall and Hiccup looked at the list and his eyes widened. He had to force himself not to scream down the hall at Jack for dumping such a massive amount of work on him. The list would probably take him most of the day. He sighed and left to do the first task.

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Jack got down on his hands and knees and inched his way into the crawlspace under the club's stage. He and Toothless had found it a few months ago. It was located behind a panel under the stage and led to a small room that Jack guessed to be under the backstage area. The building was pretty old, so it had been renovated and built over a couple times, which led to random rooms like this. The ceiling was low and it was no bigger than a walk-in closet. But it was a place Jack knew Toothless liked. Probably because it was the only place he

could actually retreat to to be truly alone in. Jack sat against one of the several pillows they had brought in and waited, hoping that Toothless would show up.

After several minutes, Jack finally heard someone crawling into the little room. Toothless had a little more of struggle doing so than Jack, since he was a good few inches taller. But he made his way in and then slumped down on the pillow next to him.

"Hey." was the only thing Jack said to him at first. He wanted to give Toothless the chance to talk without making him feel like he was being interrogated. He leaned back a little to try and show he was relaxed. But Toothless sat slumped against the wall with one knee up and didn't say anything.

Jack then tried again with the lightest topic he could think of, "Soâ€¦you're German, huh?"

Toothless simply nodded. Jack knew he wouldn't make this easy.

"How come you never said anything about it?" he asked.

"Because you never asked and I never thought it was important," Toothless curtly replied.

"Alright." Jack paused for a moment until he finally just broke out the main question. "What happened last night? What was Hiccup talking about with them knowing you and wanting to kidnap him and something about a Benedikt?"

Toothless let out a long breath and then paused for a moment before he responded.

"I used to be a part of that group, but I left. And...I didn't want them to take Hiccup."

He paused for another excruciatingly long moment. Jack could see Toothless's finger fidgeting against his knee. His head was angled towards it but his hair obstructed most of his face, so Jack couldn't see his eyes. Jack felt for Toothless. He really did. He knew from Toothless's general demeanor and behavior that he must have been through more than he ever wanted to talk about. For a while after he arrived at The Guardians, he would stutter when he had to talk to others and cringe if anyone even so much as lightly touched him. For months, Jack would wake up to him thrashing in his sleep as he would have nightmare after nightmare. It wasn't until Sandy made him a special tea that he was able to sleep peacefully through the night.

Then Toothless finally broke the silence and added, "Benedikt is my twin brother...When I left, he refused to come with me even though he was the one who convinced me to leave. I haven't seen him since I arrived here over a year ago..." He trailed off and Jack could almost feel his sadness as his voiced cracked on the last word. He reached out and grasped Toothless's jerking hand with his own and squeezed it a little to steady him. Jack didn't really know what he could say to make Toothless feel any better. He still had questions, but didn't feel it was appropriate to ask them. This was probably the most he had ever opened up before, and Jack felt that he would shatter his trust if he pushed anymore.

Jack went to let go of Toothless's hand, but Toothless held on and tightened his grip. Jack leaned into Toothless a little and he noticed his face. Toothless's jaw was clenched and his eyes were pressed shut. Jack could tell he was trying so hard to keep his composure as he was silently mourning for his brother. He had never seen Toothless cry...or show much emotion at all for that matter. But Jack decided to try and lighten him up a little bit. He leaned up onto his knees and knelt in front of Toothless. The motion was so sudden that it caused Toothless to open his glassy emerald eyes and look up at Jack.

Jack reached out near Toothless's face and gently brushed a piece of his hair aside and smiled, "Come on. I left Hiccup with a mountain of chores to do, courtesy of Bunny, and he's most likely suffering his way through them."

The tips of Toothless's mouth curved up a little as he felt compassion for the poor kid. Bunny was relentless. But instead of getting up, he asked Jack softly, "Could I just stay here for a while? I would sort of like to be alone for a bit."

Jack felt as though his heart constricted for a moment after Toothless actually asked for his permission to stay there. Toothless normally just did what he wanted.

"Sure. I'll cover for you." Jack said calmly to him. He secretly hoped that Toothless wouldn't be in here all night, because Jack wasn't sure he could actually work without him. But he was still willing to give him all the time he needed if it helped him feel better.

"Thanksâ€|Jack." Toothless uttered as he slumped further down into the pillows and stared at the ceiling. Jack wordlessly hunched down and crawled out of the space, leaving Toothless to his own thoughts.

6. Chapter 6

Kapitel 6

Jack crawled out from under the stage and went about searching for Hiccup. He really hoped that Toothless would be okay by himself and that he hadn't hurt his relationship with him by making him talk. He also couldn't help but wonder why Toothless's brother stayed with a group that had clearly traumatized Toothless. To him it didn't make any sense. He also didn't find out who the alleged leader of the group was that Hiccup had referred to. For the longest time, Jack thought that Dagur and his mates were just a band of thugs that didn't have anything else to do with their lives except find amusement in fighting and stealing. But clearly Toothless's brother had some sort of power over even Dagur to make Dagur listen to him, and then there was the person they were going to bring Hiccup to...

At long last he found Hiccup in the girl's restroom in the club. He had to stop himself from laughing at the sight of him when he walked in. Hiccup was on his hands and knees washing the floor. He was barefoot and had his pants rolled up to above his knees. Somehow he

had obtained a pair of yellow rubber gloves and a white bandana to keep his hair out of his face. He stopped scrubbing and let go of the bristle brush to lean back on his toes when he saw Jack. He looked at him half annoyed and half expectant of what had transpired between him and Toothless.

Jack explained what Toothless had told him and Hiccup was, at first, a little shocked. But as he focused on a spot on the wall, he recalled what had happened the night before. Toothless's reactions and the conversation that went on made a little more sense to him now. But, like Jack, Hiccup still had a lot of questions buzzing around his head.

After they were finished talking about it, Jack looked sideways at Hiccup from where he was leaning against the door frame. He then chuckled and told him, "You know you can just use the mop, right?" anticipating the series of events that led Hiccup to clean in the most meticulous method possible.

Hiccup's eyes widened when he said that and replied, "But...Bunny told me I had to do it this way..."

"If you listen to how Bunny tells you to do things, you'll be here all night." Jack laughed as Hiccup's brows came together out of frustration and shook his head. He couldn't believe the unnecessary amount of work he did so far.

"Well, now that I'm back I can give you a hand. If we hurry and do stuff the normal way, we'll be done in a little over an hour," Jack said, glad that he had help to finish Bunny's ridiculous list of chores.

And so, together Jack and Hiccup completed the list. They cleaned the club bathrooms, restocked the alcohol, swept and mopped the whole establishment, vacuumed the living room, did the laundry, and ironed everyone's work clothes. By the end of it all, they were both exhausted and their shirts were damp in areas from their sweat. Jack announced that he was going to take a quick shower and Hiccup was absolutely ravenous. He needed to eat something before he got ready to be trained as a server in the club. Bunny had asked him earlier whether he wanted anything from the store and Hiccup told him to pick up some fish and a few other things. He really had a craving for one of his family's old recipes.

Hiccup walked into the kitchen and starting preparing dinner for himself and Jack. Luckily, most of the children had already eaten and were playing in their room. He found out that the kids all shared the biggest room and were actually really well-behaved for being so many. They always cleaned up their toys at the end of the day and never really got in the way of things. Hiccup figured it had to do with Anna's caring nature and that several of the older siblings made sure to watch out for the younger ones. He had met Anna earlier that day as well. She was a very pretty girl. She had dark hair almost like Toothless, but it was cut short and angled along her jaw. She had dyed her bangs bright shades of yellow and green, which swept across her large eyes. She was pretty petite and had a really warm expression. Hiccup liked her immediately, even though she had oddly asked him to smile and open his mouth for her...But he learned that she actually moved from Colombia with her parents a long time ago. Her mother and father were both doctors and were really loving

parents, but had an unfortunate accident that ended up killing them both. Hiccup didn't really ask her much more about it.

Hiccup cut up the vegetables, seared the fish, and had everything in the pot at a low simmer when Hiccup saw Toothless walk in the kitchen. He was still wearing the black jeans and white t-shirt from earlier, but his clothes looked a little more wrinkled than before. He had reverted back to the blank expression he typically sported, except that his lip was still swollen. Hiccup smiled at him in greeting and went back to washing the dishes he had used to prep the food. Toothless walked over next to him and poured himself a cup of coffee. He leaned against the counter and started sipping it while staring at the wall not sure of what to say.

Eventually he ended up apologizing to Hiccup, "I'm sorry that I left you and Jack to do all the work today."

Hiccup was a little surprised he said that, since he never blamed Toothless at all. He was just frustrated with Jack for dumping it all on him earlier. So he tried to brush it off. "No worries, bud. I would have finished more of the list earlier if I hadn't been doing things the way Bunny told me to."

Toothless snorted in understanding of what Hiccup had meant. Bunny was too much of a perfectionist at times. Then he added what he really wanted to ask, "Are you hurt at all?"

Hiccup looked up at him surprised again at his concern. He knew that he was asking whether he sustained any injuries from their latest encounter. "No...Not from last night at least."

Toothless nodded once and then looked over to what Hiccup was cooking. Hiccup looked back over to him, "Have you eaten today?"

Toothless shook his head and he felt his stomach move from its lack of food. He was naturally thin and it seemed that no amount of food ever made him gain much weight. But it wasn't the first time Toothless had skipped a couple meals either. Hiccup had finished with the dishes, so he grabbed two bowls and then ladled some of the chowder into them. He handed one to Toothless, who looked a little surprised at the gesture, but accepted it without complaint.

They both walked over and sat down at the table across from one another. Hiccup started eating immediately. He had adapted the recipe a little bit, but the ingredients were fairly simple. He liked the soup with salmon in it and a few more vegetables than usually called for.

He watched as Toothless ate a spoonful of the soup and then contemplated it for a moment. But he seemed to really like it as he then started eating it hungrily. Hiccup smiled, he felt proud that someone liked his food.

In an attempt to initiate conversation again he asked, "So, you like it then?"

Toothless nodded and then replied after he had swallowed his last spoonful and licked his lips, "I love fish. But no one else here really does." He then picked up the bowl and tipped it back to drink

up the remaining liquid.

>Hiccup smiled warmly and then said, "Well, you and I will just have to go in on it together then."<p>

At that, Hiccup saw Toothless crack a small smile as he looked down at his hand on the table. _He really is a beautiful person_, Hiccup thought. His teeth were straight and very white, but more importantly his smile made Hiccup feel warm inside. He wasn't really sure why.

Hiccup didn't know it, but he had made Toothless feel much better than he had felt in a while. Toothless thought it was because Hiccup reminded him a little bit of Bene. He hadn't felt so comfortable with a person since his brother, and he had only known Hiccup for a couple days. But he felt like he could be more relaxed around Hiccup.

Jack then walked out into the kitchen wearing only his slacks and looked over to the pot on the stove and then at Hiccup and Toothless.

"Smells good, what is it?" Jack asked Hiccup.

"Salmon chowder... Is that alright?" Hiccup asked, remembering that Toothless said no one else really liked fish in the house.

And as if to confirm that fact, Jack scrunched his nose a little bit. He didn't really like fish all that much, the texture was weird to him. But he was starving and it smelled good, so he walked over to grab a bowl and sat next to Toothless. The other two watched him as he took a spoonful of it to his lips and sipped it uncertainly. Deciding it tasted pretty decent, he then started eating regularly.

Hiccup laughed and said, "It can't be that bad, Jack. It's fish covered in cream and butter."

Jack grunted in response to Hiccup's teasing and looked over at Toothless who was actually smiling at him as well.

"Feeling better then?" he asked him rhetorically. He noticed there was more light in Toothless's eyes than earlier.

"Yeah, sorry. I'm just impressed that someone actually got you to eat a fish." Jack made a face that made Toothless shove him lightly.

Jack felt relieved that Toothless seemed to have finally warmed up to him.

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After they were done with dinner Hiccup and Toothless took turns showering and got ready for work. Hiccup's uniform was the same as Jack's, except that his shirt was a dark shade of red. He was impressed how well North could tailor the garments. He never had dress pants that complimented his thinner frame so well. He admired

his butt in the mirror and for once felt good about his appearance.

When Toothless walked in wearing his uniform, Hiccup kinda wished a little that he had chosen black because it looked really good on him. Toothless had the sleeves of his black shirt rolled up and wore a thin white tie to contrast with the rest of his attire. He had to admit that North was pretty decent with his fashion choices.

The rest of the night was a series of struggles for Hiccup. It's not that he didn't understand the job, it was that he tended to be accident prone in large crowds. He lost count of the number of things he had dropped or spilled, and how often he tripped over nothing in particular. He even managed to spill a couple drinks on people. He was pretty amusing to watch from Toothless and Jack's point of view, but Hiccup knew they were going to make fun of him for it later.

The club itself was pretty interesting. Since Hiccup knew personally how clean they kept it, the old building only lent it more charm and atmosphere. They had local bands play every night of the week and most of the patrons were in their 20's or 30's and showed up fairly well-dressed. Hiccup knew that if he were to keep his position as a server, he would have to gain better balance and learn how to small talk with people better. Although...Toothless was the complete antithesis of small talk and managed to gain decent tips. Maybe it was due to his appearance and aloofness. Hiccup only managed to come across as nervous and awkward. He considered the tips he earned that night as pity money from patrons who felt sorry for him.

At least one other good thing happened that night. Hiccup got to meet Sandy, the final resident of The Guardians. He was mute, but served as an excellent bartender that was able to do some impressive bar tricks. They had several regulars that liked to come in early and talk to him since he was a good listener as well as a good friend. He was fairly short for a man with golden blonde hair and a round face. He would often communicate with people via hand gestures or use the pad of paper he carried around. Sandy was really pleasant to be around and seemed to brighten everyone's mood. Hiccup heard that he brewed a mean cup of tea too.

By the end of the night, though, Hiccup was exhausted. He felt like he did more work in one day than he typically did in a week. He and his two roommates dragged themselves into their bedroom and clumsily changed into pajama pants. Hiccup couldn't help his gaze from flitting to his roommate's figures. They were both more muscular than he was, but still really slender. Like Hiccup, Jack slept shirtless while Toothless wore a plain black shirt. The night outside got pretty cold and was seeping its way into their room. Jack told him they weren't really allowed to turn the radiator on unless it was winter, unfortunately. So the three of them were thankful that they were able to bask in each other's warmth that night. Toothless even slept in a normal position instead of trying to be as far away from Hiccup as possible.

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The following morning, Hiccup was the first to wake up out of the three of them. It was still pretty early as Toothless's alarm didn't go off yet. But Hiccup felt better than he had most of his life. He was even starting to forget the sadness from a few nights ago of leaving his home. He reasoned that if he gave his father some time and maybe wrote him a letter, he could possibly open up a path of communication for them to settle their issues at some point. Besides, what father would want to abandon his only son for good?

Hiccup was heavily aware of the positions of the two boys on either side of him. Toothless's head was laying against his bare back and he could feel his warm breaths slowly travel down his spine. But the real warmth in his face came from Jack as he had his forehead pressed against his own and his hand resting across his hip. His lips were parted slightly and his breath smelled faintly of mint. Hiccup couldn't be certain if either of them had meant to do that, but he didn't want to disturb them. He was really content to have the two of them there. Never before had he felt so...safe. It was an odd way to describe it, because he didn't feel like he was ever in danger at home. But he never really had anyone he was willing to share his personal space with before. And he liked having someone to be in that space with him. He didn't feel alone anymore. Hiccup moved his head up so his face was resting above Jack's hair. It was starting to lose the smell of shampoo after running around a club all night and sleeping, but Hiccup enjoyed his natural scent. Not really wanting to get up, he smiled and decided to just doze until he heard Toothless's alarm go off an hour later...

* * *

><p>And as a AN**

**Toothless's nickname for Benedikt is technically pronounced something like Beh-nay. **

7. Chapter 7

Kapitel 7

"Happy Birthday, Hiccup!" everyone yelled after Jack and Hiccup entered the club. Hiccup smiled broadly at the scene that everyone had made. North, Anna, Sandy, Toothless, and two of Anna's siblings were standing expectantly in the bar area with large smiles on their faces. The focal point being a fairly large cake with Hiccup's name on it and an array of candles. Jack had persuaded Hiccup to help him out with something in the club before they opened, but had instead tricked him into attending his own surprise party.

Jack and Hiccup walked over to everyone where several of them greeted him with a hug. By several, I should actually say one light hug from Anna and a giant bear hug from North. Since Hiccup's bruises had long since healed, he didn't really mind the affection as much. After North set him down, he walked back over to Jack and punched him in the arm.

"Ow! Heyy, what was that for?" Jack laughed a little as he rubbed his arm.

"I thought I told you not to tell anyone," Hiccup said still smiling,

but referring to when he told Jack he had never had a real birthday party before.

Jack knew what Hiccup meant and responded, "I didn't. I just mentioned that it was your birthday. North was the one wanted to throw you a party."

Jack cocked his head over to North.

North laughed jovially in response, "All deserve cake on birthday m'boy!"

"Bunny baked it for you!" Pippa interrupted while taking Hiccup's hand and then pulling him over to the cake. "Now you gotta blow out the candles!" the girl cried excitedly. She was still at that innocent age where she believed in wishing and magic, she sometimes managed to make Hiccup feel that way as well when he was around her. Hiccup placed his hands on the wooden table and leaned in towards the cake. He thought for a moment on what he wanted to wish for. He wasn't much for wishing, besides, he felt as though he had already been granted quite a few of them the past few weeks. Despite the tragic circumstances that led to it, Hiccup had made quite a few close friends. He got along well with everyone in the house, even a few of the kids had really taken to him. Pippa, Jamie, and Margareta (who demanded to be called Cupcake) were the older of the siblings and they had already admired Toothless and Jack a lot. Since his roommates had fully accepted Hiccup, the kids grew to admire him as well.

Hiccup didn't realize that he was taking so long because Pippa broke back in, "Come on Hiccup! Make a wish!"

"Yeah Hiccup, just blow them out!" Jamie joined in.

Jack let out a loud laugh and rubbed the tops of their heads, messing up their hair and said, "Calm down Baby Teeth. You'll get your cake eventually." He jokingly referred to them as such because of Anna's intended profession and their coincidental last name. The two grumbled and rubbed their heads to flatten their hair back down.

Hiccup took a breath and then blew out all the candles at once.

"What'd you wish for?!" Pippa demanded.

Hiccup looked down at her and joked, "That I would get to eat delicious cake."

"Aww, too bad. When you tell someone your wish then it won't come true," Jack said as he shoved Hiccup out of the way as if to bar him from the cake.

"Stop showin' off ya bloody show pony and move so I can cut it," Bunny said as he then budged a laughing Jack off to the side. Bunny cut the cake up and then dished a piece out to everyone. Hiccup noticed it was a double layer carrot cake topped with Bunny's own signature cream frosting. The guy really did have a knack for baking.

"This tastes amazing, Bunny. Thank you," he told the tattooed Australian after he took a bite. Bunny smiled a toothy grin at him and said, "Notta problem, mate. Like North said, everyone deserves cake on their birthday."

"We also got you some presents," Anna said, smiling kindly.

"Oh, no. You all didn't have to..." Hiccup started to say, but was interrupted again by North.

"Of course we do, Hiccup! We Guardians celebrate all birthdays!" North bellowed using the nickname he gave to their group. At that, Hiccup stopped arguing.

"Open ours first!" Pippa squealed as she handed him a folded piece of paper. Hiccup opened it up and saw that she and Jamie had drawn everyone on a sunny hill with 'Happy Birthday!' messily scrawled across the top. Hiccup smiled when he saw that everyone was holding each other's little stick hands in the drawing. He leaned over to hug the two youngsters and thanked them.

The other presents turned out to be more elaborate. Anna gave him an electric toothbrush, because she of all people can appreciate good dental hygiene. Hiccup really appreciated the gift, though, as he knew they didn't always come cheap. North, Sandy, and Bunny gave him a somewhat large assortment of clothes, which Hiccup desperately needed. They had purchased a lot of them from a second-hand shop and North had tailored them to fit Hiccup more appropriately. From the looks of it, the clothes were more fashionable than anything Hiccup ever managed to pick out himself. He thanked all of them warmly.

Toothless handed him a new sketchbook with extra charcoal and pencils. Hiccup was really appreciative of the thought. Lately, he and Toothless had been sketching a lot together in their free time. They both shared ideas and tips with one another and he had even let Hiccup redraw his portrait. It was easier now that he could actually get Toothless to smile. Hiccup loved drawing him, because his face looked slightly different from each angle and when he actually genuinely smiled, it was contagious. Hiccup hugged him and thanked him for the present.

Jack then handed him a little box, which Hiccup opened uncertainly. He didn't expect Jack to get him jewelry let alone a necklace. Hiccup lifted it out of the box and held it up to the light. The chain was thin and made of a dark silver that was very cold to the touch and the metal was intricately woven around a white crystal at the end. The complicated network of metal was intertwined in a pattern that Hiccup recognized to be Nordic in origin. The crystal looked like pure ice against the black metal.

"...Do you like it?" Jack asked hesitantly as Hiccup was taking in the design.

"Yeahâ€¦a lot actually. Where did you ever find it?" Hiccup asked.

Jack smirked and chuckled a little as he said, "I didn't find it. I made it myself."

"Holy sh...eiscakes." Hiccup stopped himself from almost cursing as he minded the two children while Toothless snorted at his clumsy recovery. He thanked Jack and then put it on himself. It hung down a little past his collar bone.

"It looks really good, Hiccup," Anna said to him with a smile. Hiccup smiled back, but was more impressed that Jack knew anything about working with metal or jewelry. Then again, the people he lived with never seemed to stop surprising him with their many hidden secrets and talents.

"I give everyone here night off to celebrate and have good time here!" North happily exclaimed to everyone. Hiccup was overjoyed at the thought of having a night off with everyone. Usually he would have one, but everyone else would be working. During which, he generally enjoyed his solitude by exploring the city, drawing, or reading. North did hire additional staff other than the five of them though, which came in handy at times like these.

After they had eaten their cake and cleaned up, the other staff members started opening the club and it got busy. It was a weekend, so it was big night. One of Hiccup's favorite DJs at the club usually would come in on the weekends, and come in tonight he did. Hiccup liked him because he was really good at selecting music. There was something for everyone and the songs were often times really good representations of each genre. He wasn't shy to playing international music either, which Hiccup always found interesting.

Even though he was off-duty, Sandy still went in the back to fix them up a soda with a couple shots of liquor in it. Other than Sandy, Bunny, and North, everyone else was not of age. But Sandy still figured that they were mature enough to deserve a good time. He put it in a soda glass though to hide it from the rest of the crowd.

Hiccup sipped on his drink as he sat at a table with Anna, Jack, and Toothless. He didn't really like the flavor of it and was making slow progress. Toothless had already finished half of his and Jack was busy talking to Anna. Anna had long sent her siblings to bed, despite their whining protests. Kids really weren't allowed in the club anyway.

A song started playing that had a really good violin riff to it and a rolling beat. Hiccup liked the music and then started to notice that the singing sounded like German. He looked over at Toothless and touched his arm to get his attention. "Hey, I like this! Can you tell what he's saying?" Hiccup pseudo-yelled over at Toothless. The music was quite loud in the building.

Toothless stopped and looked up in the direction of the ceiling speakers and focused on the music. He was smiling a little since he had finished his drink and the alcohol was kicking in slightly. The singer sounded almost like a reggae-rapper. After a moment of listening he translated a bit to Hiccup, "Yeah. He's saying that everything in the world shines and if you don't like it, then make it new. He also sarcastically brags about himself. Like he looks better than Bono." Toothless then walked off to get a second drink from Sandy.

Hiccup smirked a little. After he learned that Toothless was German,

he started to notice it in his voice more. He spoke more deeply in his throat and would mispronounce a few words. It was hardly noticeable unless one was paying attention to it, but usually it would be proper nouns like Bono or Adidas, which he probably didn't hear spoken that often.

The song ended and a new one with a booming bass began. To which Anna exclaimed, "Oh! I like this song! You guys want to go dance?"

They all shrugged in complacent agreement and walked out on the floor with her. They stood in a circle intermingled with the crowd of dancers and started to move with the music. Hiccup didn't really dance or know how to for that matter. But he watched the others and attempted to mimic them as best as he could. The alcohol definitely was starting to help lower his inhibitions, which helped. He found it hard to take his eyes off of Toothless, though. Tonight he was really well dressed. He wore black pants that hugged his slender hips and thighs, which were only accentuated further by a black leather belt. His shirt was cut to his size as well and he sported a dark leather cuff on one arm.

After a few songs had played, Hiccup noticed that Anna had been moving increasingly closer to Jack as they danced. Eventually she started dancing with him. Her body pressed up against his and she moved sensually with the heavy rhythm of the music, reaching up an arm to drape around his neck. Jack's hands were caressing her hips and then he slowly slid them down over her thighs while his head bent over her shoulder as she moved more heavily against him.

The sight of them made Hiccup feel increasingly more awkward and he looked over at Toothless, who having the same thought motioned with his head over to the other side of the building. They walked over and left the other two to their own devices.

>Toothless reobtained his drink and leaned against the wall next to Hiccup. He handed Hiccup another drink as well, to which Hiccup continued sipping. He noticed that the more he drank, the less he noticed the flavor. He assumed it was because he was starting to feel tipsy. He was feeling more off-balance than usual. But overall, it was a good feeling though. His cares became less important and he was able to enjoy the moment. He leaned into Toothless, who smiled down at him and wrapped an arm around Hiccup's waist.<p>

Hiccup smiled warmly at the touch. The past few weeks have been really good. He, Jack, and Toothless and grown increasingly close to each other, which was reflected in their sleeping patterns as of late. The bed they shared was really just big enough for the three of them to lie comfortably. At first they unconsciously respected each other's space, but now, it wasn't unusual for Hiccup to wake up with Toothless's legs intertwined with his own and Jack's arm draped across his face. They've both even managed to elbow Hiccup in the nose as they slept, which startled him more than it actually hurt him. Regardless, it always made Hiccup absurdly happy to sleep next to them.

He felt Toothless hook his thumb into the waistband of Hiccup's jeans, which caused him to blush a little as felt Toothless's thumb rub against his hipbone. Hiccup really liked him. A lot of the time he would find himself staring at his beautifully well-defined lips. He wanted nothing more than to be able to kiss him. Although, he obviously held himself back. Even though he noticed Toothless had

gradually been closing the space between the two of them whenever they were around each other, Hiccup was too afraid to try anything with him.

Hiccup looked up at Toothless and asked, chuckling, "How much have you had to drink?"

"Ehmâ€|this is just my third one," he replied raising his cup a little. Hiccup was impressed with his tolerance level. He had one and was already feeling it quite a bit.

All of a sudden Hiccup heard a shocked voice yell, "Hiccup?!" as he noticed his friend, Astrid, halt in front of him with her mouth open. Hiccup immediately pulled away from Toothless and straightened up, eyes wide in shock that he had run into her.

"Where have you been?!" Astrid asked accusingly and worried at the same time.

Hiccup rubbed the back of his head. "I moved out here a few weeks ago. I'm sorry, I forgot to tell you."

She closed her mouth, glanced up at Toothless, and then returned a questioning stare at Hiccup with her eyebrow raised.

"Oh, uhm...sorry. This is Toothless." Hiccup said, introducing his friend to her.

Toothless nodded his head in his form of a greeting and Astrid uncertainly replied, "Nice to meet youâ€|" Then she looked back at Hiccup and asked him in a lower voice, "Did you tell your dad?"

Hiccup could tell that she was avoiding bringing up the topic in case Hiccup didn't want anyone overhearing. Hiccup also thought she did it in case Hiccup didn't want Toothless to hear. But Hiccup had already told him.

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It was about a week ago when he, Jack, and Toothless were lying in bed when Jack randomly asked him, "Hey Hicâ€|.are you ever going to tell me why you were kicked out?"

Hiccup sat up in bed and crossed his legs under him while facing the other two. He knew that it would come up again and he was debating with himself for over a week as to whether he wanted to tell them. Hiccup maintained the slight fear that he would scare the two of them off and they might kick him out like his father had. He took a deep breath and started to explain what happened.

"I've always ever only lived with my dad. My mother died when I was really little and I think it tore him up a lot. It didn't really help that I never lived up to be what he expected out of a sonâ€|"

With that both Jack and Toothless sat up and sat in a similar

position to Hiccup. They sat closely together in a triangle and they both looked at him with curious expressions as they waited for Hiccup to continue.

"Basically, he wanted me to be really into sports, go hunting or fishing, and then eventually take over the family business with him. But I never got involved in any of the activities he wanted me to and never really had any friends." Hiccup's voice trailed off for a moment as he collected his thoughts. He continued in a lower voice, "One of my only friends was Astrid. She helped me through a lot and she was one of the only people I trusted. She eventually convinced me toâ€¦."

Hiccup stopped talking because he was still afraid to say it and face another possible rejection. He wasn't sure what Jack's or Toothless's feelings were towards him, but he knew their friendship had been consistently fraternal as of late.

Hiccup's eyes then refocused as he felt Jack's hand on his knee as a form of encouragement to continue.

"I came out to my dad and he...said a lot of awful things to me. Like I wasn't his son anymoreâ€¦" Tears threatened to well up again in Hiccup's eyes as he spoke of the incident. "Then he...he hit me and ordered me to get out." That did it. A tear managed to escape one of Hiccup's eyes and fall down his cheek. He was staring at his hands in his lap, too afraid to look at his friends' reactions. Suddenly, he felt a hand gently wipe the tear off his face. He looked up to see Jack smiling kindly at him. He leaned over and chastely kissed Hiccup's forehead as a symbol of his acceptance.

"It's going to be alright, Hic. He'll come around eventually." Hiccup smiled slightly, on the inside a wave of relief washed over him as his two friends were both taking it better than he had anticipated. Hiccup looked over at Toothless, who smiled at him warmly causing Hiccup to reflect the expression.

Jack then took the opportunity to unleash some honesty of his own. He laid back down against the pillows with his hands tucked behind his head. He let out a sigh as he said, "I don't really know myself what I amâ€¦.I think about girls a lot. But then I don't really know if I want to actually be in a relationship with one," Jack confessed to the two. Hiccup was really relieved to hear that Jack was at least open about himself.

Toothless laid down next to him as well. Then he said, "I kinda just hate everyone."

Jack laughed and hit him across the face with a pillow, which somehow caused him to fall off the bed.

After that, nothing had really changed between the three of them. If anything, Hiccup felt closer to them than before. They were probably two of the best friends he had ever had.

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Hiccup then directly answered Astrid's question, "Yeah, I told him about it."

"Aand?"

"And nothing. He wasn't that happy with me, so I moved out. I have a job here and I'm doing better, I think."

Astrid smiled relieved that her friend was okay. Her eyes flitted over to Toothless and back to Hiccup as she asked, "I'll be going away to University soonâ€|.Would you want to meet up sometime before I go?"

"Yeah, of course!" Hiccup responded. He wrote down the cell phone number that he shared with Toothless, Jack, and Bunny for whenever she needed to reach him. At that, she kissed Hiccup on the cheek and waved her goodbyes.

Hiccup turned back around to face Toothless, whose demeanor had suddenly changed. He was looking off to the side and down to the floor with his eyebrows furrowed.

"Something wrong, bud?" Hiccup asked him, unsure.

"Hm?" Toothless's head switched up to look at him. "No...I'm just going to get some air." He then quickly moved past Hiccup and strode out the side door.

Hiccup stood there slightly dumbfounded at what could have possibly irritated Toothless. He looked back at the dance floor, but Jack and Anna were nowhere to be found. Setting his cup down, he left to go find Toothless.

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Hiccup walked out into the side alley and looked around. It was well past sunset and the little light above the door cast a sphere of gold in front and down the sides of the alley. He looked to his left and noticed Toothless standing a little outside the sphere of light with a cigarette in his mouth. Hiccup sighed and walked over to him.

"No really, Toothless, what's wrong?"

"What makes you think something's wrong?" Toothless asked him flatly.

"Because you're pouting and took a smoke break. You only seem to smoke when you're stressed out about something." Hiccup replied, a little proud that he could identify symptoms now with the guy.

Toothless sighed as he held the cigarette between his index and middle finger and stared at it intently. He looked over at Hiccup and then said, "Look, I don't really know what's wrong. I felt really bad all of a sudden and wanted to leave."

Hiccup leaned against the wall next to him in silence. He tried racking his brain about what could have happened to upset him. Was it the amount of alcohol he had that's making him so moody? Or was it because of Astrid? That she kissed him, maybe? He didn't know why that could possibly bother Toothless though. Hiccup had already told him he was gay and that Astrid was one of his oldest friends.

Suddenly Toothless spoke again, "Hiccup, are you ashamed to be seen with me?"

Hiccup was taken aback. That wasn't what he had expected Toothless to say at all.

"...Wha? What do you mean?"

Toothless took a drag from the cigarette and exhaled the smoke out of nostrils slowly. Then he said, "Because you always pull away from me. Especially when someone else comes by."

Hiccup reflected on what happened when Astrid walked up. Then it clicked in his mind that he did seem to become over-sensitive of his proximity to Toothless when other people are around.

Toothless continued talking, "I don't like when people look at me strangely. It seems every time I meet someone, they run their eyes over me like..." He didn't finish his sentence. Hiccup recalled that he had personally done so as well when he first met Toothless, but it was only because he was so stunned by the guy. He could only figure that was why other people did so as well. Although...Hiccup could tell it made him extremely uncomfortable.

Hiccup reached out and grabbed his hand. It took several seconds before he felt Toothless grasp Hiccup's in return. Then Hiccup told him softly, "It's not that I'm ashamed of you, bud. I'm afraid. I'm afraid of people rejecting me. I've never had a group of friends or people I've really cared about before. I guess I'm afraid of losing that." He glanced sideways at Toothless, who was still looking straight ahead. He could see the green of his eyes in the faint glow of the light. Toothless then let go of Hiccup's hand and flicked the cigarette butt into a nearby puddle. He then turned around and pulled Hiccup into him.

Hiccup was taken aback by the sudden gesture. He felt Toothless squeeze him firmly as he had his head resting on Hiccup's shoulder. Hiccup wrapped his arms around the small of Toothless's back to return the affection. After a moment, Toothless mumbled, "I don't think I could bear it to lose anyone else I care about either..." Hiccup felt a pang of sympathy for him as he remembered how much Toothless missed his brother. Then he felt warmth spreading in his chest as he realized that Toothless meant Hiccup was also really important to him. He pressed himself into Toothless's body and squeezed him harder.

Suddenly Hiccup felt Toothless be wrenched away from him and his head suddenly coming into contact with something hard. His vision went completely black.

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><p>Whew! That one actually took me most of the day to write and the next chapter is going to be a doozy.

****You have been warned.****

****I still appreciate reviews. Hopefully this story is giving a few of you the feels of some variety *fingers crossed*****

8. Chapter 8

****TRIGGER WARNING:**** This chapter does contain ****sexual violence and blood.**** This is the only chapter rated M for that reason. If either of those things affect you, then skip down to the large break of dots.

This is the ****only ****chapter rated M for that reason. Please don't let it deter you from reading.

* * *

><p>Kapitel 8

It was one thing after another. First, the burning sensation in his wrists. Then it was the overpowering smell of cement and mildew lingering in his nostrils. His shoulders ached like never before. They weren't supposed to be in that position supporting such a large amount of deadweight. His neck had cramped from his head hanging limply down. There was a wall behind him...everything was cold.

Toothless's eyes opened slightly as his brain groggily came back into focus. How'd he get here? ...Last he remembered he was with Hiccup and then-

His eyes snapped open after his memory finally recovered. In an instant, he became fully aware of his environment. His wrists were tied to a support beam on the ceiling, which was causing the massive pain in his shoulders while he limply hung there in an unconscious state. He stood up fully to relieve the massive cramping in his shoulders, neck, and back. But his muscles refused to relax after having been contracted for so long. After he took in the basement more, he felt himself starting to hyperventilate. He couldn't breathe. His heart was beating against his rib cage, but he wasn't getting any oxygenâ€|

Toothless had to force himself to purse his lips and blow through them at a steady pace in order to offset the panic attack that was threatening to overtake him. He squeezed his eyes shut. He couldn't panic. It never helped him before. He just had to concentrate on his breathing...in...out...in...outâ€|

After he knew his breathing had come back to normal, he could think more clearly. But his heart was still racing in his chest. Then he heard stirring sounds. Toothless looked down and saw Hiccup tied to a support pole not too far from him. He was sitting on the cement floor with his head drooped down into his chest. He groaned and moved his stiff shoulders until he came fully aware as well and his head snapped up. Toothless saw he had a trail of dried blood trickling

past his ear and his eyes were absolutely wild with fear. Hiccup turned to look at his restrained hands and started to tug at them frantically as he looked around the room, panic setting into him as well.

"Toothless!Wherearewe?What'sgoingon?" Hiccup's words raced out of him a little too loudly.

"Hiccup!Hiccup. Stop. Just look at me. I need you to calm down-"

"How the FUCK am I supposed to calm dow-"

"Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh" Toothless desperately tried to shut him up before he alerted the whole building they were awake. He continued to talk Hiccup down, "We can't get out of here until you're calm, alright?" Hiccup looked away from Toothless and frantically started searching the basement room for an escape route. "Hiccup! Hiccup. Fucking stop. Alright? Just close your eyes and take deep breaths until you stop panicking." Hiccup did as he was told and Toothless talked him through a deep breathing exercise until he could see Hiccup's chest rising and falling normally. His calming exercise helped to steady his own nerves as well.

"Where are we, Toothless?" Hiccup asked in a low, much more even voice.

"In Pitch's basement," Toothless answered him as simply and matter-of-factly as he could.

"Why are we here?"

"I...don't know exactly." Toothless answered somewhat honestly. He had feared that Pitch would want him back soon. But it was atypical for Pitch to tie him up, not to mention take strangers off the street as well.

"Why-"

Hiccup stopped talking when they both heard footsteps creak down the old, wooden staircase in the next room. The door to the right of Hiccup opened and in slithered the man Toothless had hoped to not see for a long time. He wore an expensively tailored black suit that only accentuated his freakishly tall build. He was tall like Toothless and had the same jet-black hair as he did. Although, his was greased back against his skull, which more prominently exhibited a long, angled, and very pointed face. He smiled a sharp, toothy grin as he noticed Toothless.

"Luka...my boyâ€|" Pitch's voice was greasy and dripped like poison in Toothless's ears. He traversed the small room to stop in front of Toothless, who drew himself up to his full height and leaned back into the wall in an effort to put as much distance between the two of them as he could. But it was a futile attempt. Pitch leaned in so close Toothless could smell his stale breath. He raised two long, bony fingers and gently brushed some of Toothless's hair out of his face, causing Toothless to flinch at the icy touch. He dragged a finger down his cheek and said in a low voice, "I was so worried about youâ€|"

"Bullshit." Toothless growled.

Pitch's expression changed to one of hurt, "Oh Luka. You break your poor father's heartâ€|" his face then morphed into a wicked grin. Toothless could see traces of white powder under Pitch's nostrils and that his pupils were widely dilated.

Pitch turned his attention onto Hiccup. He walked over and kneeled on top of him, causing Hiccup to start hyperventilating again out of fear. Pitch slowly reached out and pulled up Hiccup's shirt to reveal his stomach. He traced one finger slowly across his skin, connecting the dots that were Hiccup's freckles.

"ohâ€|...such soft silky skin so smoothâ€|"

In one quick, fluid motion Pitch pulled Hiccup's legs down, causing Hiccup's body to drag and be stretched until he was lying flat on the floor with his arms tied above his head. Pitch yanked his pants down, exposing Hiccup's hip and part of his groin, then kneeled all of his weight on Hiccup's legs. He swiftly brought out a switchblade and pressed the tip into Hiccup's skinâ€|

Hiccup screamed and writhed as he desperately tried to wriggle out of Pitch's grasp, but without success. Pitch's only response to Hiccup's agonized shrieks was to kindly shush him as if he were calming a fussing infant.

"Shh...Shh...All's well that ends well my dearâ€|"

Pitch carefully carved an intricate pattern of dashes across Hiccup's hipbone that angled diagonally towards his groin and thigh. He would dab up some of the blood with a white handkerchief periodically so he could properly see where he was placing the complicated array of cuts.

Toothless pinched his eyes shut as he tried to block out Hiccup's screams of pure agony and the sight of blood trickling down his hip. He was screaming as well. He was yelling at Pitch, who either couldn't hear him over Hiccup's screams or was choosing to ignore him.

"-TOP IT! Don't hurt him anymore, PLEASE!" his shouts finally burst through the sound barrier and Pitch took the knife away from Hiccup, but continued to kneel on top of his legs. Hiccup's face was wrought with pain and his chest rose and fell erratically.

Pitch chuckled manically as he grazed his thumb over the edge of his blade, gathering some blood off the tip and then placing it in his mouth to lick the blood off. "Seems you've finally learned manners, my boy." Just as suddenly as he stood up, he was back in front of Toothless and inches from his face. He brought up one finger and wagged it in front of Toothless's eyes in rhythm as he said, "tic. toc. goess the clock. where has your mumi gone nowâ€|."

"Don't talk about her," Toothless responded darkly. Pitch had previously experienced episodes of psychosis, but never to this extent; however, it was probably overemphasized by his recently large dose of cocaine.

"oh?" Pitch raised a hand to brush the backs of his fingers against

Toothless's cheek. Then he suddenly slammed the other hand against the wall so his arm was parallel to Toothless, who jumped at the abrupt movement, as Pitch then continued in a spitting rage, "You're mother was nothing but an Aryan ****bitch****." Toothless's eyes widened and his heart managed to beat even faster. "She did nothing but ****seduce**** me with her ways and ****flee**** back to her precious motherland, only to 14 years later drop you two useless ****brats**** into my lap."

"If she were alive she would have NEVER wanted us here!" Toothless yelled at him.

Pitch slapped him across the face, knocking Toothless's head to the side and causing him to cry out. He turned his face back to glare at Pitch while panting and shaking furiously.

Pitch's face grew sympathetic all of a sudden. His anger melted away and a look of awe entered his eyes. "You look just like herâ€|." he said as he ever so gently ran his fingers through Toothless's hair and caressed his chin with the tips of his bony fingers. "So beautifulâ€|like mother like son."

Toothless wrenched his head out of Pitch's hand, who in response grabbed Toothless's jaw more brutally and squeezed his cheeks together forcing Toothless's mouth open. Pitch peered inside at his tongue ring.

"When did you get that?" Pitch asked, curiosity rising in his voice.

"None of your business," Toothless growled back.

Pitch roughly let go of his jaw and said, "just like his mumâ€|.nothing but a useless whore." Pitch sneered at Toothless who had his jaw clenched and was maliciously glaring into Pitch's eyes.

Pitch didn't hesitate for a second as he roughly shoved Toothless against the wall and kissed him hard on the mouth. Toothless grunted and struggled against him trying to move his head away. Pitch tasted like chalk and he hated it.

Pitch pulled away from the kiss but kept Toothless pinned to the wall with his forearm pressed into his neck. "You always were one to struggle my little Night Furyâ€|" Pitch looked over at Hiccup, blood still dripping down his hip and side while watching them in horror. "But if you really want to help your friend, you'll have to do better than that..."

Toothless felt himself start to break inside. He always managed to maintain a semblance of himself as long as he never gave in...never accepted his fate. But now, Hiccup was in danger and Toothless knew he couldn't withstand the trials Pitch would put him through, nor did he want him to. He had to break himself.

He dropped his head in submission and Pitch pulled his face up again by his chin to look at him. "What'll it be then?" He asked with a grin more evil than Toothless had ever seen. He didn't want to. He wanted nothing more than to be anyplace else. But he had to give him his answer.

Toothless kissed Pitch full on the mouth. He moved his lips roughly against the cold, ashy lips of his tormentor, while Pitch moaned lustfully. His skeletal hands slipped under Toothless's shirt and ran up and down his chest, his thumbs stopping to graze his nipples. A sound escaped Toothless's throat, signaling his dissatisfaction with the contact. Pitch only responded by deepening the kiss. He slithered his tongue into Toothless's mouth and flicked the metal barbell, causing Toothless to wince from the unpleasant sensation.

Pitch pulled back to gaze upon the boy in front of him. His piercing eyes slowly traced the contours of Toothless's body and Toothless had to bite his cheek to fight the shame that was rising into his throat. Whenever he looked at him like that, Toothless knew that he expected something. And it was something Toothless never wanted to give him. Pitch's gaze flickered back up and transfixed itself into Toothless's eyes.

"Are you going to be a good boy then, love?" Pitch asked patronizingly.

Toothless's lip quivered slightly, but he bit it and slumped his head to indicate his submission. Pitch reached up and untied the rope that bound Toothless's hands to the ceiling. Toothless pulled the cords off of his wrists, which were heavily burned from the coarse fibers, and saw his skin was rubbed off and bleeding in some parts.

"Take it off." Pitch ordered him in a low voice.

Toothless obediently reached down to grip the hem of his shirt and then pull it off over his head. His hair fell and cascaded around his bare shoulders and back like a black veil. Despite his skin feeling like ice, Toothless was burning up internally as Pitch smiled slightly after seeing his exposed chest.

"Turn around."

He hesitated. Every cell in his body told him to run or fight or...something. Anything. Anything but willfully give himself up to someone he loathed. But he also saw Hiccup sitting on the floor watching Pitch with a look of horror. Toothless couldn't run and leave him here. Hiccup wouldn't survive, and Toothless couldn't bear to think about what his final moments would be like. He wouldn't be able to live with himself.

So he turned around and leaned forward to press his forearms into the wall. He tried bracing himself. By attempting to relax his muscles, he knew the damage wouldn't be as great and he might not bleed as much.

Toothless felt the tip of Pitch's blade pierce his back and he drew in a hissing breath as, despite his previous efforts, his back muscles involuntarily tensed at the touch of the knife slicing its way around his back. It drew over the many marks that were already there, reopening them so that they would heal into a more visible scar. Pitch loved marking people with scarification. Most of the members in the gang were overjoyed to get it, but Pitch usually only did the much tamer geometric design that encircled the right bicep and swirled its way around the collar bone. It was a rite of passage into the gang, which signified that they were able to partake in

dealing in some way. Members of higher rank received more elaborate designs than those of lower or newer rank. It was considered a rite of passage that Pitch claimed to signify their level of loyalty. But, Toothless knew it was because he had a bloodlust. He loved to do it and considered it to be his art, but would hold himself back around his cronies. However, he took full advantage of Toothless and used his entire back as his canvas.

After many long, agonizing minutes Pitch finished touching up the swirling fractal on Toothless's back. When it was in its healed stage, many might have said that it looked incredible. His skin produced creamy white scars that maintained the perfect precision of the design that systematically flowered out in swirling directions. But Toothless hated it as it was a symbol of his long-standing abuse from his father.

His skin was on fire and he felt the tickling sensation of his blood trickling down his back and seeping into the waistband of his pants. Pitch, finished with his work, turned Toothless around to face him. Tears were streaming down his cheeks since he had resisted screaming during the procedure and the pain had no other outlet but his eyes. Pitch slowly reached up a crimson finger and traced one of his tears starting from the outside corner of his eye and down to the corner of his mouth, which only resulted in him replacing the tear with a trail of Toothless's own blood. Then Pitch leaned down and gently kissed Toothless's lips. Not wanting to spoil the moment, Pitch didn't utter a word as he placed his hands on Toothless's shoulders and pushed him down onto his knees. Toothless couldn't help but choke out a sound because he knew what Pitch wanted. Toothless hoped he would be quick.

Pitch undid his pants and pulled out his erection, gently stroking it to encourage it a little more. Toothless swallowed with difficulty and felt bile rise a little in his throat. Pitch only looked at him blankly as Toothless dauntingly prepared himself for what was expected of him. Then he reached out with one hand to firmly grasp the base and then he leaned forward to take the rest into his mouth.

Pitch groaned in satisfaction as Toothless bobbed his head over Pitch's hardening member, drawing him in as far down as he could take it. The taste was revolting and the whole ordeal made him want to gag. He resisted only thinking that the sooner he could get this over with, the sooner he could vomit. Occasionally he felt it throb over his tongue as it enjoyed Toothless's movements. With a desire to finish him off, Toothless swirled his tongue around as he bobbed, pushing his ring along its underside, and then dragging it up to flick the sensitive skin under the tip as he pulled his head up. Pitch moaned loudly and grabbed a fistful of Toothless's hair, signaling that he enjoyed the sensation. Toothless quickened his pace. Bobbing, swirling, licking, and flicking until he felt it become exponentially hard as it approached climax.

Before Toothless could react, Pitch held the back of his head and shoved himself all the way into Toothless's mouth. Toothless choked and gagged, but couldn't stop the explosion of hot, sour liquid that squirted its way down his throat. Pitch pulled out and Toothless fell to his hands, alternating between dry heaving and coughing. Pitch properly fastened his pants and yanked Toothless up by the hair, causing him to cry out, and then pushed him against the wall again.

He smiled lovingly at him as Toothless continued to feel as though he were choking.

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"...Stay with me, my love." Pitch said as he traced a finger down Toothless's sternum and all the way down to the button of his pants.

Toothless didn't say anything, but continued to leak silent tears as he had given up on holding them back any longer. Pitch leaned forward and kissed the droplets that ran under his eyes. He licked his lips and then reached down to pick up the rope Toothless had dropped. He pulled Toothless's hands up, who complied limply, and tied them back to the support beam at the ceiling. He traced his fingers down Toothless's hair, before he turned around and left the room.

Toothless looked at Hiccup. He was leaning against the pole and looking straight ahead. Toothless could only see some of his profile, as Pitch had extinguished the sole light bulb as he left. But he could tell that Hiccup was refusing to look at him or even say anything.

Toothless heard Pitch reach the top of the stairs and lock the door behind him. And then he finally let himself fully break down. He spit and gagged as much as could to try and induce himself to vomit, or at the bare minimum get the vile taste out of his mouth. But it wouldn't leave, it would never leave. He was disgusting. Hiccup couldn't bear to look at him. Everything...Everything he had ever cared about in his life had been taken away from him by Pitch. His home. His innocence. His dignity. Now Hiccup. Other than Benedikt, no one cared a single shit about him after they learned the things he had done. None of the other members who knew ever tried to stop Pitch, instead they taunted him and touched him and some even made advances on him themselves. He was nothing more than an object. His body was the only reason anyone paid any attention to him.

He broke down in sobs. Furious at Pitch, at his life, and at himself, he kicked the wall behind him a few times and then slammed his own head into it. He stared at the ceiling and continued to sob uncontrollably. Hiccup still remained silent even after Toothless finished having his fit. He dropped his head, still erratically sucking in air a little as he hadn't completely calmed down.

And they remained like that. A couple hours passed by, but Toothless couldn't possibly sleep in the position he was in. His arms had gone numb, but his back had finally stopped bleeding; although, the cuts

were still fresh. If he moved or stretched them at all, he could feel them open up again. Occasionally, he would glance at Hiccup. It didn't look like he was sleeping either. But both were too afraid to break the silence and speak to one another.

He saw Hiccup turn his attention to the wall behind him. Toothless looked up, wondering what he had heard. Then he heard it too. It sounded like spraying. Then he heard metal creaking ever so slightly and shuffling as something repositioned and then slid into the room. It hit more metal against the far wall and a little metal door, previously unnoticed in the dim light, opened on the side of the room.

Out slid the last person he ever expected to see. The boy drew himself up to his full height and quickly paced over to Toothless.

[Bene. What are you doing here? How did you get in?] Toothless's first language flowed from his lips like water. It was the most natural thing for him and he missed it dearly. Nothing comforted him more than to be able to talk to his brother, and he would generally only do it when they were alone. Otherwise the taunting and occasional beating would usually ensue from the other members.

[Shh, shhâ€¦.] Benedikt quietly whispered as he cupped Toothless's face in his hands and leaned his forehead against his. [I'll explain it after I get you out of here.] He reached up and untied Toothless's hands and then strode over to untie Hiccup's. Hiccup stood up and readjusted his pants carefully over his open incisions. His expression looked like he was having difficulty comprehending reality at the moment. But he complied with Benedikt's gestures. Toothless grabbed his shirt off the ground and followed his brother to the metal door.

It was a coal chute, previously used to deliver coal into the cellar of the building. It must have been abandoned for ages, Toothless was surprised Benedikt had gotten in open. Benedikt stood at the front of the door and motioned silently with his hand for Toothless to climb up it.

Benedikt helped him in and he had to squeeze the narrow walls of the shaft with his arms and knees in order to keep himself from sliding backwards. But as quietly as possible he scooted up and pulled himself onto the dirt and behind a row of bushes. Toothless turned around to see Hiccup following suit. He reached out his hand to help pull Hiccup out, and Hiccup took it just as he almost lost his footing. He still avoided eye contact with him though.

Toothless helped his brother out, who then gently closed the shaft and locked it with its original mechanism. Then he grabbed the bottle of Castrol oil he had used to quiet the hinges and they stood up and, as softly as they could, jogged away from the building.

After they had traversed a decent distance and left the neighborhood, Benedikt broke out into a full run. Toothless and Hiccup followed behind him, but Toothless was struggling to keep up. They jogged through an abandoned lot, in which Toothless had to stop as he felt like he was going to pass out. He held himself up against a chain link fence and heaved until he had emptied the contents of his stomach. He heard Hiccup call Benedikt back with a hint of panic in

his voice. Panting, Toothless wiped his mouth and noticed his brother walk up next to him. Benedikt touched his back gently and held his fingers towards a distant source of light to examine the freshly running blood. As Toothless had run, he had broken open many of the lesions on his back.

[You've lost too much blood,] he stated matter-of-factly.

Toothless nodded and continued to spit as saliva was rapidly building up in his mouth after having regurgitated so much.

[Come on, I need to get you home-] Benedikt started to say.

Tears started to well up in Toothless's eyes again. He couldn't go home like this. It would kill him to have to explain this to everyone and he had already lost Hiccup's respect. Now he would lose Jack, Pippa, Anna, North, Bunny, Sandy...

[Luka...Come on, it'll be okay. North will keep you safe.]

[What about you?] Toothless sharply turned his head to his brother. [Why can't you come with me?] The tears broke out again as he pleaded with Benedikt.

Benedikt cupped his face in his hands again and gently rubbed his cheek with his thumb, [Luka I can't. If I don't get back soon then they'll notice I'm gone. Then they'll tell Pitch I helped you escape and I won't be able to...]

[You don't have to fucking PROTECT me!] Toothless yelled at him.

Benedikt looked around to make sure that he hadn't disturbed anyone and then continued speaking softly to Toothless. [Luka, don't. You know I have to go, but I'll be okay. Pitch won't need you as long as I keep bringing money in.]

That much had been true. The thing Pitch cared about most was who in the gang had the best turnover. And Benedikt was always one of the better ones. Even though they were twins, Toothless and Benedikt didn't look alike. They were both of similar height, but Benedikt was much broader than him. His hair was the color of yellow straw, which was cut short, and he had amber-colored eyes that almost always held a kind expression in them. His face was angled similarly to Toothless's, but his features were much stronger and defined than his. Once their mother had shown them photos of her family, and Toothless thought Benedikt looked much like their grandfather. However, Toothless took after his mother to a T. She had been very beautiful and his face was nearly identical to hers, except male. The only thing he inherited from his father was his height and his hair. Pitch's obsession with Toothless seemed to be due to his striking similarity to his mother.

Toothless spoke up again because something didn't add up. [But how did he find me?]

[Dagur sold you out. I had been bribing him for months to keep quiet after he found out where you were. Apparently after our last encounter, I pissed him off enough for him to betray youâ€¦]. I think it was him and one other who brought you back,] Benedikt

explained.

[But what will stop him from coming after me again?]

[Look, I'll force him to talk. If Pitch doesn't remember what happened and no one else knows where you are, then you're still safe. Just avoid going out for a while until I sort this out, especially after dark.]

That answer gave Toothless a glimmer of hope, because it meant his brother wasn't cutting off contact with him again.

[...Come on,] Benedikt said gently, [I've gotta get you home before you pass out.] Benedikt turned his back to Toothless and bent down motioning for Toothless to get on. Toothless did so and then they took off at a light jog towards The Guardians. Hiccup followed behind, not having said a word the whole time.

They stopped across the street and Benedikt let Toothless slide off him. Toothless didn't want to face leaving his brother again. He was the only person who knew. The only one he could talk to. The only one who knew how to comfort him. He didn't want to leave him and face the unbearable amount of questions that would erupt as soon as people set eyes on him. The thought of it caused premature humiliation to boil in his chest and Toothless felt himself choking up again. He wrapped his arms around Benedikt's neck and buried his face in him and sobbed. Benedikt held the back of his head and let him carry on for a minute. Then he lifted his face up and told him, [I promise that I'll come back for you. Alright? Just hold on and wait for a while longer. But I need to get back before anyone notices. I'll go back and clean up everything indicating you were there. But I might not be able to get you out of there a third time, ok?] Toothless buried his face again and nodded against his neck. [Now...promise me you'll be safe, yeah?] Toothless nodded again, to which Benedikt lifted his chin back up and kissed him innocently on his forehead. [Now go. I'll see you soon... I promise.] Benedikt gently pushed Toothless off him and squeezed his hand. Then, waving a final goodbye, he turned and ran down the street.

One last tear rolled down Toothless's face as he watched him go. He was alone again. He looked over at Hiccup, who was watching where Benedikt had gone as well. Then he reached out and took hold of Toothless's hand.

"Come on, bud. Let's get inside." He finally spoke. After all this time and the first thing Hiccup said to him was to tell him to go face a room full of people when the only thing he wanted was the exact opposite. The sun was starting to come up and surely everyone would be awake. But he knew he needed help quickly. The anxiety and loss of blood were taking its toll on him. He felt light-headed and really weak. Allowing himself to be led by Hiccup, they both walked down the metal staircase and into the basement.

* * *

><p>As I said, this is the only chapter like this.

Comments are always and forever appreciated. Even if you hated it, I welcome the feedback.

9. Chapter 9

Kapitel 9

Tic. Toc. Tic. Toc. Tic...

The clock was the only sound to be heard in the Guardian's basement kitchen. It was late and none of the guys had reported back from their search for Hiccup and Luka. Anna could only sit helplessly at the kitchen table with her textbook laid out in front of her and blankly stare at the words on the page as she attempted to study. She couldn't focus, nor did she want to. She felt completely useless for she was the only one who had stayed behind; however, she couldn't leave her siblings alone at night in the apartment. She propped her head up onto her hand and took a sip of coffee. Despite being up all night, she wasn't the least bit tired. It wasn't even possible for her to sleep given the amount of worry that was eating at her mind. What could have happened to them?

The last person to see them was Sandy, and he said that he saw Luka head outside to smoke, which wasn't unusual. But no one saw them for the rest of the night, Anna thought they had gone to bed. But Jack came out of his room and said they weren't in there. He was the first one to think that something was wrong. Jack searched the whole building and asked if anyone had seen or spoken to them. Eventually Bunny discovered blood on the ground in the alley, which led him to rouse everyone to form a search party. After the recent incidents with Dagur's group of thugs, they had reason to suspect that something might have happened to them. But god, she really hoped not.

Anna jumped as she heard the metal door push open. She rushed out into the hallway and gasped at what she saw walking in.

Luka was shirtless and hunched over as he looked as though he was struggling to maintain his balance. But what shocked her was how absolutely red he was. His back looked as though someone had poured scarlet paint onto it and had it wiped and smudged across his chest, stomach, face, and arms. His slender wrists looked almost mangled from the deep lines that were cut into them and his hair was matted in various chunks.

"Oh my god, Luka." Anna ran to him as he had stumbled slightly and had to catch himself against the wall to hold himself upright. She held him up under an arm and walked him into the kitchen, pushing her stuff onto the other table.

"Lie down here." She ordered him and then looked behind her at Hiccup. "Hiccup, are you hurt?" He nodded and pulled his shirt up a little bit to showcase the blood that was smeared above his waistband. "Okay, boil several pots of water and I'll be right back." She hurried off into the hall to gather whatever medical supplies and rags they had on hand. Before she returned into the kitchen, however, she brought out her cellphone and dialed Bunny's number.

"Anna?" he answered to her.

"Bunny, call everyone and tell them to come home. They're here." She

replied quietly so as not to sound as worried as she really was and also not to wake her sleeping siblings.

"Is everythin' ok then love?" he asked her. Her demeanor must have given off that impression.

"No...pick up more antibacterial ointment and bandages from the nearest store if you can," she said more quietly.

"Sure...how much do yeh need?" Bunny asked putting together that the situation was worse than he previously thought.

"More than you think we'd need."

"Alright, I'll be there as soon as I can." Bunny told her quickly before he hung up.

Anna walked back into the kitchen with the supplies on hand and added the rags to the pots for a few minutes. She walked back over to Hiccup, who was sitting on one the benches adjacent to Luka. He looked tired, but alert, and didn't seem to be in serious pain. She looked over to Luka, who was lying face down on the table as instructed, but appeared to be listless. She bent down in front of him and lifted his head up. He was starting to sleep, but she couldn't allow that just yet. She patted his cheek softly, trying to rouse him.

"Luka! Luka, sweetheart. You can't sleep yet, alright? You have to stay with me until I finish taking care of you."

His lids hung heavy over his eyes as he responded to her groggily, "Annaâ€¦I'll be fine. Just..."

"Honey, you're not fine. But I promise I will let you sleep in a few minutes once I'm done." She looked over at Hiccup and told him.

"Hiccup, pour some juice into one of the kids' cups and pour one for yourself as well." He went to do that and she drained the water from the rags and rinsed them off. She poured warm water into two buckets and added some regular soap to them. Then she took the juice from Hiccup and brought it along with the water over to Luka. She knelt down in front of him again and gave him the cup.

"Okay Luka. I'm going to wash off your back and bandage it up. While I do so, drink this whole cup of juice. It will help with the dehydration and give you some sugar. Do you understand?"

Luka clumsily took hold of the cup and took a sip from the attached straw. She watched as he swished it around in his mouth and then leaned over the edge of the table to spit it onto the floor. Then he started to drink the liquid normally. If it were a different situation, she would have been aggravated and slightly repulsed by that behavior. But she just let him be and returned to work on his back. Taking a dripping rag from the bucket she wrung it over his back and gently tried to clean up the blood that had dried onto most of it. Anna was going to school for dental hygiene, but she had some experience in first aid and CPR. She was hoping that it only looked worse than it really was and they wouldn't have to go to the hospital for advanced treatment. As she cleaned Luka, she looked over at Hiccup.

"Are you able to do the same thing to yourself?" she asked him as he slowly drank his glass of juice.

"Uhm, yeah I think so," Hiccup replied as he set the glass down.

"Okay, take the second bucket and wash off as much of the grime and blood as you can," she instructed. Hiccup went to do so and she saw as he turned away from her slightly to conceal himself as he pulled down one side of his pants to clean his hip. She focused her attention back on Luka to give Hiccup privacy, but asked him, "Were these made with a sharp or dull knife?" Anna didn't want to pry out the details about what happened, since it wasn't important at the moment. However, she needed to know how to best treat them.

"Sharp."

"Did you come into contact with anyone else's blood or fluids at all?"

"Toothless did. The knife was first used on me before it was used on him and..." he trailed off for a few seconds before adding, "He might be in greater risk than me for infection."

Anna nodded already suspecting that he might get an infection judging from the dirt and grime that they were both covered in and Luka's heavily exposed wounds. But seeing that the knife was used on both of them, Anna didn't know where the knife had previously been either. She doubted it was sterile.

"If this goes well, we'll just have to bring you both in for a blood test," she clarified to Hiccup. After she had finished washing his back, she turned her attention onto his slender wrists. After washing them, she could tell that the burns were made from being tied up too tightly. She picked up a new rag and drizzled some peroxide onto it. Luka had since finished the juice and was lying with his head on the table again. Anna stroked his hair trying to maintain his attention and told him, "Lukaâ€¦.This is going to sting, but just hang in there for a while."

Luka mumbled an answer to signify his understanding but when she gently touched the cloth to his incisions, he groaned loudly as the peroxide fired up the nerves in his back again.

"ARGHHâ€¦.fffuck." He gripped the edges of the table as she tried to gently disinfect every cut and sore on his back. She noticed that the incisions were meticulously done in a flowing shape that seemed to spread gracefully across the contours of his body. It would have made for a beautiful tattoo if the markings weren't so red and painful looking. Fortunately the bleeding had stopped, indicating that the incisions weren't incredibly deep. The reason why he had so much blood on him most likely had to do with the fact that the blade was so sharp. However, the cuts should be able to heal fine on their own as long as they were kept clean of infection. Hiccup picked up the peroxide and poured some on a rag as he started to do the same to himself. Anna heard him draw in a hissing breath as the peroxide burned in his cuts as well.

When she was halfway done with Luka's back, she heard the front door

open again and looked as Jack rushed into the kitchen. His eyes widened as he saw the state his two friends were in.

"Oh my god...Toothless...Hiccup." He strode over to Hiccup, who pulled his pants back up as Jack drew closer to him. "Are you ok? What..."

"Jack!" Anna sharply interjected. "Not right now. If you want to help then go empty the buckets and disinfect the rags." She was not going to let anyone question them until both had been treated and had a decent sleep. The trauma they both must have experienced...she was surprised that neither had fallen into shock.

Jack closed his mouth and looked at her angrily for yelling at him. But he obediently took the used buckets and rags and went to wash them. Anna took out the antibacterial ointment and started applying it to the worst of Luka's back and wrists as the small tube wouldn't be big enough for everything. Luckily a few minutes later, Bunny and Sandy arrived with the supplies she had asked for. Unlike Jack, Bunny just simply dropped off the bags and gave a nod to Hiccup before disappearing into his room. Sandy walked into the kitchen and started to heat some water to make his tea. The tea he made was always very relaxing and was capable of easing someone into a deep sleep for a full night. It was fantastic when one had trouble sleeping. After he had prepared it, he left two mugs on the counter and got Hiccup's attention to show him that they were for him and Luka. Hiccup nodded to him as he left.

Hiccup was done with himself before Anna was with Luka. So she tossed him a roll of bandages and told him to wrap his cuts as best as he could. He tried his best, but the only way he could properly secure it was to angle the bandages down and wrap them around the top of his thigh. Jack returned to the room just as Hiccup had finished and pulled his pants up again.

"Hiccup, feel free to take the tea and go to sleep if you can. If you need any help just come get one of us, alright?" Anna told him gently.

"Mhm..." Hiccup took a mug and then walked away into his room.

Anna turned her attention back onto Luka and shook his arm, "Luka! Hey, wake up. I need you to sit up so I can wrap your backâ€¦.Okay? Luka!" She shook him once more and he moaned, annoyed at being woken up again.

Jack walked over to him, "Come on, bud," he said as he struggled to lift Luka up under his arms and sit him on the edge of the table. He started to wake up again, even though it was obvious he was still really weak. He held onto one of Jack's shoulders, who was still supporting him, and leaned his head into his own arm to keep himself steady as Anna wrapped his torso.

"He probably doesn't need the tea," Jack said to her as she finished.

"Yeah, you just get him to bed then." Anna agreed with him.

She started to clean up the kitchen as Jack picked Toothless up into a standing position and supported him as they clumsily walked into

the bedroom. Jack sat him on the edge of the bed, who in response just fell back to lie down on it. Then Jack grabbed a pair of pajamas from the wardrobe and as he undressed Toothless, he noticed that his pants were damp in some spots and then crusty in others from the blood that had seeped into them. It disgusted him that someone could have possibly injured him to such an extent. And it was killing him not to go after Dagur right then and there. He was sure he had something to do with it. Every time Jack had seen him, he could tell the guy had a sick and twisted sense of pleasure. After Jack had redressed Toothless, he pulled him into a proper lying position at the head of the bed and rolled him so he lay face down. It was probably better not to lie on his back for a few days.

Not wanting to disturb either of them, Jack left to go sleep on the couch for the night. But first he threw Toothless's pants and underwear in to wash with the rags and then he went to wash the blood off his hands. Jack couldn't even believe this had fucking happened. And somehow he felt as though it was his own goddamn fault. If he hadn't been so fucking preoccupied with Anna, then he wouldn't have left them alone, and he could have possibly defended them when they were jumped. And then they wouldn't have been carved into like pieces of wax and who knows what else. Maybe he could get Hiccup to talk to him tomorrow...he doubted Toothless would ever come clean.

Jack didn't realize how hard he had been scrubbing his own hands and arms until he accidentally scratched himself. He dried his hands and left to go collapse on the couch. Realizing he wasn't tired in the slightest, he got up to retrieve the abandoned cup of tea on the counter. Gulping the lukewarm liquid down quickly, he returned to his position on the couch and felt himself gradually drift off.

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Toothless moaned as he opened his eyes. The sun shone brightly through the small window, indicating that it was at least midday. He looked at his clock and saw it was actually nearly dinnertime. Figures he would have slept all day.

He remembered fully what happened the night before, which made him not want to move from his position on the bed, but rather to lie there for the rest of his life. He looked over to see if Hiccup was still sleeping. He was gone. He must have gotten up hours ago. Toothless was so thankful that Anna hadn't asked them any questions the night before, but he feared that Hiccup was going to tell everyone today if he hadn't already. Toothless had to bite his tongue to fight off his fear of shame. He had done what he did that night to save Hiccup, but now Hiccup knows or at least can suspect all the things Toothless had done before he came to the Guardian's. It was like the Pandora's Box of Toothless's life had been opened and his fate was no longer in his control. What people thought of him or whether he could even stay at the Guardian's wasn't totally up to him anymore. Hiccup couldn't even bear to look at Toothless, which hurt Toothless more than the rest of the night put together. His best friend was ashamed of him. Although, Toothless couldn't blame him. He was ashamed of himself. After all, he had done more disgusting things

with Pitch than he ever cared to think about. The only one who fully knew was his brother, but even then, Toothless could tell that he pitied him. He was so fucking tired of being oggled and pitied by other people. He was also fucking tired of the disgusting taste in his mouth.

He sat up slowly and groaned as he bent the cuts on his back. He noticed that someone had changed him into his pajamas. His memory did start to fail him after Anna had treated him with the peroxide. He must have been just too exhausted and had lost enough blood to make him extremely drowsy. He put his head into his hands as it hurt like hell. He needed water and really needed to wash out his mouth.

He stood up and stumbled as he tried to find his balance. Dragging himself into the bathroom he brushed his teeth twice and rinsed with mouthwash past the recommended time. His mouth burned, but he needed to make sure he got the taste of vomit and rancid dick out of it before he could consider doing anything else. Fucking hell.

After bringing handfuls of water up to his mouth, he drank greedily and then combed the tangled mess that was his hair. After leaving the restroom, he was surprised to find Anna standing the hall. It seemed like she had been waiting for him.

"Morning Luka...how are you feeling?" she asked him tentatively.

Toothless found it really hard to tell from her expression if she knew what had happened or was just worried about him.

"Like shit." he flatly responded.

"Oh. Yeah...I figured as much," she confessed as she rubbed her arm uncomfortably, "Well, you'll need to take a shower at some point today and probably once a day for a time to wash off your back. It's going to obviously sting a lot at first, but you need to wash out your wounds really well so that everything is clean. When you're done, I'll treat it and wrap them again. At least until new tissue starts to form. Then you'll just have to make sure you keep it really clean..."

She explained all this to him as if he didn't know this already. He had been dealing with this treatment for years and had learned a while ago how best to handle it.

"Look, Anna. That's really nice of you but it's not really necessaryâ€¦" he started to tell her when she interrupted him by wrapping her arms gently around his neck.

She was really short in comparison to him as her head only came up to his chest. But she held her arms around his neck softly while she said, "No you listen, Luka. You don't have to tell me what happened if you don't want to, but you are going to let me make sure you get better." She pulled away from him and looked up into his eyes. "Are we good?"

Toothless smiled a little at her and nodded. This was the main reason why he liked Anna so much. She was such a caring person and never cared about Toothless's past. She only talked to him in the present, which was where Toothless liked to remain.

"How's Hiccup?" he finally asked her after a moment.

"Fine. He's in the kitchen right now, did you want me to get him?" Anna asked him with a concerned expression.

"No, no. It's fine. I was just wondering..."

"Luka!" a small voice yelled as he saw Pippa run up the hallway and slam into his waist. She wrapped her small arms around his middle tightly, which caused him to grimace as it put some unwanted tension on his back, but he resisted pushing her off.

"I was so worried about you! Everyone said they didn't know where you were and went looking for you. Are you okay?" she said in a rush and then asked as she noticed his bandages.

He knelt down to her level and then hugged her to him. "I'll be okay Pippa. Everything's fine...I'm sorry I scared you...Did you sleep last night?"

"I'm sorry! I tried to stay up for you but it got really late and...and..."

Toothless found it touching how much the little girl liked him. He squeezed her hand and stood up while saying, "Pippa...you didn't have to wait for me. And don't be sorry. But hey, what you can do is draw me and Hiccup a get well card. You know how I like it when you draw me stuff."

Pippa smiled at his suggestion and then promised him to go do it before she walked back down the hall. Toothless smiled after her.

Even though he wasn't looking forward to it, he really needed a shower. He felt disgusting for additional reasons, but it didn't help that his body was dirty and he had blood dried into his hair and on his pelvis. He grabbed his towel and started the shower. After removing his bandages while avoiding the mirror, he stepped in facing the spout. He made sure the water was cool and then finally turned his back into it. He always found it easier for the shower to soak into his hair first and then let the water run down his back rather than the shower hitting it directly. But it still stung like hell.

He groaned from the pain, but continued to wash the blood out of his hair and off his body. He avoided shampoo as he didn't want the irritants running off onto his cuts. So he just washed himself with bar soap paying careful attention to his back. After he got out and dried himself off, he realized he forgot a shirt as he had been bandaged up when he walked in. For over a year, he had avoided showing anyone his back. He even managed to hide it from Jack even though they shared a room. But since everyone had already gazed upon his hideously sliced up skin, he stopped giving a fuck and walked back into his room.

He was surprised to see Hiccup on the bed when he walked in. Not really willing to say anything to him, he walked over to the wardrobe and put on underwear and pants while concealing himself with the towel. He turned around to see Hiccup looking in the other direction.

But he stood up and then brought Toothless a cup of coffee.

"Here, I thought you might want this. I also brought a glass of water," he said while gesturing to the glass on the bookcase.

Toothless took the mug and looked off to the side. "So, you finally are speaking to me then." he said in a low voice.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Hiccup asked confused.

"You should know."

"No. Maybe I ****don't**** know. Maybe you should just stop assuming that people know what the hell you're thinking and just fucking tell them for once!"

"You haven't said a ****goddamn**** thing to me until, basically, just now!"

"What the ****fuck**** did you want me to say Toothless?!" Hiccup yelled at him, his expression suddenly changing making Toothless take a step back. He continued, "I didn't say anything because I didn't know ****what**** to say. I'm sorry? I'm sorry you had to go through with all that to save my lousy ass. Or ****thanks****? Thanks for letting someone rape you and almost making you bleed to death in front of me? Likeâ€|.you shouldn't even have had to go through any of that for me..."

And with that tears started to fall from his eyes and he wiped them away with his arm. Toothless's anger quickly melted away, so he set down the mug and pulled Hiccup into him. Hiccup responded by wrapping his arms up under Toothless's to hold onto his shoulders so as to avoid touching his back. Toothless spoke to him softly, "I had to Hic or he would have killed you."

"That doesn't matter! You should never have to do anything like that for me," he sobbed into Toothless's neck.

Toothless pushed him back by the shoulders to look directly into his eyes and said, "Don't even go there. I told you that the ****last**** thing I wanted was to lose anyone else I cared about. My life's fucked up enough without having to watch you die, Hic."

Hiccup kept his head down as he didn't want Toothless to see his tear-stained face. He sniffed once to stop his nose from running and then pulled Toothless back into him and buried his face into his shoulder. In a low voice he told him, "I'm so sorry, Toothless."

Toothless smiled into his hair; however, he didn't want Hiccup's apology. He didn't like being pitied. But at the same time, he knew that Hiccup hadn't meant it as such so he reassured him softly, "It's not your fault. All that matters is that we're going to be ok...alright?"

Hiccup nodded and wiped his eyes clean again and Toothless noticed that Anna had left him the ointment and bandages on the bed.

"Hey," he said trying to distract Hiccup a bit. "Would you mind

helping me out with this?" he gestured over to the bandages and Hiccup nodded again. Toothless walked over to sit on the edge of the bed with his legs folded underneath him. Hiccup applied the ointment and then Toothless raised his arms so Hiccup could wrap him.

As he did so, Hiccup finally confessed, "I was so scared, Toothlessâ€¦"

Toothless didn't say anything for a moment, but finally added, "I know...but he just tries to get in your head. Try not to dwell on it too much."

Silence fell on them again for a moment until Hiccup finally asked Toothless, "What were you and Benedikt saying last night?" Toothless kind of forgot at the time that Hiccup couldn't understand them. Which probably only contributed to his lack of communication. The whole situation must have been too overwhelming for him.

Toothless laid his arms across the top of his head and didn't say anything for a moment as he was trying to remember. It seemed like it had all happened a long time ago. Finally he responded, "He...was just trying to convince me to come back here."

"Why didn't you want to?" Hiccup asked him in an emotionless tone as he remembered Toothless's obvious distress about going inside.

"It's not that," he started to answer but took a breath before adding, "I just didn't want anyone to see me."

They stayed silent until Hiccup was done wrapping his back. Then Toothless asked him what he really wanted to know, "You didn't tell anyoneâ€¦did you?"

"No...I've been trying to avoid talking to anyone all day."

"Can you promise you won't say anything? Not even to Jack?" Toothless felt his voice crack as he uttered his request.

Hiccup smiled and said, "I wasn't going to anyway."

Toothless could have kissed him. If anyone had to find out, then he was glad it was Hiccup. He was proving to be a better person than Toothless had ever realized.

"Thanks, Hic."

Still with his back to Hiccup, he felt Hiccup wrap his arms around his neck and lean over his back to rest his head on his shoulder. He grabbed one of Hiccup's hands and squeezed it smiling to himself.

Hiccup straightened up. "I actually need to shower too. Anna gave me the talk and I better do it before she chastises me," Hiccup joked lightheartedly.

Toothless smiled, "Yeah, I'll be here." And he grabbed the water and laid himself gingerly on the bed as Hiccup left the room. Not really wanting to do anything, he drank the glass of water and stared at the ceiling lost in thought.

But it wasn't long until the door opened and in walked Jack holding a plate of eggs with toast.

"Hey," Jack said awkwardly as he held the plate in front of him. Toothless only looked at him and waited for him to talk. "I, uhâ€¦figured you would be hungry so I brought you this," he said as he stood at the other end of the bed.

Toothless got up delicately and went to take the plate. He sat back down on the edge of the bed and started to pick at the food. Jack then hesitantly broke the silence again, "Are you alright?"

Toothless continued staring at the food and smirked at the rhetorical question. But in response he answered, "I'll live." And continued pushing the toast around the plate in the drooling pool of yolk.

"Would...could you tell me what happen-" Jack started to say but Toothless interrupted him.

"Look, Jack...If you care about me at all then you'll just drop it, alright?" Jack's face looked shocked at first and then it fell at Toothless's sharp response. For clarification he added, "And you won't try and pry it out of Hiccup either." He still avoided Jack's gaze and took a bite of the toast.

After a seemingly long silence, Jack finally said, "Alrightâ€¦sorry." And left quickly out of the room. Toothless sighed knowing that he upset him a little. It would be awhile, but he knew that Jack would get over it. He trusted Hiccup to keep his confidence as well. Eventually, things could hopefully go back to normal between themâ€¦

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A little more than a week had gone by and Toothless at least felt confident that the initial healing stages had passed without complication. He was free of infection and Hiccup was doing fine as well. Simple tasks like showering or bending over were no longer extremely painful but just moderately uncomfortable.

They managed to stick to the general story that Dagur had kidnapped Hiccup and Toothless to take them to Pitch, who Toothless confessed was the leader of la Pandilla de Pesadillas, the largest crack-dealing gang in the area. Most other information was conveniently left out, which still left many with questions regarding as to why they had been kidnapped and tortured. But everyone had let the question linger, since Toothless made it clear he was unwilling to talk about it. All they needed to know was that there was the possible threat of them coming back.

He didn't go out alone at night unless he was with at least two other people. It wasn't just to keep his promise to Benedikt. He was genuinely afraid of being brought back. He had hoped, though, that Dagur hadn't told Pitch where he was living. There was no word from

his brother as to whether that was the case. Toothless hoped that he was ok, but knew that Benedikt wasn't the best at keeping in touch with him since he had to sneak around to do so.

Anna also had sent both him and Hiccup to the doctor to get a blood test done the day after. They both tested free for major blood diseases, which Toothless privately thanked the heavens. That had been worrying him for a while, but he had always been too scared to go to the doctor himself. His concerns mostly revolved around HIV. But since he and Hiccup both tested negative, he presumed he was safe regarding their most recent encounter since he had only been exposed to Hiccup's blood.

Jack had also started to return to his normal cocky self around Toothless, which Toothless never realized he would miss so much. They resumed playing their typical game when they would work nights together of who would bring in the most tips from girls, which Toothless honestly let Jack win a lot. He brought in as much money as Jack without even trying. In fact, he was straight up dour to the clientele. But...maybe people were for some bizarre reason intrigued by that.

Both Toothless and Hiccup had also noticed that Jack had been coming to sleep later than usual.

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One night after work, Jack had found himself in Anna's room again. He was lying on her bed as she was straddling his lap and hastily unbuttoning his work shirt. She kissed delicately up his jaw and down his neck, where she lingered on a certain spot under his ear and sucked on it. He groaned and flexed his hips up into her, wishing that his pants weren't so constraining. She stopped kissing him and instead laid down on top of him, regrettably taking pressure off of Jack's pelvis.

Jack whined at the loss of sensation. "What's wrong?" he asked her.

She laid her head down onto his chest, where she stroked small circles into his shoulder as she considered pensively how to best phrase her thoughts. After a few moments, she said to him, "I've been wondering what you considered us to be?"

Jack could feel the tension against his chest as she quietly awaited his response, "What do you mean by what I consider us to be?" he asked her gently. Then he raised her chin to better look at her. "I know at this point that I can't stop thinking about you whenever I'm not with you." She smiled at his answer and he couldn't help but marvel at how beautiful she was. "And I know that I want to keep seeing you...especially like this." He raised his head up to kiss her deeply, to which she gladly reciprocated and turned her head to deepen the kiss further. He moaned into her and then rolled her over until he was on top and in between her legs.

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The next day turned out to be fairly busy as they had been a bit behind on their work since Toothless and Hiccup had been injured, Toothless in particular. Hiccup had taken over his previous duty of helping Bunny cook for the kids and prepare some of the staple goods, like bread. He also was more involved with the gardening. Hiccup grew an affinity for Bunny. Even though he was often constantly berating them for not doing enough work, Hiccup grew to appreciate how much the Australian did and how much he knew. He had definitely been around and was always one to tell Hiccup really good stories of the crazy situations he had gotten into. Hiccup also learned that he had been trained in several styles of martial arts. After what had happened, Bunny promised to give Hiccup some lessons if he started to build up a little more muscle. So Hiccup spent some time each day during push-ups and other exercises Bunny had shown him.

Hiccup's cuts had started to scab over and looked pretty gross. It's not that he wasn't familiar with scabs, it's just that he never had a large patch of scabs in one area before. But he was glad that he and Toothless were okay.

Since he was able to talk to Toothless about what happened, he noticed Toothless relax a little more. Hiccup thought it was because Toothless was relieved for someone else in the group to know about his past and not care. But that was probably the wrong choice of words. Hiccup cared a lot about what happened to Toothless. It made him feel horrible to even consider the amount of suffering he had gone through and yet somehow turn out to be such a beautiful human being. Hiccup would occasionally get nightmares about that night, but he would always wake up to find Toothless's arm hugging his waist and feel his warm breath on the back of his neck. Despite being the one to have taken the largest amount of damage that night, Toothless still made sure that Hiccup was recovering from it. He was so selfless that Hiccup couldn't help but still feel guilty about what happened. It was an irrational feeling, he knew it. Toothless had explained to him that Hiccup could have done nothing differently. No matter what, something would have happened to Toothless, and he said that it could have been much worse. It made Hiccup ill to think about what the worse could have been.

"Ay Hiccup. Yeh done with that bread yet? I want it in the oven before the other blokes get home." It was almost lunch time and Bunny wanted the bread to be prepped so that it would be done by the time Jack and Toothless got back with the groceries.

"Yeah, I think it's about right." He tore off a piece and stretched it around in a circle to see if tore at all. The consistency was good enough. He rolled it into a ball, tossed it in oil, and set it in a bowl to rise. It should be done rising in a couple hours.

He continued helping Bunny with his list of chores. But two hours had passed and they still weren't back yet. Hiccup had persuaded himself that he couldn't allow himself to grow paranoid when it was really unlikely anything bad had even happened. It was only when Bunny started complaining that he asked him to borrow his cell phone to call them. They had made it a habit not to send anyone out without

one, even in the daytime.

Hiccup dialed the number and waited while it ringed a few times. Eventually he heard Jack pick up the phone.

"Hello?"

"Jack! Where the hell are you? We've been waiting for you to get back for over half an hour."

Jack sounded like he was panting a little as he replied, "I'm...uh...sorry Hic. Something happened at the store. We're okay, but I'm going to have to explain it to you later. Tell Bunny we'll be back shortly." and then he hung up.

Hiccup, extremely confused, told Bunny what Jack said and Bunny spent the following ten minutes cursing him out. Jack had said that they were okay, but from the tone of his voice Hiccup could tell that something had him worried...

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><p>Yayy longest chapter yet!

Shower me with comments and I will update shortly. ;D

Next chapter will not leave you disappointed, I promise.

10. Chapter 10

Alright folks, thar she blows. New chapter with a little sumthin, sumthin. ;D

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Kapitel 10

"So, if you're Germanâ€¦how come you're so good at English?" Jack inquired to Toothless as they walked around the fairly small grocery store.

Toothless smirked a little at the slight ignorance of his question but responded anyway, "How come you're American and still manage to suck so hard at it?"

Jack frowned and said back to him slightly offended, "No need to get defensive, man. It was just a question."

Toothless sighed as he picked up some olive oil and placed it in the basket. As they continued walking down the aisle, he answered his question, "I could already speak English when I came here. And then I just worked really hard after that to get rid of my accent." That was mostly the truth. However, there was additional motivation behind him wanting to assimilate. It's not that he was ashamed of his mother tongue or how he used to speak, it was because Pitch and a few other members found it 'cute' and would only use it as an excuse to take advantage of him. He struggled for a good couple years to completely

be rid of it. His brother still had his a little bit, but he hadn't been put under the same pressures as Toothless.

"Hm..." Jack contemplated for a moment and said, "That's still really impressive, though." He grabbed a bag of sugar and then asked, "You think you could teach me some German?"

Toothless scoffed loudly as he wryly said, "Doubt it."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Jack demanded as his eyebrows came together in annoyance.

"It means you might actually have to pay attention and study a little...something you never were really good at," Toothless truthfully told him.

"Hey, at least I graduated," Jack shot back at him.

Toothless quickly changed direction, a little pissed off, and went to dispense some coffee beans into a bag. He could never tell Jack why he dropped out of school without revealing more than he wished to him. Toothless used to be near the top of his class in his German school and actually found his American school to be easy once he got over the initial culture shock. Still, he never made any friends at school...most people found him off-putting and seemed to think his accent made him mentally delayed. Kids are cruel after all. It also didn't help that his situation at Pitch's only worsened as he grew older and matured. Eventually, he was pretty convinced he had developed some kind of Stockholm syndrome after Pitch had somehow convinced him that he needed him. After that, Toothless never wanted to leave the house, hence why he dropped out before his third year.

Jack ran up behind him, "Look, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that." He had to remember to check his pride around Toothless, since he knew how bloody sensitive he could be. Jack looked down at the list, "What the hell is smelt?" he asked.

Toothless rolled his eyes and told him, "It's a fish, Jack. Come on. Now we have to go back to the other side of the store." And he took off in the direction of the seafood with Jack following closely behind him.

After they had paid for everything, Jack had managed to brighten Toothless's gloom again. He always had to make a game out of everything, which at first struck Toothless as extremely juvenile, but it definitely always succeeded in making him feel better. Currently he was betting Toothless on how slow they could go before pissing Bunny off enough to call them and suggested they take the long way back. But as they walked a little ways out of the store, Toothless noticed Jack suddenly freeze. Toothless tried to see where he was looking, but before he could form a thought, Jack dropped the bags he was holding and took off along the side of the building.

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"What the ****hell**** is your problem?!" Dagur yelled after Jack had grabbed and dragged him around the corner of the building and slammed him up against the wall pinning his hands behind him and with his arm

shoved against his throat. It appeared that Dagur had been innocently shopping at the time.

"Don't play fucking cute. I know you were the one who hurt Toothless and Hiccup!" Jack said threateningly, but still aware of the fact it was the middle of the day and he didn't want to alert the people around front to their presence.

Dagur sneered at him and then looked up as he spotted Toothless rounding the corner with the bags Jack was previously holding. "S'up, Luka. Benedikt sends his condolences and I hear Pitch misses you quite a bit." He smiled wickedly and continued despite Jack pressing his arm harder into his windpipe, "He was really sad to see you gone after everything you did for him. We should blackmail you more often to get you to put out more." He choked as Jack pressed into his throat too harshly. But Dagur was reveling in the fact that he got to watch as shock quickly crawled across Luka's pathetic face as he seemed to be exposing his secrets to Jack. He looked back at Jack, "Oh...what? Did Luka never tell you?"

"What are you talking about?" Jack growled as he glared into Dagur's ugly face and relaxed the pressure on his windpipe slightly.

"Only that Luka here is a bit of a daddy's boy. He spent enough time bent over for him to say the least..."

And with that Jack punched Dagur and he fell with a loud thud to the ground. Even while rubbing his head, Dagur still released a malicious cackle. Moving to support himself on his hands and knees, he looked back up at Jack and continued his taunt, "He's pretty for a boy, yeah? We couldn't help but spend a lot of time passing him around like a little-"

Then Jack landed a sharp kick up into his ribs, causing Dagur to lurch forward, clutching at his chest and gasping for breath. Jack coldly looked down at him and the ice in his voice was almost tangible as he said, "If you ever so much as go near him again-"

"You'll what?" Dagur gasped still somehow smiling in spite of his pain. "You'll kill me? You don't have it in you, Frost."

Jack kicked him again as if to prove his point and then dragged him up so he could glare into his eyes. "No I don't. But I will make sure to hurt you enough that you'll remember me every day for the rest of your pathetic life." And with that, he dropped Dagur onto the ground and turned to address Toothless.

But he was gone.

"Fuck." Jack swore as he grabbed the abandoned shopping bags and ran off in search of Toothless.

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Jack ran as fast as he could across the city while looking wildly down every alley or nook he could find in search of Toothless. Jack didn't want to think about the implications of what Dagur had said before he spoke to him. There was no reason he should believe Dagur after all, but then again, there was no reason for him to lie and for

Toothless to run off in response.

Finally Jack made it all the way back to the Guardians. He somewhat doubted he would find Toothless there, but he figured it should be the first place to look. He unlocked the club's doors and went inside.

As it was still early, no one had started work yet and the club was vacant. Jack walked under the stage and, confirming his suspicions, found the crawlspace panel moved over revealing the small tunnel. Jack dropped the bags and crawled inside and to no surprise found Toothless.

He was sitting in one corner of the room with his legs folded up into his chest and his head buried into his knees. His fingers were tangled up in his long hair as he gripped his skull. Jack noticed that the knuckles on one hand were bloody, presumably from punching a wall. Jack finished crawling into the room.

"Go. Away." Toothless curtly said, his voice muffled by his legs but nonetheless indignant.

Jack stood up and responded nonchalantly, "Oh come on Toothless. If you didn't want me to find you, you wouldn't have hid in the first place I'd look."

"Don't fucking flatter yourself," Toothless replied into his knees, "I only came here because I didn't want Dagur to follow me."

Jack realized he had a good point. Toothless had made a solid effort not to let himself or Hiccup be alone outside after the threat to them had become so real. Jack then walked over and knelt down next to him and asked in a softer voice, "Is everything Dagur said-"

Toothless suddenly snapped his head up, but instead of sadness, he had a manic fury in his eyes that Jack had never seen before. Toothless bore his emerald eyes into Jack and shook as he emphasized certain words.

"Yeah. It's all fucking true. You've finally heard what you've been trying to ****dig**** out of me for the past several months. You finally know that I have spent five ****fucking fantastic**** years being my capital drug lord of a father's little ****bitch**** to do whatever he wanted with and being treated like nothing more than a goddamn ****whore**** by everyone else. I hope you're happy." he spit out the words at Jack who could only respond by sitting there dumbfounded.

Jack realized his mouth was open as he watched Toothless's raving confession. How did he expect him to be happy about this? He's right that Jack had always been curious about Toothless and had tried to get him to talk to him on many occasions, but he wasn't happy that Toothless had withstood years of abuse from his own father.

Then, Jack wasn't sure why he did it as there were no thoughts running through his mind at the moment. But next thing he knew, he was leaning towards Toothless and had his lips gently pressing against his. The kiss only lasted a couple seconds when Jack pulled back a few inches.

He heard Toothless say in a suddenly much calmer voice, "What. the fuck. was that?"

All too quickly feeling awkward, Jack leaned back onto his ankles and rubbed the back of his head. "I...uh.â€¦ I don't know. I just...reacted."

Toothless slowly rubbed his lips together as he considered what Jack said for a brief moment and then looked at him incredulously as he replied, "I just confessed to you how screwed up my life isâ€¦.and your first reactionâ€¦.is to kiss me?"

Toothless stared at him flabbergasted for another moment while shaking his head slightly. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

And with that he got up to move over to the hole in the wall.

"Toothless! Toothless! Wait, come on." Toothless kept walking. "Luka, stop!" Jack shouted at him, which caused Toothless to freeze for a moment at the sound of his real name. It gave Jack enough time to traverse the distance and position himself in front of Toothless, blocking the exit. He placed his hands on Toothless's shoulders to hold him steady and inhaled as he was about to say something, but then released his air as he was at a loss for words and dropped his head down between his arms. After a second, he looked back up at Toothless.

"Look, I'm sorry. I wasn't even thinking," he quickly professed. "It's justâ€¦" he sighed again and returned to his thought, "It's just...I needed you to know that I still care about you and whatever Dagur said doesn't matter to me." Toothless's eyes softened slightly, which encouraged Jack to keep going, "It doesn't matter because our friendship wasn't based on what happened to you before you arrived here. Iâ€¦" He paused for a moment, but then asked, "Do you remember that day last September we celebrated your one year anniversary at the Guardians since no one knew your actual birthday?"

Toothless exhaled slowly and then slid down the side wall until he was slouched on the floor. Jack returned to kneeling in front of him.

After taking a minute to think, Toothless shook his head and replied, "Not really."

"Yeah you do. It was the day I gave you the cake," Jack told him trying to jog his memory.

Toothless propped his elbow onto a knee and then leaned his forehead into his hand as he let out a snicker.

"Yes! You did just that! I remember that day because it was the first day I made you laugh after an entire year-"

Toothless interjected, "I only laughed because I thought Pippa made me that cake. It was so...lopsided and sloppy." He continued smiling into his hand at the thought.

Deciding to ignore Toothless's negative opinion on his cake-making

ability, Jack continued, "Well...whatever. It doesn't matter. The point is that I finally saw you start to be happy after that. It was the first time I saw ****you**** for once and not that shell you're constantly hiding behind." Jack made a waving gesture with his hand at Toothless.

Toothless looked up at him a little angrily, "Excuse me?"

"No! Sorry. It's just... You spent over a year with us and I never so much as saw emotion in your face up until that moment. You yourself can't even deny that you close yourself off to people."

Toothless pursed his lips and looked off to the side. He couldn't deny it because he did it on purpose. He intentionally did so because he didn't want to appear vulnerable to people. But it's not like he was completely stellar at it or anything. He knew he was really bad at disguising fear.

Toothless took a deep breath and then looked back to Jack, who started talking again in a low voice as he looked down at the floor, "I just knew from that day that I wanted to see you happy like that all the time. I don't like it when you look like you're suffering and not willing to tell anyone about it."

Toothless pressed his lips together and ran his fingers through his hair. After a moment he confessed, "I guessâ€|. I'm glad you know. I've been trying to deal with it for such a long time by pretending like none of it even happened. Butâ€|. I just didn't want anyone to look at me differently... I didn't expect you to-"

"You did nothing wrong, Luka. What happened was terrible, but you didn't choose it...You can't blame yourself for that. And it doesn't change how I feel about you," Jack told him.

Toothless looked up into Jack's icy eyes and was relieved to see that Jack was being completely honest. A corner of Toothless's mouth upturned a little and he replied, "I'm sorry... I know I should have been the one to tell you, but-"

"Hey, it's ok. I understand why you never told anyone," Jack interjected.

"Hiccup knows."

"He found out that night?" Jack presumed referring to the night they were both taken.

Toothless nodded. He really wished he had a cigarette at the moment.

They both sat in silence for a long time, just staring away from each other. Jack was glad to see Toothless finally be honest with him. Jack may have a problem with being too nosey, but it was usually in the sincere attempt of trying to help people or wanting to get to know them better.

Eventually Jack glanced over at Toothless, who was still leaning against the wall with one knee up. Except that he was playing with his tongue ring and looking at Jack with a big smirk on his face.

"What?"

"What made you want to kiss me then?" he asked impishly.

"What? I...Iâ€|" He rubbed the back of his head nervously taken aback by the question. It wasn't very often that Toothless got to see a sheepish Jack. He kind of liked it.

As Jack struggled to form a coherent thought, he watched as Toothless drew himself onto his knees directly in front of him.

"What are you-" but was cut off as Toothless leaned in and kissed him gently on the lips. It was a little different as he wasn't tense like when Jack had first kissed him. He pulled back slightly after a second and opened his eyes to look at Toothless, who was watching him intently and biting his lip, his canines peeking down a little more past the rest of his teeth.

Instinct just took over at that point. Jack pushed himself forward and pressed his lips more urgently against Toothless's, who responded by moving his in sync with Jack's. Toothless's lips were surprisingly soft and he tasted like cinnamon. Jack felt as he scoot forward on his knees until he had pushed Jack against the wall next to the crawlspace. Toothless leaned his arms against the planks on either side of Jack, who had his arms hanging tensely by his sides. At first Jack felt trapped, but he forgot about it as soon as he felt Toothless's tongue swipe across his bottom lip, which elicited a soft yelp from him.

Toothless grinned at how easily he was affecting the white-haired boy. He licked Jack's lower lip more slowly, kindly begging Jack for permission to proceed, who let out a low hum of approval at the delicious tickling sensation. Jack finally opened his mouth more to grant Toothless access, who then proceeded to deepen the kiss. Jack and he each fought for control of the situation as the kiss started escalating more and more. Toothless's hands had since moved to Jack's hips and was gripping them with bruising strength as he held him firmly against the wall. Jack's mind was completely devoid of coherent thought. Half of him felt really apprehensive about his male friend being completely pressed against him and dominating him in a way he's never experienced, and the other half was drinking it in greedily.

Suddenly, Toothless bit down onto Jack's lower lip, which turned out to be his complete undoing. Toothless sucked his lip into his mouth and scraped his teeth against it gently, evoking a deep moan from Jack, who at that point was willing to toss his morals aside completely and just give in to his desire. He felt heat gathering in his pelvis and his heart was beating more forcefully than he'd ever felt it.

Jack jumped and felt his heart fly into his throat as he heard the familiar ringtone erupt from his pocket. Toothless pulled away and knelt in a sitting position as Jack answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Jack! Where the hell are you? We've been waiting for you to get back

for over half an hour." Hiccup said and Jack could hear the worry in his voice.

Jack tried to steady his breathing as he calmed Hiccup down, "I'm...uh...sorry Hic. Something happened at the store. We're okay, but I'm going to have to explain it to you later. Tell Bunny we'll be back soon." Then he hung up the phone.

Jack looked over at Toothless, who was panting lightly himself.

"We...should probably get back." Jack said uncomfortably as he tried to change the subject. He didn't expect things to escalate to that extent with Toothless so fast and it honestly made him a little anxious. He knew he had a mixture of complex feelings for him, but he didn't expect his body to react so violently to a simple kiss.

"You should probably wait a minute," Toothless said grinning as he looked down at the telltale signs of Jack's pants having grown too tight.

"Fuck off." Jack said as he adjusted himself so the bulge wasn't so obvious. He really wanted to wipe that wry smile off of Toothless's face.

Jack turned and crawled out with Toothless not far behind him. They wordlessly covered the wall with the panel and gathered the bags to head down into the basement. They had been gone a grand total of two and a half hours and Bunny was going to kill them.

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Hiccup looked up as Jack and Toothless walked into the kitchen and set the bags on the table. Something looked somewhat off between the two of them since Toothless was smirking a little and Jack was a bit red in the face. But all of that disappeared once Bunny started chastising them for being 'lazy ass kids who can't do anythin' without goofin' off' and so on and so forth.

Jack then briefly told him that he ran into Dagur at the store and consequentially had to punch his face in. Hiccup was shocked at Jack's vigilante behavior, but was internally pleased that he cared so much about Hiccup and Toothless to want revenge.

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The next day Hiccup was surprised when he opened his bedroom door to see Bunny standing outside of it. He had knocked and was holding out the cellphone they shared to Hiccup.

"Seems like yeh girlfriend wants to meet up with yeh." he informed Hiccup with a small smile.

Hiccup took it and grinned to himself at the misunderstanding. He hadn't told anyone else aside from Astrid, Jack, and Toothless about his sexuality. Not that he was ashamed anymore, but just because it

never really came up before. He opened the phone and read the text message.

****Hi Hic! I'll be leaving for university this Friday. Did you want to meet up tomorrow for coffee b4 I go?****

Hiccup was more than happy to hear from Astrid. It was a couple weeks since his last encounter with her, and he felt a little guilty that he didn't text her like he had promised. But, a lot had happened that had obviously left him distracted for a time. His hip was still scabbed from Pitch's incisions, but Anna said it was looking normal and to try not to scratch at it. Toothless's back looked a hundred times worse, the only reason being that it was bigger and grosser than Hiccup's. However, Hiccup thought Toothless to be recovering really well. He seemed happier in general since Hiccup had been so accepting of his past and Hiccup was always in a better mood himself when he was around. He was finding it harder and harder to not let his gaze linger too long on him though. He was really hesitant to make a move on him for several reasons. The first being that he wasn't sure if Toothless even liked boys. Despite his sexual history, Hiccup didn't want to just assume that kind of thing about him. The other related reason being that Hiccup didn't know if Toothless even felt lust anymore after having so many bad on top of horrible experiences. He didn't want to induce any kind of trauma with him and risk ruining their friendship completely. Hiccup decided a while ago that he wouldn't try anything with him unless he made a move first. And gods, did he want him to make a move. The only things Toothless had done with him have been incredibly innocent. He would wrap an arm around him at night, hug him, touch his cheek...but it never progressed any more than that. Hiccup had somewhat given up on it.

He responded to Astrid's text and planned to meet her the next day. Then he pocketed the phone to wait for her response.

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Jack really didn't know what was wrong in his head. He liked Anna, but he found himself becoming less interested in her since he kissed Toothless. It was all just too confusing to him, but he couldn't talk about it with her. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt her and see the look on her face when he confessed that a guy got him more hot and bothered than she ever had.

He laid his arm across his forehead as he lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. He had the night off and Hiccup and Toothless were working. Anna was at the library studying for her summer final and would probably be there all night.

He sighed, not really sure of himself. But then he heard the door open and saw Toothless walk in wearing only a towel as he had just gotten out of the shower. His dark hair was still wet and draped elegantly down his back a little, which was still really torn up looking from all the scabbing. But Jack couldn't ignore the contours of his muscles that wrapped down his lower back and hips, creating a

V that angled downâ€|

Jack mentally slapped himself. As Toothless stepped into his flannel pants with the towel still draped around his middle, Jack asked him, "I thought you were working tonight."

"Nope, I've got the night off." he smiled lightly. He then looked up at Jack, who was just lying in his day clothes on the bed. "What were you doing, anyway?"

Jack sighed. If he couldn't talk about it with anyone else, he should at least talk to Toothless.

"Look...about what happened the other dayâ€|" he started but Toothless interrupted him.

He chuckled lightly as he said, "Look, Jack. If it bothered you that much than just forget about it. It's fine."

Fine? Toothless didn't seem perturbed at all by the fact that they had just frenched for twenty minutes the previous day.

But Jack stubbornly argued with him, "What makes you think I'm bothered?"

Toothless had noticed that Jack had been avoiding eye contact with him since they got back and was shying away more when he came near him. It made Toothless feel really guilty about it, since he felt like he overstepped his grounds. He was trying his best to casually shake it off so they could go back to being friends.

"Nothing, just... I'm sorry if it freaked you out." he replied honestly after he slipped on a shirt and walked over and to sit down next to Jack's legs. To which Jack quickly scooted his legs over and away from Toothless.

"I'm not freaked out."

"You look really freaked out actually." Toothless stated as he nodded at Jack's legs he had just moved.

Jack sat up so he was leaning against the backboard with his legs folded underneath him. "No...it's just...I can't stop thinking about it," he confessed honestly.

Toothless sighed and looked down at his hands. Then he said, "Look, Jack. I'm sorry...I shouldn't have forced myself on you like that. But it's ok. It's normal for your body to react to something like that even though you weren't enjoying it." Toothless reflected on the many times it had happened to him. Even though he wanted nothing more than for Pitch to leave him alone, his body still reacted to the sensations in spite of it. 'Good' was too broad a term to describe Pitch, but Toothless would say that Pitch was definitely skilled at what he did. He knew exactly how to manipulate Toothless's body against his will even to the point of orgasm...which didn't ease the guilt that Toothless felt afterwards at all.

Jack interrupted Toothless's thoughts and took him by surprise. "No...I- I liked it." Jack admitted, his face turning red as he looked off to the side.

Toothless smirked at him again. Somehow he was having an effect on Jack that changed him from an overconfident, narcissistic ass into a diffident and bashful adolescent. It was just...adorable.

Jack looked up to see that stupid smirk on Toothless's face again and he felt his own become more red. "Would you **stop **looking at me like that?" he asked flustered.

"I'm sorry! You're just too cute is all." Toothless laughed a little.

"Since when am I **cute**?" Jack demanded.

"Since apparently you found out you liked kissing me and are actually embarrassed by it," Toothless replied, still smiling at him.

"Jesus you're infuriating. Now you're never going to let me live that down," Jack said as he laid his palm over his eyes. He felt Toothless shift his weight and removed his hand to see Toothless leaning over him with one arm on either side of Jack's hips to support his weight. His face had since grown a little more serious.

He saw Toothless bite his lip nervously before he said, "Not if you want to try it again..."

Jack didn't give a reply, but instead pushed himself forward until his lips met with Toothless's again. He heard Toothless yelp softly at the sudden movement, but he pushed himself into Jack and crawled onto the bed until he was straddling Jack's lap.

Jack couldn't believe how his body reacted to him. His chest was a little broader than Jack's, but he was thin...and while changing, Jack had noticed how narrow his waist was. Having just gotten out of the shower, his dark hair was still damp, but framed his elegantly angled face, whose eyes were looking at him with an emotion Jack had never seen in them before.

In his current position, Toothless was significantly taller than Jack and was leaning over him with Jack having to look up in order to kiss him. Toothless bit onto his lower lip lightly and sucked on it again, which he had figured out was one of Jack's weaknesses. Jack groaned and deepened the kiss, causing Toothless to inhale sharply through his nose as he felt Jack's tongue slip into his mouth. Jack shivered as Toothless ran his hands along his torso, grazing over his chest to where his nipples were underneath his shirt. The sensation was startling at first but strangely pleasant.

He bucked his hips slightly up into Toothless, who responded by breaking the kiss and moving down to bite onto Jack's neck, eliciting a deep groan from him in response to the carnal behavior. His own hands wandered up Toothless's sides and he placed one hand on the side of his neck underneath his curtain of hair. Toothless softened and sucked lightly on Jack's neck, lingering on a spot under his ear when he heard Jack gasp. Toothless licked his earlobe mischievously and then reached down to grab the hem of Jack's shirt and pulled it over his head, exposing Jack's toned chest to him, which he stared at for a brief moment before resuming their bruising kiss. He loved the look of a hot and bothered Jack and it gave him a fluttering feeling in his stomach knowing that he could have that effect on him. He

wanted to give him more...

Toothless pulled back from the kiss and reached down to grasp the bottom of his shirt. He pulled it about halfway up when he felt Jack grasp onto his wrists. He slowly lowered his shirt and looked at Jack quizzically.

Jack rubbed his lips together and then said as he looked up at Toothless, "Iâ€¦uh...think we should take this slower..."

Toothless, feeling suddenly awkward, sat back a little resting his weight on Jack's thighs. "Oh...ehm...yeah. You're probably right. I'm sorry-"

"No, don't be sorry." He reached up to stroke a piece of Toothless's hair as he said, "This is all just really new to me...and it makes me kind of nervous..."

Toothless smiled kindly at his honesty. Then he leaned down to gently kiss him on the lips, which Jack took as a sign of his understanding. Then he got off him and started walking out of the room while scratching the back of his head.

"Where are you going?" Jack asked.

Toothless turned around and looked at him laughing slightly, "The bathroom. I'm sorry, but you got me going too much."

Jack laughed a little as he realized what he meant. The three had made it an unspoken rule to use the bathroom if they ever needed a private moment alone.

After Toothless left, Jack changed out of his clothes and lay down on the bed again. He closed his eyes, but didn't sleep as his mind was still very much awake. He wasn't entirely sure why he had a problem with going further with Toothless. It's not like he hadn't had sex before. But being with him felt different. He dominated Jack in such a way that made him nervous. It wasn't that Jack felt threatened, but only that he wasn't used to it. Usually it was Jack himself that set the pace, but now he felt himself fighting with Toothless. It was...really hot actually.

Jack heard Toothless come back in the room and lie down on the bed. Jack pretended to be asleep, but wished that Toothless would abandon his usual spot and move closer to him. But he abandoned his wish and slowly felt himself fall asleep as his imagination took over his consciousness.

11. Chapter 11

Kapitel 11

Hiccup walked into the small coffee shop and spotted Astrid's blonde, cornsilk hair in a corner table. He strolled over to her smiling. He was so happy to see Astrid after nearly two months. Their short encounter at The Guardians was more of a shocking and awkward experience than a legitimate reunion. But now he was able to spend the whole day with her like old times. Jack and Toothless generously

agreed to split Hiccup's share of the daily work.

Astrid smiled broadly when she noticed Hiccup walking towards her and stood up to give him a warm hug. She always smelled like vanilla to Hiccup and her face radiated a certain light whenever she smiled. He noticed that she had to reach up a little more to hug him, indicating a definite change in his stature since they were younger.

"Hiccup, I'm so happy you came," she said as she draped her arms around his neck.

"Of course I came. Why wouldn't I?" he asked her a little surprised by her low expectations.

"I don't know...I just haven't heard from you all summer," she replied as she released her hold around Hiccup.

Hiccup rubbed the back of head awkwardly. He did feel really bad that he had lost contact with Astrid. It didn't help that he didn't bring his cell phone with him after he left his dad's and that he was heavily distracted with all that had happened the past couple months.

"Yeah, uh...I'm sorry I've been out of commission lately," he apologized to her.

She gave him a slight smile, indicating her forgiveness, and then said to him, "Come on. Let's order some coffee and we can catch up for awhile."

They placed their orders with the barista and returned to Astrid's reserved table in the corner. She ordered a cappuccino and Hiccup ordered just a cup of black coffee. He had become a big fan of the beverage lately, mostly because he had to frequently stay up most of the night.

"So, why haven't you tried to get into contact with me since June?" Astrid asked him a little more seriously. "I've been really worried about you Hiccup. Your dad doesn't know where you are and no one else has seen you in Berk."

"I'm really sorry. Like I honestly am. It's just that a lot has happened that I had to deal with on my own," he replied.

"Such as..?" she inquired as she took a sip of her coffee. Her face was almost expressionless because she wanted to give Hiccup the chance to say his peace without judgment.

"Well for starters, the fact that my dad basically disowned me and kicked me out with no place to go or money. I took that a little rough," he sourly stated. He held his coffee and enjoyed the comfort that the warm cup offered. He had since come to terms with what happened between him and his dad, but it still made him unhappy to dwell on the memory.

"But..you said that you just left," Astrid asked eyes widening at the realization of what had happened.

"I know I said that. But it was only half true." He took a sip of the hot, bitter drink and continued, "I told him the truth and his

response was to say a lot of hateful things to me and then kick me out. I don't really want to go back." He looked off to the side. His anger at his father had settled recently, but he felt no desire to return. He hated his life there. Always the need to pretend or hide who he was. His life at the Guardians was infinitely better and he lived comfortably.

"...Have you tried talking to him at all?" Astrid asked with concern growing in her eyes.

"No. I mean...I wrote him a letter a while ago. But I never actually sent it to him."

"Well, maybe you should, Hic. You can't end your relationship with your dad without at least trying to repair it," she kindly suggested to him.

"I've always been the one to try and fix the relationship, Astrid. He never had time for me and he was always disappointed in me," Hiccup retorted.

"But he doesn't even know where you are, Hiccup. You could be dead for all he knows. My dad questioned me whether I knew where you were, because your dad is worried about you and spoke to him about it," she said as she looked at him with a very serious expression.

Hiccup looked away from her feeling really guilty. Over the past couple months, he had managed to convince himself that it was his dad's fault and it wasn't Hiccup's place to apologize. But if his dad was genuinely worried about him—

"I'll send the letter," he assured her.

"Good." She smiled warmly at him. Her blue eyes sparkling in the sunlight that came through the window. "You know...at least let him know you're safe. If he wants to get in contact with you after that, then at least he can. If he doesn't, then you can say you tried."

Hiccup nodded in response. Astrid was right after all. He had been selfish in forgetting that his father had probably calmed down after the incident and felt really terrible about what had happened. His dad wasn't a heartless person after all. He was just traditional in his ways and really stubborn about his image of Hiccup.

"So what distracted you so much that you didn't reply to me after that night I ran into you?" Astrid asked him curiously.

Hiccup nervously licked his lips. He didn't want to tell her what had happened the night after he met her at the club, which also happened to be his birthday. It wasn't exactly kosher to say that an insane gang leader kidnapped him and tortured him for hours, of which he bore the scars from. Some of the scabs had fallen off and Hiccup could see the taut damaged red marks that had replaced them.

"Does it have anything to do with the tall, dark-haired boy that was practically hanging off you that night?" Astrid asked as a mischievous smile graced her lips.

Hiccup choked on his coffee. He coughed a few times while shaking his

head in response to her accusation. "We're just friends, Astrid."

Astrid giggled at Hiccup's reaction. "Oh come on, Hiccup. Friends don't let friends stick their hands down each other's pants," she said as she remembered how Toothless had been holding Hiccup's hip when she walked up.

"That's not what was going on," Hiccup firmly responded.

"From my perspective it was. He was totally flirting with you, Hic. And I can tell by the way you're blushing right now that you liked it." She raised an eyebrow at him and smiled knowingly. She knew Hiccup too well and he conveniently had a very prominent blush that frequently betrayed his emotions.

"Look, it just isn't like that. We're roommates and that's about as far as our relationship is going to go. I don't even know if he's interested in me."

"He looked pretty interested in you that one night," she said sure of herself. "And you mean to say you ran away, shacked up with a cute stranger that's totally into you, and you haven't tried anything yet?" she asked incredulously.

"Well, technically I shacked up with Jack Frost after I ran away-"

"Whaat?!" Astrid gasped a little loudly.

Hiccup hit his forehead with his palm as he realized the dual implications of what he had said. "No. No. No. That's not what I meant. I meant to say that Jack took me in when he found me wandering around."

"Oh." Astrid said as the shock fell from her face. They both knew Jack from school, but she had seen him around more than Hiccup had. "Well that was nice of him. Where do you live anyways?"

"Under the club. The owner lets us live there if we help run the joint. In exchange he has extra money to help out orphaned or displaced children," Hiccup briefly explained.

"Oh, wow. That's incredible. But why is Jack there?" Astrid asked.

Hiccup paused as he didn't really know how to answer her. All that Jack ever said was that his parents were both dead, but he never described how he came to the Guardians. So Hiccup just said, "Not entirely sure. All I know is his parents are both deceased."

Astrid's face fell as she heard Jack's misfortune. "Wow...I had no idea," she admitted looking down at her hands.

A few awkward moments passed where neither of them said anything. But Hiccup finally asked her, "Would you like to go back and see the place? You can meet everyone and we can hang out for a while."

Astrid's face brightened a little and she looked back up at Hiccup.
"Yeah, I'd love that," she responded earnestly.

Hiccup and her left the coffee shop and started walking in the direction of The Guardians. It wasn't too far, but it would take them at least twenty minutes.

Along the way, Hiccup asked her about college. It turned out that Astrid wasn't going that far away from where they currently lived. It would be possibly half an hour driving down the highway. She promised Hiccup that she would make sure to let him know when she was coming to visit. But she also made Hiccup promise that he would come visit her at least once. He gave her his word.

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Hiccup led Astrid down a metal staircase along the side of the club she had attended several weeks ago. She didn't expect the basement to look so...homelike. Overall, she was really relieved that Hiccup seemed to have found a safe place to go when he could have been in a lot more danger wandering around alone.

After they walked in, she saw Jack Frost running around the living room with a little boy on his back while some other kids were watching him happily from the corner. He was laughing radiantly and swung the boy around and then lowered him down to the floor before looking up to see who had walked in. His face brightened when he saw Hiccup and maintained that expression when he noticed Astrid standing behind him.

"Hey!" He strode over to the two of them and stood in front of Astrid. Like Hiccup, Jack was significantly taller than her; however, she was surprised that Hiccup was broader than him. He reached out kindly to touch her shoulder as he said, "Hey Astrid. I haven't seen you in a while. How have you been?"

Astrid smiled at his politeness. They had sat next to each other in a math class and had become decent acquaintances. It was really hard to be near him, because he would constantly distract her and goof off instead of paying attention to the lesson. Despite how attracted she was to him, Astrid never did have the fortune of seeing him outside of school. He was one of the only boys that Astrid had been too afraid to ask out herself. The thought had always intimidated her for some reason.

"I've been really good, actually," she said smiling broadly at him.

"Good to hear. Good to hear." Then he gestured around the room, "Well, welcome to our cozy little home. Sorry it's not muchâ€¦"

"No, no. It's really nice, actually," she felt as though she was smiling like a ninny. However, she couldn't stop herself.

Then she saw a very broad man walk around the corner and head towards the door. He had angled tattoos running along his arms and very long

blue-grey hair. He looked fairly young, despite his hair color.

The man walked towards them, as they were still standing in front of the door, and Jack introduced him, "Oh hey, this is Bunny. Bunny this is Hiccup's friend, Astrid."

"Pleasure to meet ya," Bunny said, shaking Astrid's hand and Astrid thought he saw him wink once at Hiccup. "Sorry I hafta run out right now. If ya could just keep an eye on the kids 'til I get back, Jack?" he asked partly as a question but mostly as an expectation.

"Yeah, no problem," Jack responded. And the tattooed man left the basement.

"Where's Toothless?" Hiccup asked.

"Pretty sure he's in the kitchen," Jack answered.

Hiccup led Astrid around a corner and into their conservative kitchen. Most of the room was taken up by two large tables that had benches in replacement of chairs. On the floor in front of the oven was the boy Astrid had seen several weeks ago. His sleeves and pants were rolled up as he was busy cleaning the inside of the appliance. A little girl was sitting on the floor near him coloring.

Astrid was a little confused when she first saw him in the club that night. Partly because she was already shocked to find Hiccup there at all, and partly because the raven-haired boy was fairly androgynous looking from a distance. His long, dark hair led to that misconception. But after she saw him up close, she noticed that he did have a nice face for anyone, let alone a boy. She could see why Hiccup had a crush on him.

Toothless looked behind him to see them walk in and stood up to rinse the ash off his hands in the sink. The little girl stood up and held onto the edge of his shirt in reaction to a stranger walking into the room. Astrid thought it was adorable.

"Hi Toothless, you remember Astrid, right?" Hiccup asked him.

"Sure, we met on your birthday," he said referencing Hiccup's birthday party. Astrid didn't realize his birthday was the same day she ran into him. She knew his birthday, of course, but since he wasn't around she had forgotten it.

"Nice to meet you again though," Astrid said as she smiled a little.

Toothless gave her a small smile back and then looked at Hiccup, "So what are you guys doing here?"

"Uhm, so far we just came back here to hang out a little," Hiccup replied.

Toothless shrugged as he said, "Well, I gotta get back to this." He pointed behind him at the stove. Then he looked down at Pippa, who was still hiding behind Toothless.

Astrid knelt down to the little girl's level and asked, "Hi there. My name's Astrid, what's your name?"

Pippa gave her a small smile and Toothless gently pushed her out from behind him, "Don't be rude. Tell her your name."

"It's Pippa," she said in a small voice.

Astrid smiled at her and said, "Nice to meet you, Pippa." And she held out her hand, which Pippa took shyly and shook it. Then she hurried back behind Toothless.

"Oh come on Pippa. You're not shy. You're probably the loudest person in this room," Toothless said. "Apart from Jack," he added smiling more broadly. Jack threw a glare in his direction, which made Pippa laugh.

Hiccup laughed a little too. "Come on, Astrid. I'll show you around some more and let these two get back to what they're ****supposed**** to be doing," he said as he looked at Jack accusingly.

Jack looked mockingly hurt for a brief moment. "Aw, Hic. You have such low expectations for me."

Hiccup laughed and left the room with Astrid. They walked down the hall a little bit and went into what Astrid assumed was Hiccup's room.

"I thought you said you shared this room?" she asked a little confused as there was only one bed, albeit it was pretty large.

"Yeah I do. There's not a lot of space here, so we had to settle for this right now," Hiccup told her.

She raised an eyebrow at him.

"What?" he asked innocently.

"Hiccup, you really should just make a move on that guy already," she told him.

He looked away from her and she saw he started to blush again. Geez Hiccup was so clueless and his shyness always got the better of him. If it weren't for Astrid, they probably wouldn't have become friends.

"Oh cut it out, Hiccup. I'm not saying do something crazy like strip for him." Astrid saw him turn the color of a berry and she laughed. "All I'm saying is ask him out to the movies or something. See where it goes. And if he doesn't seem interested, then you can just pass it off as two friends hanging out."

Hiccup chewed on his tongue as he considered the idea. "Yeah...maybe," he responded.

"Just do it, Hic. You won't regret it," she assured him and Hiccup smiled at her.

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Astrid ended up staying for dinner, which Hiccup and Bunny cooked for everyone. Hiccup was glad she was there and seemed to really enjoy the place. He was afraid that she would think it was abnormal or something.

During dinner, Astrid had met Anna and they hit it off right away. It wasn't often that Astrid found a girl she liked to talk to, but Anna was really smart and personable. Hiccup was happy to see her assimilate so easily into his bizarre, new life.

After dinner was over, Jack presented his idea. "Hey, what if we all hung out in the club tonight?"

"I can't, I have to get up really early tomorrow," Anna admitted.

"And I have to work," Hiccup said.

"Sorry about that, Anna. But don't worry about it Hiccup. I'll talk to North and he can probably call somebody in. If not, then one less person won't be a big deal," Jack told him.

Jack left to go talk to North and the others helped clean up the dishes. Anna said her goodbyes to Astrid and left to put her siblings to bed. Jack was gone no more than ten minutes when he ran back into the room.

"You're all set, Hic. And North sends his love," Jack said as he pulled out two bottles of rum.

"You little thief," Hiccup said grinning at him.

The next thing they knew, they were all in a storeroom in the club playing a rousing drinking game. The game involved a deck of cards that each person took turns drawing a card from. Each number either had a rule or a mini-game associated with it that resulted in at least one person taking a drink. So far they had all finished one large bottle of rum and the game was not even halfway over.

Hiccup picked up a card, held it up to Jack, and asked what it meant.

Jack glanced at it and said, "It's never-have-I-ever".

Hiccup continued to give him a really confused expression as that explained nothing to him.

"You start by holding up three fingers and you have to say something that you've never done before. If someone in the group has done that thing, then they put down a finger. The first person to put down all of their fingers has to drink," Jack explained.

Hiccup thought he understood...but he was having difficulty thinking of an example.

Astrid decided to help him out. "I'll start Hiccup. So, never have I ever been black-out drunk." Jack and Toothless both put a finger down

to that.

"See? Now that means that they have both blacked out from drinking," Astrid reiterated.

Hiccup thought he understood.

"So I'm next then," Jack said since he was sitting next to Astrid. "Never have I ever smoked a pack of cigarettes in one day," he said while smirking at Toothless.

"I've never done that," Toothless told him.

"Seriously? You used to smoke like every half hour," Jack exclaimed.

"Well. a) no I didn't. and b) if you paid attention you would see that I roll my own. So technically there aren't any packs involved," Toothless said grinning at him for having beat him at his own game.

"Yeah, well, fuck you," Jack said as he took a drink. Toothless laughed at him.

Toothless thought about what he was going to say for a moment. He was sitting cross-legged on top of a box and had his chin resting in his hand. Finally he said, "Never have I ever given a girl oral."

He had expected Jack to have done that sort of thing, but Hiccup's eyes went wide when he saw Astrid's finger go down. She noticed he had his mouth open and laughed, "What? I'm not allowed to have a fling?"

Hiccup laughed and shook his head in amazement. He could tell the alcohol was kicking in with everyone and unexpected truths were spilling out. It was Hiccup's turn and he was realizing how much he hasn't done in comparison to everyone else, but he didn't want to say anything that would bring up bad experiences with Toothless. So instead, he went for the most innocent thing he could think of.

"Never have I ever kissed a boy and liked it," he said honestly.

Jack leaned over to him. "Hic...you're gay. That means you're supposed to like it," Jack informed him mockingly.

"Well I haven't, because I've never kissed anyone before," Hiccup countered back to him.

Then Hiccup saw in surprise that all three of them put a finger down. Jack swore and took a swig since he had lost.

After they had finished the game, they had moved themselves to a table in the main area and waited for the club to get busy.

"So why is your nickname Toothless?" Astrid curiously asked him.

Toothless smiled a little and answered her, "It was an old nickname

my brother gave me. When we were little and still living in Germany, he hit me in the face with one of his toys and ended up knocking out six of my baby teeth. So whenever I smiled, it looked like I had no teeth."

Hiccup laughed in response. He honestly never knew that about Toothless and just accepted his strange nickname.

"So what's your real name then?" Astrid asked.

"Luka."

Astrid smiled at him kindly as she said, "I like your real name better."

"You wanna go dance?" Jack suddenly interjected as he directed his question at Astrid.

"Yeah, sure," she said thankful for the offer.

Hiccup saw Toothless roll his eyes as they left.

"What's up with you?" Hiccup asked him.

"Hm? Nothing really. Jack just has the annoying habit of ditching his friends to go woo some girl. Happens nearly every time we hang out," Toothless admitted remembering at least several occasions.

"You think he and Astridâ€¦" Hiccup trailed off mid-sentence while pointing in their general direction.

Toothless smiled at Hiccup's incredulity. "Sorry Hic. You've lost your friends for the night." he said.

Hiccup bit his cheek in annoyance. This was supposed to be his last night with Astrid after all, but he could very well understand why she would be interested in Jack. He was attractive, and his cocky attitude was oddly endearing.

"Maybe we should hang out then," Hiccup boldly suggested to Toothless. "We don't get out much...so maybe we could go to a movie or something." Hiccup peeked over at Toothless out of the corner of his eye to judge his reaction.

He laid both of his arms on the table and said, "Yeah, I'd like that." And he smiled at Hiccup. Hiccup felt his stomach turn over in relief.

"Cool, let's go tomorrow or something after lunch," Hiccup said as he rubbed his shoulder.

"Yeah sure. We-" Toothless started to say, but then his eyes widened as he looked at something behind Hiccup's head. He stood up from his stool and walked around Hiccup.

When Hiccup turned, he saw Toothless embracing Benedikt.

Toothless pulled away from him and Hiccup heard him talking in a low voice, in what Hiccup guessed was his native tongue since he couldn't pick out any words he recognized. Toothless's face relaxed after

Benedikt informed him of something and Toothless asked him a few other questions. Hiccup found it hard to tell what Toothless was feeling, as his face remained in a static state of attentiveness the whole time they spoke. But eventually he turned around to include Hiccup in the conversation.

"How are you, Hiccup?" Benedikt asked him in a really low voice. Hiccup noticed that they weren't identical in appearance when Benedikt rescued them that one night; however, they looked like brothers. Benedikt was just as tall as Toothless, but was blonde with short hair, and had a really kind face.

"I'm good, thanks. But, uh, I never thanked you for rescuing us that one night" Hiccup said as rubbed his arm awkwardly.

Benedikt smiled at him. He had the same smile as Toothless, but he seemed to be used to using his more as his whole face lit up when he did so. Hiccup couldn't help but smile back at him.

"There is no need to thank me, Hiccup. But, ehm, I just told Luka that you both are safe for now. Dagur never told Pitch where you are at and Pitch is, honestly, not in a good state of mind. I have had to deal with most of the, ehm, business he has in his place," Benedikt explained to him with a bit of an accent. Hiccup knew he meant the dealing aspect, but then again, Hiccup knew squat about drug trafficking.

Benedikt looked up and Hiccup followed his gaze to see Jack and Astrid walk up.

"Hi, Toothless. What's going on?" Jack asked him, curious about who the stranger was. Hiccup realized that he had never met Toothless's brother before.

"Jack, Astrid, this is my brother, Benedikt," Toothless introduced him. And Benedikt smiled warmly at both of them in greeting.

"It's really nice to meet you all," Benedikt said to them. "But I must actually be going right now. He turned to face Toothless and said, "Sorry I couldn't stay much longer." And he hugged his brother and murmured something into Toothless's ear that Hiccup couldn't hear. Then he smiled at the rest of them, waved, and said while looking directly at Hiccup, "Take care of each other." And he strode out of the club.

"It's a shame he couldn't stay any longer," Jack said and looked at Toothless with a concerned expression.

"Hm? Yeah, uh, he's not really able to get away for long." Toothless explained. Hiccup saw his demeanor had definitely changed since Benedikt had left. Toothless hardened his jaw and raised two fingers to his temple as if his head hurt, "But, ehm, I think I'm actually going to head in. The, ehm, alcohol is getting to me."

Hiccup knew he was lying. Toothless had had much more to drink before and was fine. Hiccup couldn't help but be concerned about him.

"I'll walk you in," Hiccup offered to him, to which Toothless nodded in agreement.

"I'll see you Astrid. Thanks for coming up tonight," Hiccup turned as he addressed her and gave her a long hug.

"No problem Hiccup. Thanks for inviting me. But I'll see you soon, alright?!" Astrid assured him. Hiccup smiled and waved to her as he left the club with Toothless.

They walked into their basement dwelling and Toothless collapsed onto the bed without changing his clothes. Hiccup sat down next to him.

"Is everything alright bud?" he asked him with genuine concern.

"...yeah. Nothing bad has happened. It's justâ€¦" Toothless laid an arm across his forehead. "It's just that I wish that Pitch would fucking disappear. Things would be so much easier..."

Hiccup gave him a half-smile as he understood Toothless's frustration. He wanted to be with his brother and not have to constantly have the fear in the back of his mind that Pitch was going to find him, hurt him, or hurt someone he cared about.

"Don't worry, bud. It'll work out somehow," Hiccup said, although he had no idea what kind of solution to propose. But he just wanted to soothe Toothless's worries as best he could.

A moment passed and Hiccup didn't hear a response from Toothless. Judging from the languid manner in which Toothless's chest was rising and falling, Hiccup saw he had fallen asleep.

Hiccup changed out of his day clothes and lay in bed next to the raven-haired boy. He laid his head against his shoulder and tried to match his breathing. Hiccup inhaled his scent and melted fully into the boy next to him, laying his arm across his abdomen. Toothless's mere presence was always enough to lull Hiccup to sleep. Nothing ever made him feel more relaxed.

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"Two for the 2:30 show," Hiccup requested to the vendor behind the ticket booth. As promised, Toothless didn't forget Hiccup's invitation to the movies and had accompanied him after lunch as planned. But he raised an eyebrow at Hiccup after Hiccup had paid for both tickets.

"What?" Hiccup asked him when he saw his skeptical expression.

Toothless just smiled and shook his head, "Nothing, nothing. Let's go in."

They walked into the theater and sat down in the elevated seats. The room was mostly vacant, as it was the middle of the day. Given Hiccup's and Toothless's work schedules, this was the most suitable time for them to go. The movie they ended up deciding on looked like

an interesting psychological thriller. Hiccup considered going to a romantic comedy, but he wasn't really a fan of genre and Toothless didn't seem like the type either. He also thought about buying popcorn, but Toothless shot that one down saying the theater made crappy popcorn. So they walked to their seats empty-handed.

After the movie started, Hiccup had to struggle to pay attention. He didn't know what to do now. He sucked at flirting and he had never even been on a date before. His small amount of knowledge came from the cheesy chick flicks he never really watched or from what Astrid had told him. Toothless had one of his arms on the armrest next to Hiccup. Should he hold his hand? Would that be really weird considering the movie they were watching wasn't romantic in the slightest? Would it freak Toothless out if Hiccup tried to kiss him? What if Toothless hated the movie?

A million thoughts were running through Hiccup's mind that made Hiccup completely unprepared for the crashing sound and sudden appearance that happened on screen. He jumped and pulled one of his knees up into chest in a half-hearted attempt to protect himself from the nothing that had shocked him back to attention. Toothless saw him out of the corner of his eye and smiled. He pushed up the armrest and simply pulled Hiccup against his side in order to comfort the nervous boy.

Hiccup relaxed after a moment and leaned his head against Toothless's shoulder. At least that settled his previous conflict. He tried his best to pay attention to the rest of the plot, but was heavily distracted by Toothless's fingers leisurely stroking his arm.

The movie eventually concluded and the two boys left the theater to slowly make their way back home.

"So what'd you think?" Hiccup asked him as they walked into the sunlight. He squinted his eyes as they adjusted to the light.

"Eh. It was alright, but I kind of expected the twist at the end," Toothless told him.

"Mhm." Hiccup said all of a sudden getting nervous again. He wasn't sure why the hell he was working himself up so much. He was around Toothless all the time and never had an issue talking to him. Why was he so nervous?

"Hey Hic...did you just take me out on a date?" Toothless inquired at him smirking a little.

"Huh? I-I-I don't know. It was just-" Hiccup stuttered furiously as he tried coming up with a way out of the situation.

Toothless only grinned at him as he watched Hiccup adorably fumble all over himself. Then in order to calm his mind, Toothless gently took Hiccup's chin and tilted his head up so he could delicately press his lips against his.

Hiccup stopped talking and relished in the feeling of Toothless kissing him. It was gentler than he had anticipated. It also caused a swarm of butterflies to erupt in his stomach at the simple touch.

Toothless smiled sweetly at him as Hiccup opened his eyes. "Thanks, Hic. No one has honestly done that for me before," Toothless admitted in a soft voice.

Hiccup smiled back at him and resisted the urge to pull him into another kiss as they were still out in the middle of public. Hiccup was painfully shy sometimes.

"Come on," Toothless suddenly said as he grabbed him by the hand and pulled him in a different direction.

"Wha-What are we doing?" Hiccup asked perplexed.

"I just want to show you something," Toothless told him.

Toothless led Hiccup to one of the city's larger parks. It actually could stand in for a small nature area since there were deer and a lot of other small animals that lived in the small forest. The park was near the city hospital and people would often go on hikes through it.

Hiccup continued to follow Toothless until they encountered a small field, in the middle of which, stood a massive willow tree.

"Are you afraid of heights?" Toothless asked him.

"Uh, no. But I'm not really good at climbing trees," Hiccup admitted sensing Toothless's intentions.

"Don't worry. This one is easy," Toothless assured him and gestured to all the curling branches that enveloped the tree.

He helped Hiccup up onto the first branch and, thanks to his height, was able to jump high enough to grab onto it and pull himself up. They both climbed a little higher in the tree until they settled on a thick branch near the trunk. Toothless was leaning against the rough bark and had pulled Hiccup into him so he was sitting in between his legs and resting against his chest.

"Why'd you bring me here of all places?" Hiccup asked him still confused.

"I just didn't want to go home yet. Besides, I used to come here all the time to think," Toothless admitted. Hiccup reached up to grab Toothless's hand, which was draped across Hiccup's shoulder.

"So, you liked it then?" Hiccup asked in reference to the date.

"Well, the movie wasn't that great." Toothless admitted and Hiccup felt himself deflate a little bit. "But I liked spending time with you outside of that dingy basement," Toothless added, which made Hiccup's heart flutter again.

Hiccup turned his head and leaned it against Toothless's shoulder in order to look at him. Then he asked nervously, "Can...can I kiss you again?"

He saw as Toothless smiled warmly at Hiccup's request, which made Hiccup's stomach flop again as he took that as a yes. Hiccup closed

his eyes and strained his neck a little until he pressed his lips gently against Toothless's.

The kiss ended and Hiccup gave him another and then another. Then he felt Toothless envelop his lips a little more passionately as he inhaled deeply through his nose. Hiccup was unsure of why Toothless was insisting against the tight line of his lips. He kissed Hiccup's bottom lip and then his top softly. Then Hiccup felt his breath ghost across his mouth as he whispered, "Just relax, Hic." And Hiccup suddenly became aware of how stiff his body was and he blushed in embarrassment for already ruining their first real kiss. Toothless smiled and let out a puff of air in a silent laugh. "It's alright," he reassured him while wrapping his arms around Hiccup's waist and pulling him into a tighter embrace.

Hiccup relaxed more against Toothless and parted his lips before he resumed kissing him again. Toothless angled his head and returned the touch. Hiccup realized he was right about relaxing. The kiss felt much more soft and pleasurable than before. Hiccup felt a little breeze ease through the curtain of leaves that obscured their hiding place. It blew Toothless's hair gently so that it tickled across Hiccup's cheeks.

They continued like that for a short while. Their lips gently pushing against one another in a sweet touch that made Hiccup euphoric. Hiccup felt as though his mind was in a thick haze. It was as though he was disconnected from reality and could only focus on the warmth of Toothless's lips, the way he smelled like cinnamon, and how his arms securely held Hiccup against his chest.

They pulled apart for a moment and emerald eyes met Hiccup's dark green in a dream-like gaze. Hiccup's neck was starting to hurt from the strained position he was in. So he leaned forward and turned himself around on the branch to face Toothless. He scoot his body forward while straddling the tree and leaned back in to capture Toothless's lips in his own once again with as much confidence as he could gather.

Toothless hummed in pleasure at Hiccup's newfound boldness and reached one hand up to hold the back of Hiccup's neck. Hiccup felt his fingers run through his hair and down his neck causing a violent shiver to run down his spine. This kiss was different than the previous one. It wasn't urgent or sloppy, but neither was it chaste. They moved against one another with enough passion that Hiccup couldn't help but run his hands around Toothless's sides and hips relishing in the firmness of his body.

Hiccup nearly choked in surprise when he felt Toothless's tongue against his lips. He accepted the invitation and opened his mouth to allow him entrance. Toothless moved his hands down to rest on Hiccup's thighs as their tongues tangled around each other. Hiccup felt as though electricity was spurting out of Toothless's fingertips as he felt warmth pooling into his pelvis at the simple touch. He suddenly started to panic a little at the effect. Hiccup pulled back slightly and nipped Toothless's lower lip softly before they finally pulled away from each other.

Hiccup felt Toothless start to gently stroke his thighs as he asked, "That was your first kiss, wasn't it?" He remembered what Hiccup admitted to during their game the other day.

"Yeah," Hiccup conceded while rubbing his neck a little embarrassed at his lack of experience.

"Well, you're a natural at it," Toothless said beaming at him.

Hiccup's face lit up at the compliment. He basked in the feeling of euphoria of finally having kissed his crush.

"Come on, we better get back though," Toothless said as he straightened up against the tree. Hiccup nodded in agreement. He was hesitant to end their date together, but he knew that they were gone longer than they had agreed to.

Toothless helped Hiccup climb down out of the tree and had to catch him as he dropped from the final branch and nearly lost his balance. After the encounter and the compliment Toothless had given him, Hiccup felt confident enough to hold onto his hand as they slowly made their way back home.

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><p>I hope your hearts are all aflutter as mine would be in that situation. ^-^

Leave me wall things!

12. Chapter 12

Thanks to everyone who has been leaving me positive comments. They only encourage me to go on! =D

But just to clear a minor detail up. This isn't just the conventional love triangle of jealousy and backstabbing between three people where one person is thrown out in the dust. Polyamory is a consenting relationship between three or more adults with the main belief being that it is possible to have healthy romantic relationships with more than one person. My emphasis on ***healthy***** and *****consent*****. These relationships typically do not include threesomes...but I guess we'll just have to see where the story goes .**

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Anyway, enjoy! And leave your footprint on my review board ;D

Warnings: mild sexual language/description

Skip between the double line breaks if you aren't interested

* * *

><p>Kapitel 12

This week brought personal relief to Toothless. The kids had all started school and he could finally relax a little without worrying constantly about keeping them fed and busy all day. That wasn't to

mean he didn't like them. He loved Jamie, Claude, Monty, Cupcake, Sophie, Pippa, Ada, andâ€¦ shit. â€¦..Carlos. He always forgot about Carlos. He should really just make an acronym to refer to them all by.

Toothless was currently washing and drying everyone's bedding in the closet they called a laundry room before he had to go to work. It was a tiny room despite only containing a washer, dryer, and wash basin. It was the only room, other than the bathrooms, that was smaller than Toothless's, Jack's, and Hiccup's room. The walls were so cramped that he had to go out in the hallway to fold the sheets properly. But he couldn't allow himself to complain about it since it still got the job done.

After he completed the laundry and replaced everyone's sheets, he went into his room to get ready for work only to see Jack standing in front of the wardrobe getting changed as well.

"What's going on?" Toothless curiously asked him since he noticed Jack changing out of his doing-grunge-work-because-Bunny-said-so clothes and putting on something decent.

"Hanging out with Anna tonight," he plainly said as he finished fixing his shirt.

"I see," Toothless responded as he changed into his semi-formal work uniform. The two had long ago gotten used to changing in front of each other. Sure, they gave one another a general sense of privacy, but it wasn't like they made a point to hide from one other. Toothless noticed that Hiccup, on the other hand, would generally either go in the bathroom or wait for them to leave the room. Toothless never questioned it since he had always picked up on Hiccup's shyness.

"Have fun at work, bud," Jack said sarcastically as he patted Toothless on the shoulder before strutting out the door.

Toothless rolled his eyes at him and finished getting ready.

The rest of the night passed by slowly. The club was busy, despite being a weekday, but Toothless really had no desire to be there. Not that he usually did, but it always went by slower when neither Jack nor Hiccup were with him. Jack always managed to make the night into a ridiculous game and Toothless would glean amusement from watching Hiccup's nervous reactions with customers. At least five times a night, Hiccup would either turn extremely red or drop something after anyone, mostly girls, gave him a compliment. Toothless had since gotten used to it, because most of the time they were just doing it in attempts to get cheap liquor. But Hiccup's behavior was so honest that Toothless found it irresistibly charming.

Toothless had grown really fond of him since they had kissed over a week ago. His awkwardness and shyness lent Hiccup a certain vulnerability that Toothless couldn't help but feel protective over. Despite having several additional intimate moments with him, Hiccup would never proceed past kissing. He would always bring everything to a screeching halt if Toothless's hands wandered too low or if his body so much as pressed too firmly against him. If he didn't know Hiccup any better, he might have taken it as an insult. However, he knew that it was all just too overwhelming for him and that Hiccup

was naturally a nervous person in social situations. Toothless didn't want him to feel nervous. He wanted Hiccup to feel completely comfortable before Toothless so much as thought about doing anything else. The defensive feeling Toothless had for Hiccup probably stemmed from Toothless knowing all too well what it felt like to be pressured or forced to do things he wasn't ready for. He could tell that Hiccup simply wasn't ready.

Which made it all the more astonishing when Toothless walked in the basement to see Jack on top of a nearly naked Hiccup and kissing him heatedly.

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"Look, Jack, I don't have time for this. Please, just go," Anna quietly said to Jack as he stood in complete shock against the far wall of her bedroom. He had just walked in prepared to take her out to actually do something fun tonight, he had even saved up some money just for the occasion. But after he walked in, she turned around in her seat and unveiled the truth on him. She said she didn't want to see him anymore.

When he walked in, Anna was sitting at her desk with a large textbook and notes laid out in front of her. Her black hair appeared darker in the dim light of her lamp, but her multi-colored highlights nicely accentuated her face, which carried a very somber expression once she turned to address him.

Jack's mouth was hanging open as if he were about to say something, but the words had difficulty forming. Why was she suddenly unhappy with him?

Jack knew that Anna had grown increasingly more stressed out lately, but he was always under the impression that she liked having him around and that he helped take her mind of her schoolwork once in a while.

Finally a question bubbled its way to the surface. "Whatâ€¦.what did I do?" he asked completely oblivious. Jack was completely taken aback by her attitude. Every time they were together, Anna was happy. She never gave any indication before this moment that she wasn't.

Anna leaned her head into her hands and released a heavy sigh. After a moment of painful waiting from Jack's end, she regretfully admitted, "It was my mistake. I never should have gotten together with you."

"How was it a mistake?" Jack asked still completely flabbergasted.

"Because...I know how you are. It was stupid of me to think that you would change or grow up a little," Anna calmly explained. She was always really attracted to Jack. The first time she saw him, she remembered how blown away she was. His teeth were perfect. Whenever he gave her that brilliant smile, she could feel herself completely melt into a puddle of longing. He even was able to pull off having

stark white hair, which further accentuated his perfect porcelain skin and blue-grey eyes. However...she could tell he wasn't ready for a serious relationship. He was too preoccupied with doing whatever was fun. It was naive of her to hope that he would fall in love with her and change...but no one changes like that overnight.

"What are you talking about? How am I, exactly?" Jack asked growing a little angry at her for basically calling him a child. She was older than him, but only by two years, nothing so significant to give her developmental superiority over him. And who was she to think that she could sum up Jack's psyche? Those stupid books she was always reading were about teeth, not psychology.

"You're too flirtatious and I knew ahead of time that you wouldn't commit to having a real relationship." I was just naive to think that," she massaged her temples in frustration with herself and with Jack. She was remembering specifically the night that Astrid came over. She knew Jack would be on her like white on rice, which made her a bit thankful that she didn't go with them to the club and was able to avoid witnessing his shenanigans. She didn't blame Astrid, of course. Jack would have done the same thing if it were a different girl. Plus, it's not like she had any idea they were intimate. Jack never treated Anna romantically in any way when they were around other people. He never held her hand, wrapped an arm around her, or kissed her when they were outside the confines of her bedroom. It wasn't fair, and she wanted to move on to someone who could actually love her.

"I'm...I'm sorry?" Jack said desperately trying to find an answer to ease the situation. He noticed Anna had been increasingly dropping hints that she wanted to be more exclusive and public about their relationship. But Jack simply didn't like the idea. He was eighteen years old. Why the hell would he want to be in a relationship? It would be like marriage without the perk of a tax break.

"Don't be. Just...just leave me alone for a while so I can stop being mad. Then maybe we can go back to being friends," she said.

Ouch. She just pulled the friends card. Jack knew that the conversation was over after that. He decided to grant her wish by turning quickly on his heel and briskly striding out her door.

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Hiccup was lounging by himself on an armchair in the living room. Toothless had gone to work and Jack was doing whatever, so he took a peaceful moment to sketch in his solidarity. Everyone else had gone to bed, so the only sounds Hiccup could hear were the ticks of the clock hanging on the wall. Due to the cramped nature of his living situation, it wasn't too often that Hiccup found time alone. He had spent most of his life alone, but didn't realize how much he actually enjoyed the silence of his own thoughts.

The sketch he was currently working on was one of Pippa. She had

begged him to draw her a long time ago and he had finally gotten around to it. She asked Toothless too, but he wasn't as good at drawing people as Hiccup was. It was something that took a long time for him to finally admit he was good at. If he wasn't able to socialize that well, then at least he had this. Toothless had told him how impressed he was with his drawing ability. He said that Hiccup was able to see light in others and was somehow able to capture it perfectly in his representations of them. That was part of the reason why he was so moved by Hiccup's first drawing of him. The person Hiccup drew was practically a stranger to Toothless. He said that he hadn't been that happy since before he lost his mother and was taken aback that Hiccup was somehow able to portray that person without even knowing him. But Hiccup could tell that that person was slowly reemerging in Toothless again. He saw him smile more, laugh more, and open up about his past to Hiccup, which only contributed to his healing process.

Hiccup smiled to himself at the thought of the raven-haired boy. His heart would leap into his throat whenever Toothless would close the distance between the two of them. He loved the feeling. The feeling of Toothless kissing him set Hiccup on fire, but it was an addicting fire. He almost couldn't handle the sensations that pulsed through him whenever Toothless swiped his tongue against his lip or hummed in satisfaction whenever Hiccup pulled him closer. God, he wished that he didn't have to work tonight.

Suddenly Hiccup heard a door close and footsteps padding down the hallway. He watched as the tufty white-haired boy he didn't even know was home stalked in and wordlessly fell face-first into the couch.

Hiccup tried to stifle a laugh at the comedic behavior, but failed miserably. Jack didn't move from his position, which Hiccup thought he would suffocate from if he didn't unplant his face from the cushion. So he asked him, "What's wrong, Jack?"

"Anbrkpwflumehâ€¦" was all Hiccup could make out from Jack's muffled seat-cushion voice.

"What." he said not even sounding like a question. Jack could be overly dramatic sometimes.

He lifted his face out of the couch and turned it off to the side so he could talk and glanced at Hiccup sitting in the chair. Then he clarified, "Anna broke up with me."

Hiccup looked at him puzzled for a moment. "I didn't even know you two were together," he stated. He knew that Jack had danced with her a while ago and that, judging from Toothless's interpretation of his behavior, that they had probably hooked up after that. But he didn't realize it had been a long-standing thing. Jack and Anna gave no indication they were anything but friends.

"Yeah, well, we weren't technically together. But we were seeing each other," he admitted somberly.

"I seeâ€¦" Hiccup said.

Jack flipped onto his back and laid a hand over his eyes to block out the light. Then he bitterly said, "She said I wasn't serious enough

and was too immature for her. I should have been the one to end it sooner after she started mentioning the word 'boyfriend'." He lifted his hand off of his face and continued his rant, "God I hate that word. It sounds like it should be lumped in with those other words people find dirty, like vagina or lubrication."

Hiccup snorted in response to his ridiculous opinion. "You're insane."

"Am I though? She acts like she wants to get married or something and I'm only eighteen. I've got years ahead of me before I commit myself to one person for the rest of my life," he stated sourly.

"I don't think she was expecting that out of you, Jack. People just like having one person they can count on to love them is all. And once you find that person, then other people don't really matter," Hiccup explained a little impressed with himself.

"Thanks Doctor Phil," Jack said as he laid his hand back over his eyes and crossed his legs. "Well, clearly then she isn't the person that makes me want to do a stupid thing like that," he added while bouncing his foot.

Hiccup silently laughed at him and went back to his drawing.

"God I could use a drink right now," Jack suddenly admitted.

"You can't drink your problems away, Jack," Hiccup advised him sarcastically.

"No, but it helps me bottle them up somewhere," Jack smiled a little at his pun then he added sardonically, "Eventually they'll probably accumulate too much and I'll have them removed as a cancerous lump. But hey, at least I'd have been carefree up until then."

Hiccup sighed at Jack's melodrama and walked into the kitchen just to shut him up. He rummaged around in the closet and pulled out a bottle of schnapps he had been saving. He walked back into the living room and plopped the bottle onto Jack's stomach before resuming his position in the lounge chair.

Jack looked up from under his hand at the bottle and sat up. "Where'd you get this?" he asked.

"Toothless bought it for me a little while ago from Val's. I was saving it for when we had another party or something," Hiccup admitted.

"What? No rum or even vodka?" he asked while inspecting the bottle suspiciously.

"Your choice. Take it or leave it," Hiccup said shrugging his shoulders and a little annoyed that Jack was insulting his choice of alcohol.

Jack sighed and started opening the cap. "Great. I was just dumped out of the blue by a girl I thought I liked, and now you've got me drinking 80-proof mouthwash." He held up the bottle to Hiccup. "Cheers," he said before he took a long swig of the clear liquid. He swallowed it in one gulp and gasped slightly at the burning

sensation. Then he held the bottle out to Hiccup.

"No, it's all yours. Go nuts," Hiccup said to him while looking up from his sketchpad.

"Man, I'm not going to drink your booze alone while you sit and draw," Jack told him.

Hiccup sighed and stood up to go sit next to Jack. He figured that he wasn't getting rid of him and might as well partake so he could be inebriated while he listened to Jack's ravings about his love life. He took a sip of the schnapps and felt it sear down his throat, leaving behind warm traces in his throat and stomach.

Soon enough, the bottle was nearly empty and Hiccup was slumped down into the plush cushions of the couch with Jack sitting next to him going on about some story that Hiccup wasn't really focused on. He felt pretty drunk, more so than he had on other occasions. The room was spinning a little and he had to focus really hard on properly pronouncing words.

"So what about you Hiccup? I know you're gay, but have you ever tried anything with a girl before?" Jack asked him as he casually was leaning back in the couch and supporting himself against Hiccup's shoulder.

Hiccup looked at him as if he were crazy. "No. I've never had the desire let alone the courage to try anything before."

"Not even with Astrid?" Jack asked.

"Especially not with Astrid. I meanâ€¦there was a time when I thought I might like her. But she would describe to me how she felt about other boys and I knew I didn't feel the same urges with her," he explained.

"Did she ever say anything about me?" Jack said betraying what his primary intention was while throwing Hiccup his one-sided smile that showed off his teeth.

Hiccup noted the mischievous twinkle in his eye and only said, "Don't even think about it." The last thing he wanted was for Jack to get Astrid's hopes up. Then again, maybe she fancied him in the same way and didn't want a serious relationship either.

"Hey, I was just wondering. Besides, she's miles away at college. I can't even see her on a regular basis," he retorted back.

Hiccup realized he had a valid point. "Yeah, fine, she thinks you're hot," he assured him.

"Fuck yeah she does," Jack quipped before he took another swig of the liquor. Then he glanced back over to Hiccup and said, "Well what about you?"

"What about me what?" Hiccup asked as he retrieved the bottle from Jack and took another sip.

"Do you think I'm hot?" Jack asked playfully as he elbowed Hiccup in the ribs.

Hiccup nearly spit out the sip he took and coughed ferociously as he shoved it unpleasantly down his throat. He set the almost empty bottle on the table and finally looked up at Jack to see him still smiling at him.

"Oh my god, you totally do," he said as the twinkle returned to his eye.

"Shut up, I do not," Hiccup replied but was taken aback when Jack pushed himself against Hiccup and locked his lips against his in a bruising kiss. Hiccup, still shocked from the abrupt contact, submissively allowed Jack to push him down onto his back as he continued to kiss him roughly. But then, Hiccup forcefully pushed Jack's shoulders so he had to break the kiss but still remained leaning over Hiccup watching him with a puzzled expression. Hiccup propped himself up on his forearms so as to make himself not seem so passive given the position he was in.

He looked directly into Jack's icy blue eyes and firmly told him, "Jack. You can't do this. You can't just mess around with Anna and then waltz in here, get me drunk, and expect me to—" he trailed off as his eyes flickered around Jack's body that was elegantly hovering over him. He had no idea that Jack even had an interest in him...and he never admitted it to him before... but Hiccup had always had the smallest of a crush on him since high school. And now that Jack's lithe figure was perched on top of Hiccup with his knee resting in between his legs and his slender hips only inches away—

"Ah, fuck it." Hiccup boldly pulled Jack back into him to magnetically catch his lips with his own again. Jack hummed softly into him as their lips passionately moved against each other. Hiccup wasn't entirely sure if he was acting appropriately. But he just felt overwhelmed with unsatiated desire. Jack's natural perfume radiated from his skin and Hiccup had always loved how Jack smelled. But he never imagined how he would taste. The peppermint from the schnapps was intoxicating in a different respect and only persuaded Hiccup into licking Jack's upper lip before he pushed his head up to deepen the kiss. Jack moaned into Hiccup as he felt his tongue slide seductively against his own and he pushed his thigh forward, which placed a gentle pressure against Hiccup's groin.

Hiccup lurched upwards slightly in surprise as he felt Jack's thigh graze against his arousal, but it didn't stop him from continuing to intensely kiss him. He closed his eyes as he rested on his forearms while enjoying the exhilarating sensation. It felt different kissing Jack. It was...more passionate and...carnal. Then again, that could have been just the alcohol removing his inhibitions.

Jack moved his head to rapidly kiss down Hiccup's jawline until he latched onto the soft flesh of his neck, which caused him to let out a gasp. He felt Jack's teeth for a short moment and he bucked his hips up against his thigh as more and more heat flowed into his groin at the pleasantly painful bite. Jack relaxed his grip and gently sucked at various spots on Hiccup's neck that caused shivers to violently erupt down his spine. He breathed erratically at the sensation and gripped firmly onto Jack's narrow hips as he continued sucking on his neck leaving behind an array of small red marks.

He was feeling a little uncomfortable with the fact that Jack was

dominating him so much. So still gripping his hips, he pushed him over to the side so that he fell off the couch and onto the floor with a small thud.

"Ow, what the-" but Jack didn't get to finish his sentence because Hiccup rolled off the couch until he was on top of Jack and pulling him up into another heated kiss. He allowed his thighs to fall gently on either side of Jack's hips as he supported his head with one hand. Hiccup ran his fingers through his silky white hair and gently scratched his fingernails against his scalp, eliciting another deep moan from Jack. Hiccup yelped softly when he felt Jack abruptly thrust himself into Hiccup as he sat on top of him.

Never breaking the kiss, Jack sat himself up so he was level with Hiccup's neck. He nipped at Hiccup's tongue a little and Hiccup felt as he fumbled with the bottom of his shirt. Jack broke the kiss as he pulled Hiccup's shirt over his head to expose his broad, freckled abdomen. Suddenly distracted by the escalation of events, he allowed Jack to flip him onto his back, and then hovered over him to fully take in Hiccup's bare torso.

Hiccup felt himself turn red from the sudden exposure. It felt as though Jack's eyes were piercing right into him as they scanned the contours of his hips and chest, rising only to focus on his eyes. But Jack gently smiled and leaned down to mumble in his ear, "Don't worry, I like how you look."

Hiccup relaxed at the confirmation and gasped sharply as Jack quickly spread Hiccup's legs and wrapped them around his waist. He firmly pressed his hips into Hiccup's pelvis and Hiccup wasn't prepared for the cry that escaped his throat when he felt Jack firmly rubbing against him, which produced an electrifying series of sensations he never felt before. His fingers fumbled desperately against Jack's chest as they clumsily tried undoing the row of buttons on his shirt. Jack ground himself against Hiccup's arousal and Hiccup thought he was going to lose his head completely. He fell backwards in response to the sensation and arched his back while tightly gripping Jack's arms that were on either side of him. Jack grinned at Hiccup's unrestrained reaction and leaned over to take his earlobe into his mouth as he thrust against him once again.

A litany of moans escaped Hiccup's throat as he lurched upwards again and bit down on the crook of Jack's neck. Jack drew in a sharp breath in response to the pain, but relished secretly in being able to draw the crude reaction out of the shy brunette. He resumed thrusting more methodically against him using deliberate rolls of his hips that made Hiccup reach up to grip onto his back in a desperate agony of wanting release. Jack felt Hiccup erratically moving his hips to counter the friction that Jack was creating, which caused him to release a groan against Hiccup's hair as he felt his own pants become uncomfortably constricting.

It seemed so unbelievably hot in the room that Jack had started to pant. His shirt was rumpled from Hiccup gripping onto it so tightly and his hair was heavily mussed. Hiccup's cheeks were flushed from lust, which only exemplified his freckles, and he was avoiding eye contact with Jack. Instead he held his eyes shut as he was embarrassed for being so unbearably turned on as he felt Jack move his hips in a way that made him feel like fire was curling across his hips as he gradually approached the edge.

Jack abruptly lifted his hips away from Hiccup's, who whined at the loss of contact when he had been so close to losing it. But he quickly opened his eyes when he felt Jack's fingers brush lightly against his stomach as they traced down to the hem of his pants. He saw as Jack swiftly undid the button and zipper on his jeans breathing in sharply when he felt his finger gently brush against his arousal as he did so.

After he loosened his pants, Jack collapsed back into Hiccup and pressed his body against his. He sighed when he felt Hiccup's tongue seek out his own again to entice it into the hot confines of his mouth. Hiccup resumed his struggle with Jack's shirt as Jack slowly started to wiggle Hiccup's pants down in a desire to expose the boy even further.

Jack quickly noticed something was wrong when he felt Hiccup's whole body suddenly stiffen underneath him. He turned his head around to see Toothless standing frozen in the doorway staring in complete shock at the state of Jack and Hiccup.

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Toothless stood there for a moment as his mind tried to comprehend the scene in front of him. His eyes flickered over to an empty bottle of alcohol on the table and then back to the two of them. Jack quickly got off of Hiccup, who proceeded to clumsily put his clothes back on in an apparent state of drunkenness. Jack straightened his shirt and rubbed the back of his head nervously at being interrupted during such a salacious act. Toothless couldn't find words so he just continued to stand there gaping at Jack in astonishment.

Finally he heard Hiccup speak from the floor, "Toothless...I-I-.."

Toothless put out a hand in a silencing gesture as his expression morphed from astonishment and into a menacing glare, which he fully directed at Jack.

Jack tried to talk after he registered the way Toothless was looking at him, "Look, Luka...We were just-".

"Don't even fucking start," Toothless interrupted in a steady but yet dangerously livid tone. He was practically shaking from resisting the urge to wring Jack's neck. But he didn't want to say anything in front of an overly-inebriated Hiccup and he also didn't want to wake up the entire basement. So instead he said directly to Jack in the same low voice, "You. Outside. Now." And he pivoted to go out the door with Jack reluctantly following not far behind him.

As soon as Jack came out and shut the door, Toothless unleashed his wrath upon him, "What the ****hell**** were you thinking?!" He had to strongly resist the urge not to punch Jack in the side of the head.

"Geez Luka, if I didn't know any better, I'd think you were jealous,"

Jack said as he smirked at him.

He felt his heart leap into his throat as Toothless narrowly missed his head and punched the brick wall next to him.

In a frighteningly calm voice Toothless continued speaking while fixating his glare on Jack standing only inches from his face, "Don't give me that. Do you honestly think I would be this mad for something as superficial as being ****jealous**** of you?"

Feeling the adrenaline rising and his buzz quickly wearing off as a result, Jack realized how insanely furious Toothless was with him at that moment. He didn't think he's ever seen him so mad.

Toothless continued, "I can't believe you told ****me**** you want to take it slow but then go and fuck around with ****Hiccup****." He gestured at the metal door and pulled away from Jack to straighten up. Then he added in a completely baffled voice as if he were speaking common sense into a loon, "You can't just mess around with people and not care how it affects them."

Jack started to get mad at the accusation, "Now wait a minute. I ****do**** care about Hiccup."

Toothless pressed a couple fingers into his temple and smiled cynically. "Bullshit, Jack. If you really cared about him, then you wouldn't have gotten him drunk and molested him."

"Do you even know what you're talking about? He willingly did all of that-"

"It doesn't ****matter**** Jack!" Toothless extended his arms out to the side and continued, "You just don't try and push someone to have sex with you for the first time when they're hammered like that!"

"I wasn't going to have sex with him-" Jack tried to retort.

Toothless interrupted him, "Yeah and I'm a horse. What were you about to do then?"

"Iâ€¦I don't know. Nothing extremeâ€¦" he mumbled while avoiding Toothless's glare like the plague.

"Everything's extreme to him, Jack. He's never done ****any**** of that before! Like, honestly, what were you ****thinking****?" Toothless yelled at him completely exasperated at this point.

"Why in hell's name are you just yelling at me? Hiccup wanted to just as much as I did!" Jack yelled back at him as anger started growing in his chest.

"Because I thought you were better than that, Jack. Hiccup is clearly more drunk than you and you have more experience than him to know better," Toothless firmly stated as he ran a hand through his hair clearly stressed out.

"Well who the hell are you to say what Hiccup wants or doesn't want?" Jack asked as he balled his hands into fists. Toothless was talking to him as if he were a disappointed father. It pissed Jack off to no

end.

Toothless looked at him as if he were completely brain dead before answering, "Because if anyone knows what it feels like to be taken advantage of here, it's me. He may have been willing then, but just think how he'll feel when he wakes up tomorrow." Jack looked away from him as he felt guilt starting to constrict his chest. Toothless went on, "Can you honestly say that you think he would be fine with it?"

After a long pause as Jack silently contemplated what Toothless said he flatly admitted, "Ok. Ok. You're right. It was a mistake and I shouldn't have done it." Toothless calmed down slightly at his admission. Jack went on to explain, "Anna just broke it off with me and I was an idiot to try and settle my frustration with Hiccup.

Toothless stood stoically and stared at him. It wasn't often that Jack confessed his problems.

Jack continued, "But if it weren't for ****you**** then none of this would have happened."

"...I beg your fucking pardon?" he asked completely bewildered.

"If you didn't kiss me, then I wouldn't have stopped caring about Anna and she wouldn't have been upset with me," Jack stated anger still hanging from his voice.

Toothless stood there in absolute astonishment for a moment.

"You have a serious problem," he said eventually.

"Says the pot calling the kettle black," Jack retorted.

"Hey. At least I've ****admitted**** what my issues are. You prance around ignoring the trainwreck you leave behind and then try blaming the damage on other people," Toothless angrily said back to him.

Jack's expression fell as he suddenly felt hurt by what Toothless said. He looked down at his feet and said in a low voice, "That's not what I do."

"Alright, fine, whatever. But I don't want to see you until you decide to come back and make some goddamn sense. Don't try and pin your problems on me," he demanded as he roughly pushed past Jack and unlocked the door to go inside.

Jack only leaned still fuming against the brick wall. What the hell did Toothless know anyway?

13. Chapter 13

****...****

****Sorry for the pause! I update pretty quickly, but I needed to straighten out where the story will go.****

****And boy, does it go somewhere. *bounces in anticipation*****

****So here is the next chapter in the sequence. Leave me a comment.
I'm curious what ya'll think I'm gonna do...****

*** * ***

><p>Kapitel 13

Toothless walked back into the living room, still seething from his previous conversation, and looked over to where he last saw Hiccup.

He looked to be completely passed out. He was sitting on the floor against the couch where Toothless and Jack had left him; however, his arms were loosely hugging his knees to his chest and his head had fallen forward to rest against them.

He walked over to the dozing brunette and rubbed his shoulder gently. When that didn't work, he tried shaking him a little. He remained completely out of it.

Toothless let out a sigh realizing how much more difficult his task had become. He crouched down and reached to grab under Hiccup's armpits and pulled him away from the couch. Then he moved to the side of him and awkwardly lifted him up with one arm supporting his back and the other underneath his knees. This job was a hundred times easier when he was carrying one of the kids to bed, but Hiccup wasn't exactly pint-sized. Toothless had to walk slower and more carefully through the hall so as not to knock his head against the wall or trip and drop him.

>When he got to the bedroom Toothless was breathing harder from the exertion. However, he managed to lay the boy down on the edge of the bed and rolled him onto his side. He was breathing normally, fortunately. Toothless just expected him to have a heavy case of drunk sleep for the first time. If he weren't so unnaturally immobile, then Toothless would have found him a lot cuter as he lay peacefully with his mouth open slightly and his bangs partially concealing his eyes. Unfortunately, he was drooling a little as well.<p>

Which he made sure to grab a bucket to place on the floor next to Hiccup before he changed out of his attire and went to bed himself. Just in case.

It took Toothless a while to fall asleep, though. He lay motionless next to Hiccup with his hands folded underneath his head and stared blankly into the darkness of the ceiling. His mind was still raving from his previous conversation with Jack and the idea that some small part of Hiccup was willing to completely submit to him. He was of the opinion that alcohol removed inhibitions; however, it didn't alter one's will. So he was preoccupied with the thought that some part of Hiccup had a thing for Jack, which wasn't exactly what was bothering Toothless, surprisingly. He'd be a hypocrite if it did. He was bothered because he was wondering whether Hiccup would have done the same thing with him under similar circumstances. Despite trusting Hiccup and knowing how much Hiccup cared about him, he still retained a fairly large dose of insecurity. A part of him strongly believed he was eternally tainted. He often had thoughts telling himself that no one could bear to look at him or touch his skin once they understood

where it's been. No one could love a used up whore...Maybe it was a mistake kissing Hiccup. Maybe it was a mistake getting close to him at all. Maybe Toothless was safer before Hiccup had come to the Guardians.

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Holy hell was he exhausted. Jack had stayed up most of the night since he wasn't able to fall asleep. And because he had slept on the couch, the stampede of children woke him up way too early that morning. Bunny also, unaware of the fact that Jack was still in his clothes from yesterday, asked if he could walk them to the bus stop. He had no choice but to obediently oblige or else make up a lie to Bunny about why he didn't sleep.

After he loaded the kids onto the bus he dragged his feet back home, into the kitchen, and poured himself a cup of coffee before collapsing on a bench. He didn't sleep because he couldn't stop thinking about what Toothless had told him. It took him awhile until he finally admitted to himself that he was right. Despite Jack's good intentions, he always seemed to screw everything up. He had pressured both Hiccup and Toothless to talk about things they obviously wanted to keep quiet. He abandoned Hiccup on his birthday, which allowed him to be kidnapped along with Toothless. He strung Anna along, even though it should have been obvious that she liked him more than just a friend. He kissed Toothless first when he was vulnerable...and then Hiccup, before which he pressured him to drinkâ€| â€| And those were just the most recent transgressions. He couldn't even bring himself to travel down the long line of screw ups in his timeline.

His stream of consciousness broke when he saw Hiccup walk into the kitchen. He was rubbing the top of his head and looked like the undead.

"Hey Hic-," Jack started to greet him.

"Shh hush...you're way too loud," Hiccup groaned as he waved his hand in Jack's general direction in an attempt to quiet him. He bumbled over to the sink and poured himself a large glass of water, his hair hanging over his face to obstruct his vision. He greedily tipped the cup back and gulped it down.

Jack had come to terms with the fact that his voice was naturally louder than most people's, but he knew from Hiccup's behavior that he was having a monstrous hangover. But he followed up anyway in a significantly softer voice, "...Sorry. How are you?" he asked out of genuine concern.

Hiccup poured himself a cup of coffee and leaned against the counter facing Jack while saying, "My head is throbbing and I'm fairly certain my retinas are burning out of my eye sockets," he said while gesturing to his temple. He continued, "My stomach is...like...really acidic too. Urgh... What the hell did you do to me?" He took a sip of his coffee while looking at the floor.

Jack felt awful. He had to at least apologize to him. "I'm really

sorry, Hiccup. I won't let anything like that happen to you again. I--

"Why, what happened?" Hiccup asked after he saw the expression on Jack's face as he took another sip of coffee.

"Yaa...you..uh...got reeaally drunk," Jack said drumming his fingers against the table nervously

"Wow, what'd I do?" Hiccup asked.

Jack exhaled not able to believe that Hiccup had actually blacked out through all of that. His voice cracked as he quickly fabricated a lie, "Ai..ya..you just...babbled...uncontrollablyâ€¦really embarrassing. Had to carry you in."

"Ohâ€¦sorry about that." He set his mug down and turned around to make food. Jack saw Toothless round the corner and stop when he saw Jack sitting at the table. Jack made wild gestures behind Hiccup's back trying to signal to Toothless that he didn't remember anything.

Toothless's eyes widened a little when he understood and then looked over at Hiccup. "Hey Hic, how're you doing?" he asked calmly as he went to pour himself a cup of coffee as well.

"Like I drank nearly a fifth of liquor in under two hours," he explained as he broke a couple eggs in a pan. Then he continued, "Well, I don't really remember too much though...I guess you two finally have something to counter me with in that drinking game then," he said laughing a little at his reference to the game they played with Astrid.

Jack had to bite his tongue and stare up into the ceiling as he couldn't help but consider the implications behind that comment.

Toothless interjected in a calm voice, "Hey, ehm, why don't you go back and lie down for a while. I'll make you food, yeah?"

"Oh, you're the best Toothless," he said as he abandoned his pan. As he walked out he squeezed Toothless's forearm and held on until he walked too far away and had to let go.

Toothless waited until he heard their bedroom door shut before he turned his attention back onto Jack, "You're really lucky right now." He resumed Hiccup's earlier position of making eggs for him.

"What? Are you going to tell him?" Jack asked a little worrisome. He felt bad lying to Hiccup, but he did it to save Hiccup's feelings.

Toothless didn't answer for a moment as he popped some bread in the toaster. His frequently prolonged silences always made Jack impatient to the point where he couldn't help but fidget restlessly. He bounced his leg rapidly while he waited for a response. Toothless picked up his coffee, sighed, and turned around to answer Jack, "No I'm not." He said as he took a sip of his drink. Jack let the air out of his lungs in relief. "I think you should be the one to tell him," Toothless said as he peered intently at him.

Jack hoped he wouldn't say that. He didn't want to talk to Hiccup. He felt like dirt as it was and now that Hiccup was none the wiser, he didn't want to be the one to reveal something that would probably make him feel worse. And possibly ruin their friendship. Speaking of whichâ€¦

"Are...you still mad at me?" he hesitantly addressed to Toothless's back as he was finishing up with the eggs.

"What do you think?" he said as he glanced over his shoulder at him. "Just because he doesn't remember doesn't make what you did ok." He put the toast on a plate and the eggs alongside it and continued, "And I'll stay mad at you until you talk to him."

"But what if he hates me for it?" Jack asked him.

"Again, not my problem." He walked backwards out of the kitchen in order to point to Jack as he said, "Your mistake, you fix it." And turned on his heel to walk down the hall.

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Hiccup lay on his back with a pillow resting over his face to obstruct the light from entering his eyes. He felt unsure of himself to say the least. Not because he didn't remember what happened. Hiccup actually knew exactly what happened the night before. He wasn't completely certain, however, why he had pretended like he hadn't. It seemed like a split second decision. He didn't expect to walk in the kitchen and see Jack in there at the time. Perhaps an unfortunate coincidence, but Hiccup needed to drink some water.

Why he didn't want to talk about it was for reasons Hiccup had difficulty explaining to himself. He wasn't embarrassed, surprisingly. In fact, he could wholeheartedly admit that he enjoyed it quite a lot. The alcohol definitely helped lower his inhibitions and made him feel more natural at the time. But he felt extraordinarily guilty because he didn't even consider how it would make Toothless feel. The idea never crossed his mind. And when he saw how upset Toothless was and how Jack took all the blame, it made Hiccup feel like the scum of the earth. What possessed him to forget about Toothless?

They never talked about being 'together' per say, but he still felt a heavy sense of dedication to him. He cared about him more than he knew he had ever cared about a person. And yet, he was drawn to Jack instead of Toothless. What the hell was wrong with him?

Hiccup's thoughts were disrupted when he heard the bedroom door open. He lifted up his pillow slightly to see Toothless walk in carrying food and some more water. Hiccup sat up in bed and his mouth started salivating immediately at the sight.

"Hey, I, ehm, made some toast with it. But you should really drink this water first and take this," he said as he revealed a pair of pills in his palm.

"What is it?" Hiccup asked him.

"Ibuprofen" Toothless responded as he carefully tipped his palm to drop the pills into Hiccup's hand.

Hiccup smiled slightly at how he pronounced the medication and popped the pills into his mouth. He took a drink of water and swallowed them easily. "Thanks," he said as he took the plate of eggs and toast. He sat over the edge of the bed and ate the food hungrily.

"No problem. Just...make sure to drink the water," he responded as he turned around to go.

Hiccup stopped eating as he made up his mind. "Toothless, wait," he said before Toothless reached the door.

He turned around and looked back at Hiccup, "Did you need something else?" he asked.

"No! I just wanted to...apologize for what happened last night," he said in a low voice as he started to own up to what happened.

"It's not a big deal, Hic. You got drunk. It happens," he said flatly.

"No...I'm sorry for kissing Jack," he came out honestly.

Toothless stiffened for a moment as he quickly realized that Hiccup did fully remember what happened. But just to clarify he asked, "You remember?"

"Yeah...please don't be mad at Jack though. I was there and just as responsible as he was," he said softly. Gods he didn't want Toothless to be mad at him, and he wouldn't blame him if he was. He wasn't even sure why Toothless was even still talking to him right now. But Hiccup felt Toothless deserved his honesty if nothing else.

Toothless sighed heavily and walked over to sit down next to Hiccup. He was impressed with Hiccup's sense of integrity for admitting to such a thing. He kept his gaze at the floor in front of him as he said, "Hic...I'm not mad at you for kissing Jack. And that's not why I was mad at Jack either last night."

"I know I shouldn't ha-... wait what? Why not?" Hiccup asked as he gaped at him incredulously. If that wasn't the reason why he was mad, then what the hell was it then?

One corner of Toothless's mouth upturned a little as he replied, "Look, I told Jack that he needed to be the one to talk to you about it and not me." He squeezed Hiccup's knee and glanced over to him as he added, "Just know that I'm not mad at you, Hic. I promise. I already talked to Jack about it and he'll straighten it out with you sometime today... hopefully."

Hiccup poked around at his food for a moment. He didn't understand why Toothless wasn't mad at him. But he still nodded his head to indicate that he accepted what Toothless said.

Toothless then placed his hands on his knees to stand up in front of Hiccup, "But I really got to get going now. You rest until the medicine kicks in and I'll talk to you later," he said to him.

Hiccup silently set his plate aside and stood up so he could wrap his arms around Toothless's neck. Toothless was taken aback by the gesture but wrapped his arms around Hiccup and held his own wrist in a loose grip. Hiccup buried his face against Toothless's hair for a moment and then pulled back so he could gently capture his lips in a tender kiss.

"What was that for?" Toothless asked smiling slightly at Hiccup after he pulled his head away.

Hiccup smiled back at him and replied, "I dunno. Just felt like doing it I guess."

Toothless smiled more warmly at the response and released his hold around Hiccup to ruffle his hair as he said, "I'll see you later then" before he turned to go.

Hiccup knocked his arm playfully away before he watched him leave. He then sat down on the bed and resumed eating his food with a small smile on his face.

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After eating the eggs and toast, Hiccup felt the medicine start to work its magic pretty quickly. The stinging pain that was throbbing against his skull ebbed away and the light of day stopped bothering him as much. He figured he was well enough to face Bunny.

He quickly changed and walked out into the main area in search of the intimidating Australian. However, he wasn't in the basement. It has been eerily quiet since the kids had started school. Hiccup didn't realize how much he would miss their commotion; but at the same time, it gave him less work to do.

He walked upstairs into the club and, sure enough, found the man he was looking for fixing the wobbly stools and chairs in the dining area. He was sitting in front of a chair, which he had laid on a table so he could have better access to the legs. He was tightening the screw on one of the legs and reapplying pads to the bottoms so they didn't scratch the floor. He had his hair in a single braid that ran down to his shoulder blades, however a good portion of his hair fell along the sides of his face since it was cut shorter and wasn't quite long enough to be pulled back all the way. He wore his usual daily attire of an old, white undershirt and jeans. His tattoos peeked out from underneath his sleeves and ran a little bit down his arms.

Bunny looked up as Hiccup entered. "There yeh are twinkle toes. Have a good sleep then?" he asked as he casually used one of the nicknames he had since started referring to Hiccup by. Hiccup had been

practicing some basic fighting tactics with him and Bunny had found it amusing how light on his feet Hiccup was. He may have been clumsy around people, but he was generally good at evading them when he wasn't caught off-guard. Years of getting in fights with bullies had at the very least taught him that useful skill.

Hiccup apologized to Bunny, "Um, yeah. Sorry I'm so late."

"Right. Yeh should really be careful about how much yeh drink, mate. I personally don' care, since your 18 and that's old enough for me. But it can make yeh really sick," he explained to Hiccup as he glanced over his shoulder at him.

"Yeah I know. I definitely learned my limit," he said as he thought of the repercussions that whole event had caused, which caused him to rub his neck awkwardly at the memory. Either Toothless or Jack must have explained to Bunny why he was in bed for so long.

"Yeah. Anyway. Here's your list for tha day. Jack already did a couple things for yeh. But if yeh could actually finish fixin' these for me and clean the bar, we'll be in good shape," he said as he handed a list over to Hiccup.

Hiccup exhaled through his nostrils as he read the lengthy list of chores he had to do. How was it that they worked every day and never seemed to get everything done? He nodded to Bunny, who patted him on the shoulder as he left through the main entrance to the club. Then he started to get to work on where Bunny left off.

A few hours later, he had at least the first few things done. At the moment he had a couple tables pushed together so that he could have a decent space to roll silverware into napkins. He had about fifty done and at this rate he might be able to finish the list early and take a nap before his shift tonight. As he was rolling, he was wondering when Jack would finally come and find him to talk. He really wanted to know what Toothless and Jack talked about outside. He was also still worried about Toothless. That he was, in fact, upset with him and was just trying to brush it off. Hopefully, once Jack actually works up the gall to talk to Hiccup, he might have a better picture of what happened between the two of them.

All of the sudden, Hiccup heard the front door of the club open. He looked up to see who walked in, but his eyes had issues adjusting to the daylight that flowed in behind the person and obscured his figure.

"Hiccup! Finally I find you!" roared North as he briskly strode over to Hiccup, who paused in his silverware rolling to turn around fully.

"Uh, hi North. Something wrong?" Hiccup asked him uncertainly. Normally North slept during the day and was up all night managing his business. Well, Hiccup wasn't exactly sure what time he woke up or if he even slept at all. He just never seemed to see him unless it was nighttime.

"No! No, my boy. Nothing bad." He sat down across from Hiccup and continued, "I just received phone call is all from man asking for you. He says he is called Stoick" North explained to him.

Hiccup was shocked for moment. When he sent his dad a letter, he had included North's business phone to reach him by just in case he decided to contact him. However, he had sent the letter awhile ago and had given up that his dad was interested in calling him.

"Who is this Stoick man?" North asked him as he leaned back in the chair and folded his hands together.

"My..my dad," Hiccup answered him.

"What?! You have father? Why are you here then?" Stoick asked him in surprise since most of the people that he hosted had been orphans.

Not really wanting to explain to North the whole truth, Hiccup briefly explained as he turned his attention back to the silverware, "My...my dad and I had a really big fight. After which, he kicked me out of our houseâ€¦ I thought he never wanted to see me again."

North relaxed a bit more as he understood vaguely what had transpired. After a moment he looked up at Hiccup with a soft expression and told him, "You know Hiccup. Families fight all the time. And it is unfortunate that ones we love most often hurt us most. But...once anger is gone, what is left is still love. Because the bond between parent and child is hard to break." He sat up straight and in a much more serious expression said, "You go call him back, Hiccup. You must make up with your father, because he misses you very much," he patted his gut as he jovially said, "I feel it in my belly."

Hiccup smiled at the giant bearded man. He really was a wise person and cared about people a lot. He probably should have spoken to him weeks ago about his problems. But he made up his mind and told him, "Alright North. I'll call him."

"Good boy," North responded as he smiled warmly at Hiccup. He patted him gently on the shoulder as he said, "Now I must go back and work. I wish you warm luck."

Hiccup smiled at the expression and went back to his task. He would at least finish that up before he called his dad. But anxiety started to creep up on him. What would his father say? Was he truly sorry about what happened? What if he was really mad at Hiccup for disappearing for months without a word? Hiccup obviously didn't have children, but he could imagine how worried his dad must have been about him. At the same time, his dad was the one who kicked him out. Butâ€¦Hiccup should have at least sent the letter sooner. Geez, he felt so conflicted.

Still, he stayed true to his decision to call him. After he finished with his list, he returned into the basement to find Bunny making dinner. He was standing at the counter chopping vegetables when Hiccup walked in. The kids were home from school and playing their games around the house.

"Hey, Bunny. Can I borrow the phone?" Hiccup asked him politely.

"Of course, mate." He pulled the phone out of his back pocket and tossed it to Hiccup before returning to his vegetable

chopping.

Hiccup retreated to the bedroom so he could make the call in private; however, he encountered Jack lying on the bed while reading a book.

Hiccup stopped in the doorway when he saw Jack, not really sure what to do. Jack paused from his reading and peeked over his book to see who he had heard approach. When he realized it was Hiccup, he quickly put the book down and stood up to walk over to him.

"Hey...Hic. I, uh, was hoping you would turn up soon," he said halfheartedly but still put on a smile to hide his insincerity.

Hiccup closed the door behind him and leaned against it crossing his arms as he said, "Yeah...Toothless said you wanted to talk to me."

"Mhmâ€¦.about that." Jack rubbed his arm nervously for a moment and then continued. "I just needed to apologize to you about last night. I pressured you into drinking too much and I-" he broke off as he struggled to formulate words. Hiccup put up an eyebrow as he waited for him to speak. Eventually he continued, "You don't remember, but I kissed you after a while. And I took it too far. I'm such an asshole and I'm so sorry." He hung his head in shame as he found it difficult to look directly at Hiccup for fear of his reaction.

Hiccup obviously knew all of this already, so he decided to come clean as well. "I'm sorry too, Jack. I lied to you earlier. I do remember everything that happened." At that, Jack looked up at him surprised. Hiccup quickly resumed his explanation, "I'm sorry I lied to you. But please don't blame yourself, I was as much a part of it as you were-"

"No..no you weren't," Jack interrupted while shaking his head, "You were a lot more drunk than I was and it wasn't right for me to do that when you weren't in the right mindset."

Hiccup was impressed at his noble response. He moved on to the next thing he wanted to know, "What did Toothless say to you when you went outside?"

Jack took a deep breath as he recalled the discussion for the umpteenth time. "He basically told me what I just told you. That it was really wrong to move so quickly when you were drunk. Especially since you're so innocent-"

"He said I'm what?" Hiccup asked taken aback by the unforeseen adjective.

Jack scratched his head and backtracked, "Well, he didn't say innocent exactly. Just that you are inexperienced and wouldn't have done what we did if it weren't for the alcohol. Which...I am really sorry about..."

Hiccup had tuned him out a little. Toothless thought he was...prude? He had difficulty thinking of a fitting description for himself based on Jack's explanation. But words like prude, innocent, naive, and childish all came to mind. Why would he think Hiccup wasn't willing

to be more...intimate? Of course he wanted to. He was eighteen for fuck's sake and had gone most of his life without so much as kissing somebody.

Jack jolted him out of his thoughts when he hesitantly asked, "Soâ€¦are we good then?"

Hiccup smiled at him and walked closer as he answered in a low voice, "Yeah...we're good." Then he kissed him gently on the lips. It only lasted a couple of seconds before he pulled away. Jack's eyes were half-closed as he looked back at him. He started to move forward again when Hiccup stopped him with a hand against his chest. "But, uh, I actually came in here to call my dadâ€¦"

Jack instantly grew attentive again as he asked curiously, "Your dad?"

"Yup. I sent him a letter awhile back telling him I was okay and left North's number in case he wanted to contact me. And he did, apparently. So I'm going to call him back," he explained in one breath.

Jack looked surprised at what seemed to be positive news between Hiccup and his dad. "Well...that's really good then, right? You can try and work it out with him," he said encouragingly.

"Mm, well I'll definitely try," Hiccup replied a little doubtful.

"You will, Hic. I know you deny it, but you're surprisingly good at talking to people...well...at least ones you know and care about," he reassured him as he remembered the many occasions Hiccup had fumbled or spilled something when interacting with patrons at the club. Although, he was still confident Hiccup could patch things up with his father.

"You really think so?" Hiccup asked him doubtfully.

"Of course, Hic. Besides, from what you told me and Toothless, you and your dad just had a fight and a strained relationship. At least your dad isn't messed up like mine or Toothless's parents," he explained to him.

Hiccup gave him a bit of an inquisitive look and Jack quickly changed the subject as he patted his hands against his hips anxiously, "Anyway...I think everything will be fine. No worries." He put on an encouraging smile and then walked back over to the bed to lie down and resume his reading.

Hiccup went and sat down on the opposite edge of the bed and hesitated for a moment before he punched in the numbers to his father's cell phone number. Hiccup slowly put the phone to ear and waited for someone to answer.

He anxiously waited through four rings and expected the phone to go to voicemail when he heard the deep voice of his father answer, "Hello?"

Hiccup tried his best to keep his voice from shaking as he replied, "I, uh, hi dadâ€¦It's me."

There was a short pause that seemed to last centuries to Hiccup. But eventually his father responded, "Hiccup? I...How are you, son?"

Hiccup felt relief flood through him when he heard his father address him as his son again. This seemed to be a good sign that he really was calling to make amends.

"I'm fine, dad. Really good, actually...How are you?" he asked a little fearful of what the response would be.

"Well..fine. Butâ€¦I called because I was wondering if we could meet somewhere to talk. This conversation might be better if we had it in person," Stoick said to Hiccup.

Hiccup felt apprehensive about the idea. He was afraid that he still disapproved of him and might either try and change him or force him to come home. Neither of which, he wanted to do. But there was no way he could deny his request after he took the time to call him in the first place.

"Yeah, dad. That sounds good...How about Rosie's diner on Washington and 5th street?" he asked naming a diner that was in relative walking distance to where he was at.

"Why all the way out there?" his dad asked curiously.

"Because I live out here now and I don't have a car," he explained to his dad. Technically, North had a car. But they avoided using it unless absolutely necessary. Hiccup continued setting up the reunion, "What about tomorrow? Around four?"

"Uhm..sure. I can do that. I'll see you tomorrow then," he answered.

"Good...see you tomorrow," Hiccup said before he hung up.

Hiccup stared at the phone's blinking screen for a moment until Jack broke the silence, "Well, that went well then."

"Yeahâ€¦" Hiccup said softly. His back was to Jack and he continued to stare at the phone in his hand.

"Are you okay?" Jack asked him out of concern.

"Oh! Uhm. Yeah, sorry." Hiccup turned to lie down alongside Jack before he continued, "I'm just worried about what he wants to talk about."

Jack laid his book open across his stomach and turned his head to look at him. "He probably just wants to apologize, Hic. His son disappeared for months because of something he did. I'm sure he just feels really bad about it," he said as he strummed the pages of his book with his thumb.

Hiccup sighed towards the ceiling, "Yeah I know. It's just...I'm afraid he's going to ask me to come back home."

"I see...well, Hic. You don't have to say yes. You're over eighteen

after all and are allowed to make your own choices. Just hear what he has to say and explain to him what you want to do. Just...don't cut him out. Be grateful you have a dad that wants you home," he said ending with a note of sadness entering his voice.

Hiccup turned his body so that he was lying on his side with his head resting in his arm. He looked at Jack a little concerned and asked him, "Are you alright?"

"Me? Yeah. I'm fine. Why you ask?" he said as he picked up his book again and stared at it blankly.

"...Nothing I guess." Hiccup got up to walk over to the wardrobe. He pulled his work clothes off the hangers and turned to go use the bathroom. "You going to work tonight?" he asked him to change the subject.

"Hm? Yeah. I'll be getting ready in a second," he answered back to him as he left the room.

Hiccup walked into the bathroom and changed out of his clothes. As he took off his pants, he brushed his fingers along the reddish scars that encircled his hip. The cuts had since closed up, but he could tell that marks would be around for a long time. He put on his shirt and tucked it in to hide them from view and then straightened his tie.

He almost didn't want tomorrow to come. He was afraid of facing his father again for the first time in months. He fixated on the notion that everything had a way of working itself out so he could elevate his mood slightly before he had to go upstairs.

14. Chapter 14

Kapitel 14

Hiccup was glad that all three of them were working tonight, because it gave him something to take his mind off of worrying about seeing his dad again. Jack had brightened up since Hiccup had last seen him and was engaged in his usual antics of playing pranks on the other employees and making bets with Hiccup and Toothless. For some reason, most people seemed to take a liking to Jack. It probably had to do with his unique ability to bring anyone out of the most negative of moods. He managed to do it with Toothless all the time.

Except that Hiccup couldn't help but notice Toothless seemed more reserved than usual, like he was preoccupied with something. He was unusually forgetful about what people ordered and seemed to talk even less than normal, which still isn't very much. Jack also seemed to be somewhat avoiding him, which to Hiccup meant that Toothless and him weren't past what happened the previous night.

He decided to take his chance when he saw Toothless signal to Jack that he was going on his break and Hiccup followed him out back after he checked up on his tables. They were all in the middle of eating and their drinks were full, so he figured he had a few minutes. He exited out the kitchen door to where they kept their trash. Since that night, Toothless avoided going out into the alley to smoke and opted instead for the enclosed trash area. The smell was much worse,

but the benefits outweighed the risks involved. When Hiccup walked outside he spotted him leaning against the wall smoking. The small light on the wall above him cast dark shadows around him but highlighted the plume of smoke that floated away from the cigarette in his hand.

"You alright, bud?" Hiccup asked him as he leaned next to him.

Toothless snorted as he replied, "You know, Hic. Every time I smoke doesn't mean that something is bothering me." He brought the cigarette to his lips and inhaled gently. Sometimes he just did it out of habit to get away from everyone.

"No...I know. That's not why I came out here," Hiccup responded. Toothless's eyes glanced over to him and Hiccup continued, "I just wanted to tell you that Jack talked to me."

Toothless turned his head to breathe the smoke away from Hiccup before he responded, "Good. Part of me thought he wasn't going to." He reverted his eyes so that he was staring blankly in front of him again.

Hiccup was still really confused about what had happened between Jack and Toothless. After having spoken with Jack, it didn't clear anything up at all like Toothless said it would. So he told him, "I...I don't think it was fair of you to blame Jack for everything. It wasn't just him, you know. How did you even know that I wasn't the one who started it?" He looked over at Toothless to gauge his reaction. His face was expressionless as he took one last drag on the cigarette and turned away from Hiccup to exhale again before he dropped the short stub into the dirt.

Finally, he responded while staring at the ground with his hands in his pockets and shrugging his shoulders, "I didn't. I...just...saw you there with the empty bottle and... I got flashes. It brought back memories and...I freaked out." He exhaled slowly and looked down to where he dropped his cigarette butt and crushed it with his shoe. "I just figured it wasn't you because I've never seen you act like that before."

"Like what?" Hiccup asked him starting to get defensive.

Toothless smiled wryly and turned his eyes back to Hiccup, which appeared intensely dark instead of their bright shade of green in the low light. "Come on, you always stop me, Hic. I just figured you weren't willing to go that far, which is fine. I get it." He turned his focus back to an invisible spot in front of him as he continued in a low voice, "And seeing you like that all of a sudden...made me see Jack like...someone who had done the same to me."

It made more sense to Hiccup now. To confirm his assumption, he stated quietly, "You thought he was going to rape me."

Toothless nodded slowly. Then he turned his body to face Hiccup with a much softer expression and his palms facing forward before saying, "I overreacted and I'm sorry. I'll apologize to Jack too. It's justâ€¦" he continued in a softer voice, "I don't want you to feel pressured or forced into anything you're not ready forâ€¦I don't ****ever**** want you to feel like I did..."

He was just too much for Hiccup right now. Hiccup quickly reached up with both hands to angle Toothless's face down as he pushed himself up to meet his. Hiccup moved his lips slowly against his for a moment and Toothless rested his hands on Hiccup's hips as Hiccup leaned his weight into him. After a while, Hiccup pulled his face away to look up at him. Toothless's eyes were half-closed and he was smiling a little as a result of Hiccup's sudden affection. Hiccup couldn't help but tell him softly, "You're honestly the most beautiful person I've ever met."

Toothless gave a silent laugh and pushed Hiccup gently off him. "Now you're the one overreacting," he said to him.

"I'm being serious," Hiccup said with a completely straight face.

Toothless looked up in his eyes again and asked, "Well what makes you say that then?"

Hiccup grinned at him incredulously as he said, "First off, do you not look in the mirror?"

"Not really," Toothless responded even though Hiccup had meant it as a rhetorical question. He honestly did have a weird relationship with mirrors and generally avoided them.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow at his response, but brushed off what he said and reached out to grab his hand gently. "Hey. You were the one who told me that I'm able to 'see people' and whatnot," he told him imitating Toothless's voice when he quoted him.

Toothless looked down at Hiccup's hand holding his own and then asked half cynically and half curiously, "Well, what do you see in me then?"

"Youâ€¦" Hiccup scratched his head as he had to think for a minute in order to put his thoughts into words, "You...carry a...brokenness in you...but somehow at the same time emit this...vulnerability...this emotional hopefulness. I feel it every time you smile. Like, literally feel it. It's amazing, really...I've never seen somebody like you before," he said as he watched Toothless's profile.

Toothless smiled coyly at the ground before looking up to Hiccup. Hiccup saw his eyes glitter in the faint glow of the light and had to resist kissing him again. But Toothless said to him, "I think you were the one that did that to me."

"Did what?" Hiccup asked.

"Made me hopeful again."

Hiccup smiled broadly and pushed himself up against Toothless for the second time that night. Toothless kissed him back even though he couldn't keep himself from grinning as he did so. Hiccup just felt so overwhelmed with emotion that he thought his heart had swelled to the size of a melon.

He threaded his fingers through Toothless's hair and relished in the

feeling of his lips against his own. Since he had recently smoked, he no longer tasted like cinnamon. But it was something Hiccup was willing to ignore. He felt as Toothless placed his hands onto the small of his back and pulled him firmly against him. He was so warm and Hiccup seriously thought he was about to explode from the pure bliss of simply being with him.

But Hiccup felt Toothless abruptly push him away only a split second before the metal door opened.

"Oi, Hiccup!" Jack balanced on the edge of the step and leaned forward while holding onto the door frame. "Your tables are asking where you are and I think one just left without paying."

"Oh, crap." Hiccup ran past Jack and towards the open area of the club as he quickly tried to fabricate an excuse to tell them about why he was gone so long. He settled on kitchen fire.

Jack glanced over at Toothless as he was leaning against the wall. "Why do you look so happy all of a sudden?" he asked him mischievously as he had one eyebrow raised.

Toothless laughed a little and simply said, "Nothing. Don't worry about it."

That wasn't enough for Jack. He crossed his arms and leaned against the door frame with the same expression on his face while he waited for an explanation from Toothless.

Toothless stood up straight and scratched his arm before he said, "But I, ehm, wanted to apologize to you actually."

"What? Why?" Jack asked as he also straightened up attentively.

"Because I overreacted and said stuff to you I shouldn't have. I'm really sorry about that," he admitted while looking off to the side.

Jack was initially taken aback that Toothless would apologize to him. But then he gave a half-smile and accepted Toothless's apology, "It's all good, bud. I'm sorry for blaming you forâ€¦ absolutely nothing," he said as he laughed to himself for somehow vaguely connecting Toothless to Anna breaking it off with him. He really could be dumb sometimes. But then he continued in a lower voice, "But...you were right in that I never own up to what happens or what I've doneâ€¦" His smile fell a little.

Toothless smiled a little at him and walked over to squeeze his forearm, "Let's get back inside, yeah?"

Jack's face brightened a little and followed him so they both could return to work.

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"What if he, like, thinks I'm just going through a phase and tries to degayitze me by locking me in a room with a hooker or something?" Hiccup asked frantically as he was being pushed towards the front door by Jack. Toothless was walking alongside him and laughing at Hiccup's wild hysteria.

They had reached the door and Jack spun Hiccup around so he could grasp his shoulders and shake him firmly as he said laughing, "Hiccup! It'll-be-alright. Your dad just wants to talk to you, not put you in chains and lock you up for eternity."

"But- but-" Hiccup started to say when Jack smacked him upside the head. Not enough to injure him but enough to make it sting. "Owwah..." he said rubbing his skull with one eye closed.

Toothless eventually interjected, "Did you want one of us to come with you, Hic?"

At first Hiccup felt relieved at the thought of having someone go with him, especially if it could have been Jack. His uplifting and charming nature would have a positive effect on the situation, but Hiccup decided against it since it felt like something he had to do himself.

"No...no. I'll go. I'll just walk in, talk to him, and then leave. Yeah. Great." He opened the door and was surprised when a gust of chilly air flew into the room. "Holy crap!" he exclaimed as he slammed the door closed. "I-I need my jacket. Yeah. Be right back," he said as he strode back down the hall to fetch his leather jacket and a zip-up hoodie from their room. It was barely even October yet, but the weather where they lived had a habit of bouncing around during the change of the seasons.

He put both of the articles of clothing on and reemerged into the living room. Toothless rolled his eyes a little, but Jack suddenly looked a little sullen.

"What?" Hiccup asked frightened by Jack's random change in demeanor.

Jack snapped back to attention and said, "Nothing Hiccup, just go already! You'll be fine." He flashed him an encouraging smile and opened the door so he could leave. Hiccup quickly left before he could change his mind again.

The air was pretty chilly, but the humidity and wind only intensified the feeling. Hiccup walked through the streets hugging himself since his body wasn't quite used to the cold yet. It usually took him about a month before he forgot what it felt like to walk out into an oven and accepted that the world was temporarily a refrigerator and/or freezer.

He walked for about fifteen minutes until he rounded a corner and saw the diner down the street. It was placed on a corner and had that old 1950's feel to it. The building was paneled with aluminum and the neon sign displaying the restaurant's name stood tall alongside it. It was a bit of a historical restaurant since it had been around so long. The series of owners had kept it up pretty well and he heard the food was good too.

Hiccup crossed the street and walked across the small parking lot before he reached the front door. The inside of the building was also very retro. The checkerboard floor was covered with red and silver booths and a soda bar was placed along one side of the building. An old vintage juke box stood on the far wall between the bathrooms while the walls were covered with antique pictures. Since it was almost dinnertime, the joint was pretty hoppin.

After a moment of scanning the area, he spotted his dad sitting in a booth in the far corner of the restaurant. Hiccup hesitated for a second, but quickly gathered up the courage to walk over to him. Stoick looked up as Hiccup approached and, before Hiccup realized it, he had briskly stood up and pulled Hiccup into a warm hug. Hiccup was taken aback since his dad never was a man for hugging or public affection for that matter. But he returned the gesture and wrapped his arms as much as he could around his giant father and tried to ignore the scratchiness of his mighty beard.

"Hiccup," his father said to him in a rumbling voice, "I'm so glad you came." Stoick let Hiccup go and pulled back so he could inspect the condition he was in. After being satisfied that his son was in one piece, he motioned for him to sit down at the table.

Almost immediately, their waitress came up to them dressed in the uniform of the establishment, which was extremely old school in that it consisted of a candy-striped dress complete with useless apron.

"Hi there! I'm Carrie and I'll be your waitress today. Is there anything I can get you to drink to start off with?" she asked in a rehearsed and cheery voice. Hiccup kind of resented waiting on tables, but he suddenly felt relieved that he didn't have to put up with the same type of humiliating conformism that this poor girl had to go through. At the very least, she should be allowed to wear normal clothes.

"Uh, just water for me," Hiccup told her and his dad ordered the same.

After she left, an awkward silence ensued. Hiccup just stared blankly at the table while he felt his father's eyes watching him in return. It was really stressful, because Hiccup wasn't sure whether he or his father should be the first one to speak. At the very least, he wanted an apology from his dad for kicking him out. The silence was long enough for Carrie to return with their waters.

"Alrighty then. Did you folks know what you would like to order?" she asked as she looked back and forth at the two of them.

"Not yet, miss. We're going to need a few more minutes," his father replied to her.

"No problem. I'll come back in a little while," she said as she turned to go check on her other tables.

After she left, his father finally broke the silence. "So! Uhh, how are you doing now Hiccup? Where are you staying?"

Hiccup then briefly explained to him how he ended up at The Guardians, conveniently leaving out all information about him getting

mugged, and then explained his current living situation, also leaving out the fact that he shared a room with two other guys, both of whom he had kissed.

After hearing his explanation, his father clarified, "So...You work doing what exactly?"

"I'm just a waiter in the club North owns. I work for low wages, but in exchange he gives us room and board, and the extra work I do helps out some of the orphaned children there," he said and then took a sip of water.

"Oh thank the gods," Stoick said as he placed a hand over his brow, "I was so afraid you had wandered into prostitution."

Hiccup unintentionally spit out the sip he took into his hand, which he had moved to try and block the spray that ensued, and just stared at his dad in complete incredulity.

But suddenly, Carrie returned before Hiccup could say anything and he wiped his hand on his napkin.

"Were ya'll ready yet?" she asked them both politely with a hint of a southern accent.

Hiccup realized he didn't even look at the menu; however, he wasn't sure if he even had an appetite at the moment. But it was an all-American diner and just so she would go away he said while continuing to stare at his father, "I'll just get a burger."

"Yes, I'll do the same," his father responded.

"How would you like that cooked?" she asked as she scribbled down the simple order onto her pad.

"Uh, medium-rare," Hiccup replied.

"Rare for me, miss," Stoick said.

"Would you like french fries, onion rings, or a salad to go with it?" she continued on her cheery script.

"Just fries," his dad said.

"Salad for me," Hiccup said.

"Alrighty, what kind of dressing would you like with that? We have ranch, low-fat ranch, Italian, honey mustard, blue cheese—." she prattled off while looking up into the ceiling.

Hiccup wanted to bang his head against the table. "I don't care...ranch is fine," he said curtly.

"Oook then. I'll go put the order in and be back shortly," she said as she pivoted to finally leave them alone.

After she was out of earshot Hiccup turned his attention back onto his father. "You thought I was doing ****what?!****" he asked still in shock of his father's expectations of him.

"No. No, Hiccup. Let me explain," he said as he folded his hands on the table. Hiccup leaned back in the booth but continued to gape at him. "After you left and I calmed down plenty. I started to really worry about you. I did a lot of research online about...you know...and found that a lot of gay teenagers turn to prostitution, gangs, or drugs to get by. And many commit suicide...I was so afraid that you had fallen into such travestiesâ€¦" he trailed off but continued to look directly at Hiccup. He continued his speech a moment later, which he must have rehearsed a thousand times, "I'm truly sorry about everything, Hiccup. I was completely out of line and should have probably turned myself in to the police for what I did to you." He shook his head in shame and regret before he continued, " Butâ€¦in the end, you are always and forever my son. I was a lousy parent for ever forgetting that..." his voice caught in his throat and Hiccup thought he saw his father's eyes glaze over a little bit.

While he had expected an apology, he didn't expect his father, who he had never seen cry a day in his life, actually get teary about Hiccup. He was also extremely impressed that his dad had done research on the subject.

But after seeing his father's obvious distress, Hiccup reached out to place one of his hands over his father's two gigantic ones. "I'm sorry too, dad. I shouldn't have waited so long to send you that letter-"

"No, Hiccup," his father crudely interrupted him as he raised a hand. "You did absolutely nothing wrong. This was all ****my**** fault. I should have been a better father."

The sincerity in his voice was nearly tangible. And Hiccup couldn't help but smile a little at him. After a moment he finally found words his father had probably been dying to hear, "I forgive you, dad. Really, I do."

Stoick's face brightened at the reassurance that his son didn't hate him forever. "Would...would you be willing to come back home then, son? I've been missing you like the dickens."

Shit. The question he was hoping to avoid. He looked off to the side as he still wasn't sure of his decision. Fortunately, this time, Carrie returned to disrupt the awkward silence.

"Ok then, I have a medium-rare burger and salad for you," she put the plate down in front of Hiccup, "And a rare burger with fries for you," she put Stoick's plate in front of him as well. "Is there anything else you need?" she asked expectantly.

"Uhm, no. I think we're all set here," Stoick responded.

"Alright, enjoy your food!" she exclaimed as she rushed away.

Hiccup picked at his salad for a moment but he noticed out of the corner of his eye that his dad wasn't touching his food as he was waiting for Hiccup's answer.

"Iâ€¦I don't know, dad. I'm really, really happy where I am now and I feel like I'm making a difference for someone," he said in reference to Anna and her siblings, but at the same time secretly

thinking of himself and, particularly, Toothless.

Stoick looked so crestfallen that Hiccup felt a pang strike through his chest at the sight. He never realized how much his dad cared about him and he felt like the most terrible person ever to have just crushed his spirit. Hiccup tried to recover the situation, "But...I guess if you still wanted to train me to help out at the garageâ€¦I wouldn't mind coming by a few times a week."

Stoick's face brightened at the prospect of his son actually willingly suggesting he teach him a mechanical skill. Hiccup saw his mustache perk up as he smiled a little at him. "I would really like that, Hiccup."

Hiccup smiled back at him and started eating his burger. His father did the same.

After the initial conversation, they engaged in more lighthearted topics as they ate. Stoick asked Hiccup if he's spoken to Astrid, Hiccup asked how work was, etc. etc.

Hiccup's dad paid the bill and Hiccup walked with him out the car. Stoick hesitated before approaching it and turned to face Hiccup. "Did you want to ride home and get anything of yours? I'd feel better if you at least had your old cell phoneâ€¦you know...so it's easier for me to call you. I'll pay the bill still and-"

"Yeah, dad, that's a good idea," Hiccup said as he smiled at him, which caused Stoick to smile at him in relief. The trip would at least give him more time to spend with his son.

They continued their casual conversation in the car until they drove up to Hiccup's old house. A wave of nostalgia suddenly hit him and he suddenly regretted not moving back in with his father. But the feeling of wanting to stay at The Guardian's was much stronger.

He walked around his old room and inhaled the familiar smell. Not a bad smell, just his natural scent. He missed the green walls, his bed, and the things that reminded him of his family, especially his mom. He had never met his mother, but he liked seeing her in old photos. It felt as though he actually knew her.

His father had given him some time to gather a few things, which after rummaging around, he starting throwing things haphazardly into a duffel bag. He grabbed his cell phone like his father asked along with some of his winter clothes, a few of his old sketchbooks, some photos, a pair of boots, his handheld game system, and a hat. He figured that if he really needed something else, he could always come back.

He trudged back downstairs with his pack and his father was waiting for him on the couch. The orange sunlight beamed through the windows as it was starting to set. Stoick looked up as Hiccup walked in and they both left together.

Hiccup directed his father to the club where he lived and worked and told him where he could temporarily park his car as the city had enforced parking on the street.

"Did you want to come in for a minute?" Hiccup asked him a little

uncertainly.

"Sure," his father nodded to him. Hiccup was certain he was curious about where he was staying.

They got out of the car and Hiccup grabbed his bag before leading his father down the metal staircase and into the basement.

"Hello?" he called as he pushed open the door. He wasn't entirely sure if anyone was prepared for company as it was almost time for most everyone to go upstairs. But, sure enough, at the sound of his voice, he saw Jack round the corner in his slacks and dress shirt.

He was straightening his tie when he looked up and saw Hiccup's dad. His eyes widened a little in surprise, but he flashed him his brilliant smile and strode forth confidently to shake Stoick's hand.

"You must be Hiccup's dad. My name's Jack and...uh...welcome to our place of living I guess," he said humbly in reference to their non-standard arrangement.

Stoick firmly shook Jack's hand and asked as he looked around, "How many people live here anyway?"

Jack pondered for a moment and then said while counting on his fingers, "Eight kids, Bunny, myself, Hiccup, Luka, Anna, and Sandy." Hiccup found it a little odd whenever Jack used Toothless's real name since he wasn't used to hearing it, he wondered why he chose it now.

"Hm, little cramped then huh?" Stoick responded a little humorously and little skeptically.

Jack rubbed the back of his head, "Yeah...but we make it work. It's kinda nice having everyone around all the time, actually. We're like our own weird little family." He laughed a little to bring up the mood. "But uh, let me go get everyone else. I'm sure they wouldn't mind meeting you as well. The kids are all in bed though, so I'll leave them alone," he said as he strode off.

"Nice guy," his dad commented after Jack was out of earshot.

"Yeah, they all are," Hiccup replied and glad that Jack was the first one he met.

After a minute, the others emerged from within the winding hallway and came forward to meet Hiccup's dad. Hiccup never told anyone else why he left home, but he hoped that no one would assume his dad was a terrible person for Hiccup to not want to go back.

He was relieved to find that everyone treated Stoick warmly and seemed happy he was there. Hiccup could tell his dad was reassured to know that his son was surrounded by good people and not gangsters or pimps like he seemed to have previously thought.

Hiccup was also surprised when even Toothless greeted his dad with a smile on his face. The sight of the two of them next to each other was a little strange. Hiccup was tall, he knew he was a little over

six feet (183 cm), but he also knew that Toothless had a good four inches or so on him (10 cm) as Hiccup's eyes only came up to his mouth. Standing next to his father, they were the same height. But Stoick's massive breadth made Toothless look like a plank.

"And you must be Luka?" his father asked as he was having trouble keeping all the names straight.

Toothless's eyes flickered over to Jack and Hiccup in the assumption they had previously introduced him without him being there.

"Yeah," Toothless said as his smile faded from his face from a stranger using his real name.

"Most of you here have interesting names then," his dad chuckled.

Toothless's brow furrowed in response to the man who named his son after a bodily reaction calling his name weird.

"I guess you can say that," he said a little more darkly.

"Soo...ahaâ€¦.it was really great to meet you Mr. Haddock. But we are actually just about to head upstairs to set up," Jack interjected cheerfully trying to divert attention away from Toothless's directness.

"Oh, right, of course," Hiccup's dad said as he felt the awkwardness of intruding.

"We'll see each other soon though, dad," Hiccup told him as he patted him on the shoulder.

Stoick smiled at him and allowed Hiccup to walk him out. Hiccup gave him a hug and Stoick thanked him for letting him see where he was staying. Hiccup promised to keep in touch with him and waved as he left for his car.

When he walked back in, everyone else had returned to what they were previously doing. Hiccup walked into his room to change into his work clothes. Jack was lying on the bed with his arms under his head and Toothless was putting his tie on. Hiccup seemed to walk into the middle of their conversation.

"Can you just not do it, please?" Toothless asked Jack a little angrily.

"Honestly, what's the big deal? It's just your name-" Jack started to retort.

"Look, I don't want random people knowing what it is, alright?" he said while shooting a glare at him.

"He's not random, he's Hiccup's dad. And I wanted to give him a good impression of us. Toothless sounds like it could be a thug name or something," Jack said as he bounced his foot which was resting across one knee.

"Just...cut it out Jack...seriously," he ordered as he turned to

leave the room. He stopped when he saw Hiccup and smiled a little at him as he squeezed his shoulder in positive recognition of squaring things away with his dad and left the room.

"I never know what the hell his problem is," Jack said annoyed as he continued to bounce his foot.

Hiccup sighed and replied, "Just do what he asks, Jack. It's not like he asks you for much."

Jack made a face in stubborn acceptance of what Hiccup said and got up to leave as well. Before going he said in a more serious tone, "I'm glad everything worked out between you and your dad."

Hiccup smiled, "Yeah, me too."

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The rest of the night carried on like usual, except for the cold snap outside. It put a damper on Jack's mood as the first signs of winter always did. He used to love winter, it was his favorite season on the planet because he could build snowmen, go sledding, snowboard, have snowball fights, and go ice skating. But now it always made him depressed.

Hiccup was too overjoyed and relieved to notice Jack's unusual mood and Toothless was still sore at Jack for arguing with him. So Jack sluggishly drudged through the night as he couldn't wait for it to be over. Eventually, they all retreated back downstairs and went to sleep.

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Jack! Jaaack!

"Jack let's go!" his sister complained as she pulled him out the front door by the arm.

"You two be careful!" his mom yelled at them from inside the house.

Jack smiled over at her as he said, "Don't worry, we will." And he let his sister lead him outside.

He always loved spending time with her and teaching her new things. This year she had been bugging him to show her how to ice skate, so he led her to one of the ponds a bit of a ways into the forest. He showed her how to put her skates on and she giggled as he tickled her feet while doing so.

"Come on, show me how!" she said as she awkwardly stumbled her way onto the pond.

Jack laughed, "Hang on, Sarah. Watch me first." He pulled on his skates and skated along the edge of the pond as she watched him in childlike awe. He glided back over to her and held out one of his

hands, which she took excitedly.

He led her around the perimeter of the pond for a while and showed her the basics. She was nervous at first, but gradually grew more confident the more they moved. Eventually Jack let her practice on her own so he could go faster. He loved being able to glide around the ice like a spirit, it made him feel free. He wasn't bad at it either, he had even learned how to skate backwards.

Suddenly he heard a sound that made his heart stop. He froze where he was and turned around to find Sarah. She had moved away from the edge of the pond and into the very center. He could hear the ice starting to give underneath her and fear was growing in her eyes.

"Jack!" she cried out as she recognized the sound and was too afraid to move.

Jack took off his skates and scooted on one knee closer to her. "It-it's ok. Don't be afraid. Just don't look down. Look at me," he said trying to distract her.

"Jack...I'm scared." The ice started flowering out in fissures underneath her as she spoke.

Jack took a step towards her and felt the ice crack under his much larger weight. He winced at the sound but tried to put on a brave face for her, "I know, I know. But it's going to be alright. You're not going to fall in." He heard another crack and he tried to distract her, "Uhh...we're going to have a little fun instead!"

"No we're not!" she cried out at him.

"Would I trick you?" he asked mischievously.

"Yes! You always play tricks!" she yelled at him.

He continued scooting closer to her despite the cracking and chuckled in spite of his fear, "Well, well, not this time. I promise. I promise you're going to be fine. You have to believe in me."

Sarah took a breath as she grew hopeful of her brother.

Suddenly an idea came to his head, "You wanna play a game? We're gonna play hopscotch! Like we play every day. It's as easy as one..." he took a small hop onto the thicker ice and winced as he still heard it give, "two!" he took another hop and waved his arms comically trying to keep his balance. His sister laughed at his antics. "three!" he finished as he landed on a much thicker, safer patch of ice.

"Now you," he encouraged her. He started to count, "one!" she took a small step towards him. "two!" she took another small step.

The ice gave way before he could reach three. He watched as his sister fell through the ice and struggled perilously to pull herself up.

Jack's memory started to fail him after that. It happened so fast. All he could remember was crying uncontrollably and calling to her, trying to reach her. And screaming...so much screaming. But what

stood out the most in his mind were her eyesâ€¦.so full of fear and desperation, despair...those eyes never left him.

They haunted his mind's eye and were the last thing he saw before he woke from his nightmare.

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Jack jolted up in bed panting and realized only then that tears were streaming in waves down his face. His whole body was shivering uncontrollably and he bit down on his lip to try and force himself into the present. He had the dream again. It seemed to emerge a couple times when the weather turned cold, but he didn't expect it to come up tonight since it was barely October. The memory pained him and felt like an arrow had burrowed deep into his chest.

He collapsed into his knees and sobbed as quietly as could. He didn't want to wake Hiccup or Toothless. He didn't want them to see him like this.

He didn't want anyone to know what he had done. It was his fault...all his faultâ€¦

After a while, his tears had run dry and his breathing came back to a normal pace. He let go of his knees and gingerly laid back down again. But he still felt so empty and his chest hurt so muchâ€¦

He moved closer to Hiccup, whose back was facing him, and curled himself up against him. He wrapped an arm around Hiccup's middle and hugged him tightly. He needed someone near him to try and fill the gaping hole in his heart. He could see Toothless lying on his back on the other side of Hiccup. His chest gently rising and falling with each even breath he took. Jack felt a little warmth flourish in his chest as he felt the security of having them near. Never before had he been so thankful to have the both of them there.

Hiccup stirred slightly at Jack's movement, but instantly relaxed again in his sleep. Jack buried his face into his back and silently sobbed until sleep overtook him again.

* * *

><p>Right. In. The. Feels.

Please don't hate me.

15. Chapter 15

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Kapitel 15

"You know, I never expected you to be interested in that of all things," Stoick said to Hiccup as he was in the process of building a desk. Turns out, he really took a liking to furniture crafting and has been working on this desk for the past several weeks. He figured he could have it done by the end of October.

Hiccup turned his head to smile at his father's comment and returned

to attaching the tracks for the drawers to slide on. "Me neither. But at least I'm good at something useful right?" he casually joked.

Stoick heard the trademark ding sound that signaled someone had entered the main shop. Stoick ruffled Hiccup's hair before he turned around to greet the person who walked in.

Hiccup had been coming to his dad's shop since he had met with him several weeks ago. The shop was located on the edge of the city on the border of Berk. His dad had shown him how to use many of the tools, how to make basic repairs, and how certain mechanisms work. Hiccup never expected it, but he was fascinated by all of it. The idea of taking something apart and then putting it back together and making it better was really entertaining to Hiccup and it gave him a noble sense of satisfaction. His artistry skills also gave him a knack for making stylistic touches in the woodwork. He wasn't an expert by any means, because he had no idea how to do upholstery or intricate designs; however, he hoped to learn in time. It was his newfound wish to help the Guardians by replacing some of their older pieces and making them more utilitarian. Right now, he was in the process of making a desk that could fit in their tiny room.

Stoick came back holding a vacuum and set it in their to-do pile. Since Hiccup has been helping him out with the easier fixes, Stoick has had more time to relax. "So! When do you think you'll be done with that thing?" he asked Hiccup in reference to the desk.

"Umâ€¦I mean if all goes well then sometime next week I think. I just have to put the drawers on and make some finishing touches," he replied.

"Well, it's looking good so far Hiccup. I'm glad you actually enjoy coming down here," he said a little humorously.

Hiccup laughed as well, "Yeah me too." When he was younger, he never wanted to help his dad out in the shop. But since he lived at the Guardians, he grew to appreciate when people knew useful skills. He largely enjoyed learning from his dad because he wanted to learn a trade that could help them out as well.

Then his dad continued in a softer tone, "But really...I'm glad you like coming down here. It's good seeing you again."

Hiccup stopped what he was doing and looked over to his dad. He was leaning on a work table with his hands folded in front of him. His large beard always obscured the expression of his mouth, so Hiccup had learned largely to gauge emotions from his eyes. Right now, he looked very sincere.

Hiccup smiled at him and replied, "It's good seeing you too, dad."

Stoick shifted his weight and fidgeted a little nervously. Then he pulled up a chair next to Hiccup and sat next to him before saying, "But since you've been here, there is something I've been meaning to talk to you about."

Hiccup furrowed his brow a little skeptical of what his father was about to tell him. After an awkward pause Hiccup asked, "Uh, well,

what is it, dad?"

Stoick exhaled deeply and twiddled his thumbs together. Then he said, "Well, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to, but I know you live with at least three other boys close to your age and work in a club right above you. I just wanted to make sure you know how to be safe."

Hiccup sighed and leaned back in his chair to look at the ceiling. He could feel the warmth rising in his face after realizing where this conversation was going. Still gazing upwards, he responded, "Dad are we really doing this again? You already gave me the sex talk years ago." And he didn't enjoy it one bit, which he intentionally left out of his response.

"Yeah, for girls," his dad retorted.

Hiccup placed a hand over eyes to block out the light and said, "It's essentially the same, dad. Except that no one gets pregnant."

"But you still need to wear a condom," his dad said seriously.

Hiccup snorted, "Yeah, no duh."

"And use a lot of lubricant."

"Ohmygod." Hiccup felt his face grow even hotter so he leaned over his desk and put his head into his arms. Jack was right, that word is now eternally dirty. Even if it's used for something benign like cars or machinery. But it sounds even more awkward coming out of his dad's mouth.

Stoick chuckled at his son's embarrassment. He had accepted that being gay was not a foul thing as everyone had constantly told him when he was growing up. The reason Stoick came to that understanding was, initially, thanks to the prodding of his old friend, Gobber. Gobber encouraged him to at least read up on the subject before he passed judgement on his own son. And what Stoick found really surprised him. The science described it as natural and something one is born with, it existed in societies all over the planet and in most animal species, and the stereotypes of gay men just didn't hold up to reality. The other reason Stoick came to that understanding was that his son had always been his son. Who he was physically attracted to didn't change anything about his personality, interests, talents, or relationship with him. However, he did do more research on how to talk to one's child about having sex safely, gay or straight. And he just wanted to make sure he brought the differences to Hiccup's attention.

"I'm sorry, Hiccup. I just don't want you to get hurt. I mean, have youâ€|?" he trailed off a little concerned about his son's answer.

"No, dad," Hiccup's muffled voice annoyingly retorted into his arms.

Stoick sighed a little in relief that he had at least gotten to his son before he did something stupid. Then in a rush to just get it out there he said, "Alright then. Well, when you do, make sure to use a

water-based lube, or otherwise it'll break the condom, which is still important to prevent infection. And also make sure you go really slow, or else you have the risk of tearingâ€|"

Hiccup was half listening since he was just waiting for his dad's spiel to be over. He wished that he and his dad could have one of those relationships where they could chat about sex and just high-five each other later. But, Hiccup was embarrassed to talk about it period, let alone with his behemoth father, with whom he never had that kind of relationship.

"...do you understand then, Hiccup?" his dad finally finished. Hiccup kept his head in his arms, but still gave him a thumbs up to show he comprehended every uncomfortable detail his dad told him.

"Good, well I'll let you finish up what you're doing there and give you a ride home in a bit. Oh, and here," he said and Hiccup heard him set something on the table next to him and left to go into the main shop. Hiccup looked up after he had gone to see a box of condoms and a bottle of lube there.

"Fuckin A," he whispered at the sight. Did his dad think he was too dumb or scared to just go buy them himself? He sighed and picked them up to toss them into his backpack before he resumed what he was doing with the desk. Eventually he felt the heat drain out of his face.

The ride home was also incredibly awkward. His dad tried to make lighthearted conversation, but Hiccup had lost the desire to talk. After a while, his dad fell into silence. But Hiccup thought he saw his mustache perk up in a smile after he gave up talking.

Finally they arrived at the Guardians and Hiccup waved a goodbye before getting out of the car.

After he entered the basement, his thoughts were disrupted when he saw the four older kids running around Toothless as he was trying to get them to put on their coats. Jack walked out of the hallway carrying a bat, baseball, and several gloves.

Hiccup grinned at the sight of an annoyed Toothless simply tossing the coats onto the kids, who complied with his wishes after seeing the expression on his face. Hiccup then asked while still chuckling, "What's going on?"

"We're going to the park!" Pippa cried out excitedly as she threw up her arms.

"Yeah! Wanna come with us Hiccup?" Monty asked as he ran up to him.

Hiccup smiled since he couldn't turn down their enthusiasm. They still had a good several hours before work and it's been awhile since he went to the park. "Sure," he answered.

"Yayyy!" Pippa yelled as she ran to the door pulling Hiccup's arm with her. The little girl was remarkably strong for her size.

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When they reached the park Jack brought the kids to a clearing to teach them the basics of baseball. He had only brought enough gloves for the kids, so he just used his hands since the kids weren't really able to hit or throw that hard. But he showed them how to bat, catch, and throw the ball and then he practiced with them for a while.

Hiccup was especially tired since his day was so long, so he and Toothless went over to a tree to relax a little. Toothless sat against the trunk of the tree and Hiccup laid down perpendicular to him and rested his head in his lap. He reached over to take his sketchpad and pencil out of his backpack and started to draw the landscape of the park with his pad balanced on his knees in front of him.

The weather had continued to lose its summer heat and grow cooler. They all had to wear jackets or sweaters outside today, but it was still bearable. However the leaves were gorgeous. Hiccup loved autumn more than the other seasons because of it. The trees changed into flawless shades of red, orange, and yellow for a solid two weeks before they all fell. It always saddened him a little that the leaves weren't those colors all the time.

Toothless was absentmindedly playing with Hiccup's hair and dozing against the tree. But he broke the silence and asked Hiccup, "So what did you do at your dad's?"

"Same old. Worked on my project and helped him fix stuff," he said as he vaguely sketched Jack and the kids into the picture.

"What project?" he asked curiously.

"I'll show you eventually, if I don't mess it up first," Hiccup told him. But then a thought came to his mind, "Hey, when is your birthday anyway?" He realized the other day that Toothless had never shared when it was. Jack didn't even know. But Hiccup thought that whenever it is, he could build him something.

"The thirty-first of October," he said nonchalantly.

"No way!" Hiccup exclaimed and leaned up on his elbow to look at him. "That's next week! And it's Halloween!"

Toothless laughed a little and said, "Yeah, I know."

Hiccup laid his head back down and continued drawing. "You must have had really bad ass parties then if your birthday is on Halloween."

"I wouldn't really know. I never celebrated Halloween," he admitted.

"What?!" Hiccup leaned up for the second time to gape at Toothless, who laughed at his repetitive reaction. "Why not?"

"It's just not a thing where I'm from like it is here. My village was kind of small," he explained still smirking from Hiccup's expression.

"But you've been here for five years!" Hiccup exclaimed.

"Yeah...well...it wasn't really at the top of my priorities," Toothless admitted.

"Ah..." Hiccup forgot for a moment what Toothless meant. In fact, he has been doing that more often since Hiccup had found it hard to believe any misfortune had ever affected him. His personality had really started to shine through to the point that even other people had noticed.

But they've spoken about his past on several occasions because Hiccup had a few questions. Toothless had explained that Pitch wasn't horrible to him all the time like Hiccup had originally thought, in fact, he was really good to him mostly. He bought him things, treated him better than most everyone, and gave him a lot of responsibility despite his age. However, Toothless obviously could never forgive him despite all of that. Eventually, though, his preferential treatment caused a lot of internal discontent, which made Toothless paranoid of leaving the house. Benedikt finally convinced him to leave and live with North, but only because Toothless had thought Benedikt was going with him. Instead, Benedikt sort of tricked him and went back to Pitch. But Toothless had said it was because his brother could keep him better hidden that way. If they both left, Pitch would find them in a heartbeat.

After a moment, Jack left the kids to continue their game and ran over to check on the two of them.

"Hey! What were you yelling about?" he asked directing his question at Hiccup.

But Toothless answered for him, "My birthday is the thirty-first and Hiccup freaked out because I've never celebrated Halloween."

"What the hell is wrong with you!?" Jack yelled at him. "And how come you told Hiccup and not me?" he asked a little miffed remembering that Toothless refused to tell him when he asked about it.

Toothless laughed and replied, "I would have told you if you asked me now. Last year I just didn't like you."

"You're such a prick," Jack said smirking at Toothless since he had used the past tense. He put a hand on one of his hips and looked up into the tree as he thought for a moment, then he looked back down at Toothless. "We're going out then," he declared.

"What, are you going to take me trick-or-treating?" Toothless asked sarcastically since he knew they were a little old to do such a thing. He could easily save himself several hours and just buy a bag of candy.

"Nah, I dunno. I'll figure something out," Jack grinned at him slyly.

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They stayed for a while longer, but decided to return before the sun went down. Partly because Hiccup and Toothless had to get ready for work and partly because Toothless was paranoid of being outside at night, especially with the kids.

After Hiccup and Toothless left for upstairs, Jack didn't really know what to do with himself. He didn't want to hang out alone in the bedroom, so he grabbed one of Hiccup's video games and went to go lounge on the couch. As he had hoped, Bunny was bustling about as usual, but this time he was dressed in something that didn't make him look like a painter or a bouncer.

"Where are you off to?" Jack asked curiously.

"Got muhself a date," Bunny stated proudly as he finished ironing his blazer in the middle of the living room. He hung it up on one of the coat hooks and returned to fold up the ironing board.

"Oh really?" Jack grinned at him, "When did you ever find time in your itinerary to actually meet people?" he added sarcastically in reference to Bunny's constant scheduling.

"Ay. I have a life. You just don't pay attention to it," he retorted back at Jack. He turned around to face the hallway. "Ain't that right, Anna?" he asked as she walked in with her arms full of books and paper to go study at the kitchen table.

"What?" she asked obviously ignorant of the conversation she walked into.

Jack interrupted, "Nothing, nothing," he said as he didn't want Bunny to deflate Jack's character in front of her, even in a joking matter. His relationship with her on a friendship level was already strained. So he tried to change the subject, "Hey, what are you doing next week for Halloween?" Jack asked him.

"Ahh...I dunno. Why ya ask?" Bunny replied.

"Because it's Toothless's birthday and he's never celebrated Halloween before," Jack informed him.

"Oh come on, even I've done that," Bunny said in disbelief.

"He says he's never done it," Jack responded shrugging his shoulders.

"...Huh. Well I'll ask around and get back with ya," Bunny assured him. Jack smiled a thanks at him. Since Bunny was twenty-five and a generally cool guy, he often knew about the goings-ons in the city more so than Jack.

Jack sat down on the couch while Bunny put on his jacket and waved a farewell before heading off to meet his lady friend. Jack took out the game and turned it on.

But Anna interrupted his thoughts, "Luka really hasn't celebrated Halloween?" she asked in surprise.

"Nope. He's used to crazier shit like Oktoberfest and polka festivals probably," he replied while continuing to play the game.

"Oktoberfest yes, but I don't think polka festivals are considered national holidays," Anna corrected him.

"I know, I was just being sarcastic," Jack replied heatedly. He couldn't help but feel a little mad at her despite his accepting that they just weren't compatible. His emotions got the better of him sometimes and usually got him into trouble.

"Well...How is Luka? His back, I mean. I haven't seen it lately and it feels inappropriate to ask him about it," she admitted.

Jack paused the game and laid it down on his stomach. "It's fine, I guess. The scabs are basically closed up, but he's got a lot of scarring," he informed her. He honestly thought it looked kind of bad ass despite knowing how he got it. But that didn't stop him from understanding why Toothless always wanted to hide it.

"Yeah, I figured as much," she said as she drifted off. A moment of silence passed between them, which caused Jack to pick up the game again. She eventually voiced her thoughts, "He looks happier."

"Who does?" Jack asked confused by the random statement and distracted by the level he was on.

"Luka," she said annoyed that he wasn't listening to her.

"Oh...yeah I think he is too," Jack simply replied.

"How are ****you**** doing?" she asked him emphasizing the word 'you'.

"Me? I'm fine. Why do you ask?" he asked.

"You just seem distracted and more melancholy than usual," she told him.

Jack paused for a moment. What she said was true, but only when he wasn't doing something with someone else. When he was alone and not talking with anyone, he definitely felt himself fall into a colder and darker place in his mind. But he obviously didn't want to tell her that so he said, "Yeah, the end of summer kind of always bums me out."

"I see," she said almost sounding disappointed. "So you have no regrets about me then." she stated more than asked.

Jack felt as though he had fallen into a trap. "I..uh..I mean I'm sorry, Anna. I felt really bad for a while, but I got over it," he said while staring at the video game.

She gave him a sad smile and then turned around to go back to her work. He turned off the game and walked over to sit down next to

her.

"Look," he said in a low voice, "I'm sorry if I hurt you. But I guess I'm just not the kind of person you would want to be with." She turned to look into his icy blue eyes and he continued, "And maybe you're right. I probably do still have a lot of growing up to do," he admitted honestly, "But until then, you deserve to find someone that can actually make you happy," he finished while giving her a half-smile.

She smiled back at him and reached down to squeeze his hand indicating her forgiveness. Then she said gesturing to her books, "Anyways...I'm sorry Jack but I really have to get back to this."

"Anna. You need to do something fun sometimes," Jack told her mockingly.

"Not when I have giant exams every month I don't," she countered.

"How much studying does a hygienist even need?" Jack said as he was often overwhelmed by the amount of work she did.

"A lot, considering that I would like to be an actual dentist. I'm applying to the program in the school of dentistry," she said a little excitedly.

"Wow...well good for you then. Maybe you can even become an orthodontist," Jack told her encouragingly.

Anna laughed and said, "If wishes were fishes, Jack."

He smiled in response to her bell-like laugh and said, "But seriously, if we end up doing something for Halloween. You should take a break and come celebrate with us."

Anna considered it for a moment, which shocked Jack since he couldn't even fathom turning down Halloween for something boring like studying. But eventually she replied, "Alright, but only because I want to celebrate with Luka. We missed his birthday last year."

Jack smiled. "Deal." he said glad that she seemed to have forgiven him somewhat.

He left her to her studying and then went back over to the couch to play the game. Even though she wasn't talking to him, he liked having another person around. It kept him from turning his own mood sour.

Eventually, the night grew late and both he and she went off to bed. Jack walked into his room and changed into his flannel pants. It made him feel a little bad to be the only one out of the three to not wear a shirt. Since the 'incident' as they started referring to it by, Hiccup seemed shyer and more reserved than before. So both he and Toothless seemed conscious to keep themselves covered up, probably because they wanted to hide the scars Jack assumed.

He crawled into bed and did his very best to think of happy thoughts before he went to sleep. It seemed as though he succeeded because he

quickly fell into a deep sleep.

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Hiccup and Toothless were both exhausted when they got back. They didn't even talk to each other as they just groggily changed and collapsed into the mattress. Jack had recently taken up the habit of sleeping in the middle, even though he would scoot to the edge by morning and almost shove either Toothless or Hiccup off. Hiccup didn't seem to notice though, the boy slept like a stone.

Toothless, on the other hand, was no stranger to the sounds Jack made in his sleep sometimes.

It woke him up for the second time in a month. Last year he heard it as well, but wasn't sure how to react. But now the sound gave him a stabbing sensation in his chest.

Toothless turned over to see Jack lying on his back and his cheeks were wet from crying. But the thing that pained Toothless the most, was the screaming...or the lack thereof. It sounded like Jack was trying his absolute hardest to scream from within his dream but there was no sound escaping his throat except for the faint wheezing of compressed air. His body was shaking as he continued to strain against his voice box.

All Toothless wanted was to stop the horrific dream that continued to torment the white-haired boy. He turned over and pulled Jack into him, wrapping his arms securely around his back. Jack stopped trying to cry out as he slowly emerged from his nightmare. He woke up panting and it took him a moment to realize where he was and who was hugging him. Then Toothless felt as he clutched his shirt and buried his face into his chest.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry," he cried into Toothless's chest.

"Shhâ€¦shh...You're okâ€¦..you're okâ€¦." Toothless tried comforting him but was having trouble staying awake enough to do so. He kissed the top of Jack's head and groggily stroked his back hoping that Jack would calm down enough to fall back asleep.

"No it's not!" Jack murmured and Toothless felt him shake his head. The grief coming out of the normally cocky boy's voice made Toothless feel like a rock was lodged in his throat. He stayed silent and just held him while Jack let it all out. He's heard him do it before and figured that was just how he dealt with it. He felt Jack's body vigorously shake against him as he tried his best not to sob, but Toothless just continued to try and soothe him by rubbing his back gently.

Once he felt Jack's body start to relax, Toothless turned slightly to lie flat and took a deep breath. He had no idea what recurring dream was troubling Jack. He never bothered to ask him about it. But it felt horrible listening to him.

A moment later he felt Jack scoot closer to him and lay his head on the soft spot under Toothless's shoulder. He also wrapped an arm across Toothless's stomach and squeezed him a little.

Toothless turned his head to lightly kiss his forehead and whispered to him, "It's ok, Jack. Just go back to sleep."

Eventually he felt Jack's breathing slow enough to match his own and it was at that point he felt himself drift off again.

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The next morning, he was surprised to see that Jack had woken up first. Usually it was Toothless who got up the earliest to make the kids breakfast and walk them to the bus. He also didn't know how Jack had managed to climb over him without waking him up.

He got up and walked in the kitchen still in his pajamas to pour the kids some cereal and cut up a few apples. The basement was still quiet, since no one woke up for another hour. Toothless just liked to get the food ready first so he could take a shower. He yawned widely and scratched his head as he rounded the corner deciding it to be a better idea to pour a cup of coffee first.

He turned the pot on and ground some coffee beans before pouring the powder into the filter. While he waited he started to cut the apples.

After a few minutes, he poured himself a mug, mixed some cream into it, and sat down in the corner to wake up. A few minutes later, he heard the front door open and watched as Jack slowly walked into the kitchen and, noticing the coffee, walked over to pour himself a cup as well.

"Hey." Toothless said to him.

Jack swore and almost dropped a mug as he was unaware of Toothless's presence. He turned around to face him, "You seriously need to not do that," he said in annoyance as he tried to slow down his breathing.

"Sorry, I didn't realize you were so skittish," Toothless responded and stood up to go walk over to him.

"I'm not skittish, I just didn't know you were there," Jack said as he turned around to finish preparing his cup.

Toothless wordlessly took out eight bowls and walked back to the table to set them up.

"I'mâ€¦sorry I woke you up," Jack said quietly.

Toothless turned around to face him and saw him leaning against the counter staring into the depths of his mug.

"Don't worry about it," Toothless told him in a low voice and walked back over to pull out a cereal box.

After a moment's pause Toothless slowly asked him while pouring the cereal, "You have that dream a lot, don't you?"

Jack nodded his head still staring into his mug. Toothless put the cereal away and leaned next to him holding the remnants of his own drink. As he stood near him, he noticed Jack was biting his lip and watched as a tear rolled down his cheek.

"Hey, hey," Toothless said in a low voice as he took his and Jack's cups and set them on the counter so that he could pull him into another hug. Jack didn't respond for a moment but then wrapped his arms around Toothless's back and held himself against the raven-haired boy.

They stood like that for a moment. "You were right you know," Jack said near Toothless's ear.

"About what?" Toothless asked him as he pulled away to look at him.

Jack smiled cynically and raised his glassy blue eyes to look into Toothless's green ones and said, "That I hurt people. Everyone that's ever cared about me..." his breath hitched and he averted his gaze.

"Since when do you ever listen to what I say?" Toothless remarked and Jack's eyes moved to glance at him sideways. Toothless continued, "I was mad, Jack. And you know what I said isn't true."

"No I don't." he said firmly.

"Yeah you do. You've helped out everyone here, even if you are kind of an asshole sometimes," he smirked at him but Jack didn't return with one of his usual sarcastic remarks. Toothless's face grew more sincere again and he said, "But seriously, you do a lot of good things, Jack. Whatever you think you did, I'm positive it wasn't your fault."

Jack looked up at him wearing a blank expression. Toothless wasn't sure whether he believed him or not. But before either of them could say anything, they heard the front door open and watched as Bunny walked in.

"Still in the same clothes as last night?" Jack taunted him as Bunny reached past them to grab an apple from the basket. It threw Toothless off guard how quickly Jack was able to change his demeanor.

"Yeh, well, at least I had a good night," Bunny said winking in reference to his latest activities. Jack's face, however, fell a little at the comment.

"By the way," Bunny started, "My gal knows a few people throwin' a Halloween party next week. If ya can get the night off from North, she says you're welcome to come. **But**," he emphasized while raising a finger at Jack, "You're not allowed to embarrass me or I'll make yeh life a livin' hell."

Jack smirked at Bunny's threat and said, "Not a problem Buns. You won't even know I'm there."

Bunny rolled his eyes and left the room. Toothless looked sideways at Jack, "Does this mean I have to dress up?"

Jack just grinned at him.

* * *

><p>Hey, so, I honestly am in a conflict about what all of them should dress up as.

It's not that important to me, personally, so I figured I'd gather popular opinions.

Let me know!

16. Chapter 16

Kapitel 16

"No way," Toothless strongly stated as he pushed Anna's hand away from his face. He was sitting shirtless on the toilet seat in Anna's bathroom with his elbows on his knees while Anna had an array of face paint and makeup prepared on the counter.

"Don't worry Luka, it's just to get you into character," Anna tried to reassure him with a kind smile.

"But I'll look like a chick," Toothless retorted back at her in reference to the makeup.

Anna put her hands on her hips and glared at him a little as she said, "You say that like being a girl is a bad thing."

"No, no, it's not that-" Toothless started to take back. But Jack interrupted him.

"Toothless!" Jack yelled from the hallway, "Scrape the sand out of your rectum and just let her do it! It's part of the experience."

Hiccup appeared in the doorway after he shoved Jack away and tried to reassure Toothless using a different approach, "You'll look fine, bud. And how do you know it'll make you look like a girl anyway?"

Toothless scowled and responded with a look that told Hiccup to drop it.

"I promise Luka, I'll make you look good," Anna vowed.

Toothless sighed and pulled his hair back with one hand so she could have full access to his face. Hiccup turned around while she worked to go change into his costume.

Since they didn't have a lot of time (or extra money) to prepare,

they dug up what they could and searched through second-hand shops to find garments that North could alter for them. Hiccup decided to go with pirate because it seemed simple enough. He found a burgundy button up and brown vest that North was able to alter the sleeves and buttons to make it look more circa 1750. He also found some leather riding boots and brown, loose-fitting pants, which he tucked into the boots. To finish it off he strapped on a long, leather belt and shredded striped rag around his waist and called it a decent costume. Unfortunately, he didn't have any piercings or he might have tried to find gold earrings, but he did wear the necklace that Jack gave him. He left the shirt open several buttons so that it could be seen hanging against his chest, which he could proudly admit had gained a lot more tone to it since he had been taking Bunny's training advice.

At that moment, he saw Jack walk into the room not really looking any different than usual.

"Aren't you going to get into your costume?" Hiccup asked him confused.

"This is it," Jack said as he held out his arms displaying his old blue hoodie and snug brown pants. The only thing that was different was what seemed to be powdery ice around his collar bone and at the ends of his sleeves.

"Aand you're supposed to be what now?" Hiccup asked skeptically.

Jack smirked and held up a finger, "Wait, wait, one second," he said before he ran back out the door. A few seconds later he came back in holding a gnarled, hooked stick. He propped it up next to him and leaned on it while saying, "Alright, how's that?"

Hiccup shrugged and put on a face showing he gave up.

"Hellooo I'm Jack Frost," he said as if Hiccup were a complete nitwit.

"Ah...I see. How clever of you," Hiccup said sarcastically as he walked past him to go check on Toothless.

Hiccup convinced him to go as a dragon after Hiccup sketched him with some scales stylistically drawn across his face showing what he could look like. Toothless was more or less indifferent about the whole Halloween thing, but considered Hiccup's design to be kinda cool. Hiccup, however, had no idea how to handle face paint, so he let that responsibility fall onto Anna.

When Hiccup appeared in the doorway, she was still standing in front of him applying the design. She had the sketch Hiccup drew taped to the wall next to her for reference.

"Hey Hic, can you go grab the hairspray out of my room? It should be on the shelf above my desk." she asked Hiccup despite not turning around to face him.

"Urrgghh what the are you going to do now?" Hiccup heard Toothless groan as he turned to do what Anna asked of him.

"Hush hush. You're fine," she chastised him humorously.

Hiccup retrieved the hairspray and walked it back to the bathroom to give to Anna.

"Thank you Hiccup!" she said cheerfully as she turned around to take it from him.

"Woah." Hiccup froze when he saw Toothless's face.

Hiccup had no idea that Anna had it in her to be so artistic. The dark scales she painted were fairly realistic for just using acrylic paint. She had covered the sides of his neck with them and they crawled up to cover one of cheeks, stopping underneath his cheekbone, but circling underneath his eye and up the inner bridge of his nose. The other half of his face had a few serving as asymmetrical accents underneath the corners of his eye and several above his other eyebrow. Upon lower inspection, Hiccup could see them trace along the top of his collar bone and onto his shoulders. She also darkened the lids around his eyes, which caused his already piercing emerald irises to practically blaze out of his face.

"What?" Toothless asked slightly alarmed by Hiccup's face. "It looks bad doesn't it?"

Anna smacked his head lightly as she moved on to purposefully mess up his hair.

"No! Actually, I was just going to tell Anna that I'm impressed," Hiccup said and Anna smiled at him as she teased his hair.

"Seriously, what are you doing?" Toothless asked her annoyed at feeling like her doll.

"Giving your hair more volume and sort of making horns," she explained to him with the comb in her mouth as she sprayed a section of his hair.

Anna was going to go as a fairy. She had already done her makeup and hair, but held off on changing into her dress and wings until they were about to go. Like Toothless, she had darkened her eyes as well, but added rainbow accents underneath her brow and a little underneath her eyes. In the corners she had applied glitter and her lips were stained a flattering shade of rouge. The colorful highlights in her bangs only accentuated her appearance.

"Okay, stand up," she ordered him and he complied.

Hiccup smirked at how tall he was in comparison to her. But he watched as she dipped her hand into the jar of black acrylic paint and rubbed it across all of her fingers. Then she dragged her fingers down the length of his arm, smudging it in some areas and allowing it to look streaked in others. She repeated the same action with his other arm and then, using the brush instead, drew a line down his sternum and feathered it out a couple inches across his chest. She finished by painting a few more lines angled along his stomach and finally stood back to admire her work. The paint gave him more of a covered look and it almost looked like he had tattooed sleeves.

"Look good, Hiccup?" she asked turning her head to look at him.

Hiccup blushed a little as he realized he was staring too intently at his chest. Toothless smirked at him, but Hiccup replied, "Uhh...yeah. You did better than what I originally had in mind."

Anna's face brightened and she washed her hands and put the cap on the paint. "Did you want me to do anything for you, Hic?" she asked politely as she washed her hands.

"Uh...what would you want to do?" Hiccup asked unsure whether pirates even wore makeup.

"I could just thinly darken around your eyes and then dirty your face up a little," she told him.

Hiccup shrugged and decided to let her do it since they had made Toothless endure it for an hour. He maneuvered around Toothless and sat on the toilet seat to let Anna do her thing. Toothless stood in front of the mirror and leaned forward on the sink so he could fully see himself. He was so tall, his head was above the mirror if he stood up straight. Granted, the mirror was hung a little low. Even Hiccup barely fit in it.

"Holy shit, Anna," he said as he looked at himself.

"Still think you look like a girl?" she asked him and giggled a little.

"Kind of. Either that or I look like I want to slaughter a goat," he replied.

She laughed and assured him, "Luka, it's just because you have a really angled face. If I did the same thing to Bunny, he would-"

"Look like the bastard child of a lizard and a llama," Jack retorted after suddenly appearing outside the bathroom. Anna scowled at him for his use of language. Hiccup had to put a hand over his mouth to stifle a laugh. Toothless just grinned at him and left to go finish putting on his clothes.

Hiccup had a difficult time holding still while she moved the pencil to what he felt was dangerously close to his eyeball.

Anna laughed and said, "I know it's hard, Hic. But look up with just your eyes and try not to move so much."

He tried his best to comply. But at least she was quick about it. She dusted on some brownish color to make his face look dirty in spots and he stood up to look at himself. It didn't look bad. He felt a little weird wearing makeup but it fit with the imagery he had seen in movies. So he thanked her and asked her quietly, "Is everything all ready in the living room?"

She grinned and nodded a silent response. Hiccup left to go check on Toothless.

He opened the door to the bedroom to see him buttoning his jeans. To keep with the theme of his costume, he decided to wear all black. He had on an old pair of fitted black jeans that had holes in the knees and a loose hanging tank with a neckline that fell to the middle of his chest in order to show off the paint work that Anna had done. But with all the black paint on him, it gave him the illusion of wearing more than he actually was. He had on his black belt, dark leather cuff, and black canvas shoes to top it off.

Toothless looked up at him and held his arms out a little from his hips as he asked, "But seriously, do I look like a girl?"

"Not with that body you don't," Hiccup boldly said as his eyes scanned his form. "But why does that bother you so much anyway?" he asked concerned about why Toothless was so preoccupied with others mistaking his gender just because of a little face paint.

Toothless turned to the side to rummage through some of the bags and simply answered, "Don't worry about it." And he pulled out the wire supported tail and fangs they found at a costume shop. The tail was made to be secured around his belt, and Hiccup was pretty sure it was meant to be a lion's tail, but they still thought it looked cool. They dyed it black and it hung down to curve slightly to the side, but supported itself off of the ground. Then he popped the realistic fangs over his canines and rubbed his tongue across them. His canines were already slightly prominent, but the fake fangs only accentuated that feature. Unfortunately they couldn't find wings that weren't fairy or angel wings, so Toothless decided to go without.

"I feel really dumb," he confessed.

"Well you don't look itâ€¦" Hiccup said grinning at him. He probably would have jumped his bones then and there, but he remembered that everyone was waiting for them.

"Come on," he nodded to him and they both left down the hall.

They entered the living room to everyone standing in a horseshoe formation around the hallway entrance and when Toothless emerged they all yelled, "Herzlichen GlÃ¼ckwunsch zum Geburtstag!"

Toothless couldn't help but smile despite everyone's mispronunciation. He glanced once at Hiccup and then strode into the living room to greet all of them.

"What's this then?" he asked.

"Your overdue birthday you numbskull," Jack said grinning to him.

"This one's from me and this one's from everyone else!" a little voice called up from below him and Toothless looked down to see Pippa holding a card and a sheet of sketch paper. She was dressed as a princess because Sandy was going to take all the kids out trick-or-treating.

Toothless knelt down next to her and read the card, which was just a simple Happy Birthday with all the kids' names scrawled onto it. And then he looked at Pippa's drawing, which featured himself with her on his shoulders and the rest of the Guardians surrounding them. The

young girl was quickly improving in her drawing ability and it impressed Toothless a lot. He read her happy birthday and noticed that she also wrote 'Ich liebe dich!' on it. He had taught her 'I love you' in German awhile ago, and he was surprised she remembered it let alone spelled it correctly. He brought his head up to give her a genuine smile and pulled her into a hug, which she happily returned. Luckily, the paint Anna used dried a long time ago.

North, Bunny, and Sandy then stepped forward to give him their usual, but very appreciated gifts, of clothes. North had a good understanding of Toothless's style, which consisted of a lot of black, white, and red articles along with a leather necklace.

Anna then handed him a present while smiling at him and said, "I hope you like it." He raised an eyebrow at her and tore of the paper expecting to find floss or a toothbrush.

A loud laugh escaped his throat as he revealed a book and exclaimed, "You got me Goethe?" Then he turned to kiss her cheek and wrapped his arms around her in thanks while still holding the book.

"I figured you'd be interested in furthering your German education on your own," she said laughing slightly as he hugged her.

"What is it?" Hiccup asked curiously.

"He's a famous German writer," he started to explain as he turned to face him, "More or less the Shakespeare of the German language. He wrote a lot of lyrical poetry, prose, dramas, a few novels as well as being heavily involved with science. His work inspired later composers, politicians, philosophers, and scientists, plus he's quoted all the time."

Hiccup raised his eyebrows a little shocked and a little impressed that he was able to prattle all of that off in the blink of an eye. But he brushed it off and disappeared into the dark kitchen with Jack, who both walked out each supporting one end of a desk. The desk was stained a dark mahogany color and was made to fit in the corner of a room. It had several drawers and shelves on top for storage.

"What's that?" Toothless asked.

"It's the project I've been working on," Hiccup said proudly and then rubbed the back of his head. "Well, it was really meant for all three of us, but the stuff we got for you is inside it," he said gesturing to the drawers.

Toothless walked over and opened the drawers. His eyebrows came together as he pulled out a bunch of pencils, notebooks, sketchbooks, erasers, a stapler, a calculator, paper, and a library card.

"What's all this about?" he asked really confused why they bought him office supplies.

Jack was the first to speak, "It's everything you need to get your GED," he said while smiling up at Toothless.

Toothless looked down at the stuff they got him and gave a half-smile. Overall he was touched that they went through the trouble

and cared about him enough to encourage him like that. But one part of him was ashamed he didn't do it himself sooner.

"Thanks," he said softly as he pulled them both into a brief hug.

He turned around to everyone else and, for the first time in many years, he stopped feeling the need to hide his ethnicity. He placed his hands on his thighs and gave a small bow of his head as he said, "Vielen Dank" and raised his head smiling broadly.

Bunny, dressed as a cowboy as far as Toothless could tell, walked over to him and patted him on the shoulder. "Shall we then?" he asked referring to their departure.

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"How much further is it?" Jack complained as they continued to walk through the city. They had already taken the tram across town and have been walking for what had to be twenty minutes at this point.

"Not much more now," Bunny said as he was walking in front of everyone.

Hiccup wondered if anyone else thought it was hilarious that the Australian decided to dress like a cowboy, but he refrained from bringing it up.

But overall, Hiccup was really excited about this. He had never been to a real party before and since Bunny's friends were older, he figured that it had to be more interesting. There was definitely going to be alcohol involved.

They were currently walking through a neighborhood that looked to be dominated by a younger crowd. The houses were a little run down, but there were a lot of bikes and decorations that older folk would find juvenile or tacky. After a few more minutes, Hiccup started to hear the booming of a bass from a house not too far from them. The lights in the house were purple in one room, orange in another, and the basement had a strobe light from what he could see from the small window near the ground. All of the houses were separated by driveways and each had its own front and backyard.

Bunny led them around back and they walked down the steps into the basement. Hiccup was overwhelmed at first by blaring music and intense darkness. The darkness eventually replaced itself with a flickering light that he hoped wouldn't give him a headache. But he instantly felt the heat and the intensity of energy from everyone within the room. The basement was an old basement of simple concrete floors and walls. Off to the right of the stairs wrapped around a large area that included the music and DJ and off to the left seemed to be a more lighted area.

"I'm gonna find Nora, you lot have fun and let me know when you're leaving!" Bunny yelled at them over the music.

Jack took the lead and led them off to the left where they found a table with cups and a large water cooler that Hiccup presumed to have been filled with a mixed drink of some sort. Jack poured a drink out, tasted it, and then handed it off to Anna, who looked at it skeptically.

"Don't worry, it's just fruit punch mixed with vodka and pineapple juice," he assured her. The music wasn't as loud on this side of the room, so he didn't have to raise his voice too much. Hiccup was impressed that he knew what was in it from a simple taste.

They all grabbed a drink and moved to the area along the wall. Hiccup felt a little awkward because he assumed they were some of the youngest there and didn't know anybody, let alone the owner of the house. So he preoccupied himself with staring at Toothless. Hiccup never thought that guys could pull off eyeliner that well, but he had to admit that Toothless was one of the exceptions. Although, it probably was because his face was fairly androgynous.

He was pulled out of his thoughts when he noticed Jack was talking to someone new. She was fairly tall for a girl and was dressed as what seemed to be a queen or a princess. Her dress hugged her curves really well and she had beautiful blonde hair that was braided over her shoulder with a small crown perched on her head.

"Oh, you study at the University? What do you study?" he asked her curiously.

"I'm just in my second year, but my major is political science and my minor will probably be German," she answered with a small smile. She was clearly eyeing Jack with interest. "What about you?"

Jack put a hand behind his head as he tried to come up with a story that wouldn't betray his age. "I...uh..don't study at a University. After my mom died, I went to help my uncle run his club," he told her.

"Oh! Which club?" she asked curiously.

"The Guardians on the east side," he told her.

"Ah, I've been there before. It's a really cool place. I just wish I lived closer," she said.

All of a sudden Jack noticed that the three of them were watching him. So remembering his manners he introduced them. "Sorry! Everyone, this is Elsa. And this is Anna, Jack, and.." he paused uncertain of what to call Toothless.

"Ben." Toothless said. Hiccup was confused why he used an alternative form of his brother's name for himself.

"Nice to meet all of you," she said to them.

Suddenly, Anna interjected, "I'm going to go...dance," she stated and lightly traipsed away.

Hiccup could tell that Elsa felt awkward from her behavior and leaned over to Jack to tell him something before she walked to the drink table.

Jack turned to Toothless, "Hey, bud. Can you teach me how to ask her to dance in German?"

"Why?" Toothless asked as he took a sip of his drink.

"Because she's studying it and I like to be impressive. Now what is it?" he asked hurriedly.

Toothless rolled his eyes and pulled him closer so he could better hear him. "Ready?" he asked with a serious expression and Jack nodded. Then he clearly enunciated for Jack to repeat after him and said, "L sst du mich mal.."

"L sst du mich mal " Jack followed.

"an deiner Muschi lecken."

"an deiner Muschi lecken. L sst du mich mal an deiner Muschi lecken? Good?" he asked for confirmation.

"Perfect" Toothless said as he gave him the a'ok.

Jack turned to go but stopped so he could say, "You know, it's actually cute when you talk like that," and left to walk over to her.

Toothless immediately had to put his fist up to his mouth to keep himself from bursting into laughter.

"What?" Hiccup asked him.

"Nahya just wait " he said while smiling broadly over at Jack.

They watched as Jack went up to her and supposedly repeated what Toothless had told him. Her face morphed into a look of pure confusion as if she didn't understand, but then Jack explained something else, which caused her to smile and accept his offer to dance. They walked over to the other side of the room.

Toothless couldn't hold himself back anymore. He let out a laugh and looked at the ceiling smiling widely. "Either he really is that charming or her German is **terrible**," he said.

"What did you tell him to say?" Hiccup asked giving him a knowing smile.

Toothless shook his head for a moment not wanting to answer.

"Come on, tell me." Hiccup said as he pushed him a little.

"I told him to ask her, 'can I have a lick of your pussy' and apparently she said yes," he said still smiling at the exchange.

Hiccup laughed and shook his head at Jack's fortunate folly before taking a drink. Hiccup saw Anna dancing with a cute guy on the dance floor near the strobe light. It looked fun 

Hiccup tipped back his cup to finish his drink and then looked up at Toothless. "You wanna dance too?" he asked him.

Toothless grinned and finished his own drink before walking with Hiccup into the larger expanse. The music was so loud it was impossible to hear anything else and the crowd was so thick they had to force their way through. Although, it was kind of hot having a lot of people sensually moving around them.

They settled on an area within the throng and Toothless pulled Hiccup into him so Hiccup's back was pressed against Toothless's chest. Hiccup could feel his firm body behind him and he was really glad that his pants were loose at the moment. He moved his body against Toothless's for awhile, who was holding Hiccup's hips firmly against his and had his head bent over Hiccup's shoulder. The strobe lights made it really hard to focus on anyone or any object in particular, so it gave the impression of privacy despite the large crowd. That made Hiccup bold enough to reach up to angle Toothless's head towards him so he could turn to capture his lips with his own. Gods, he had been waiting to do that all night.

Toothless gratefully reciprocated the action and moved his lips passionately against Hiccup's. He then slowly moved his hands down so he was gripping onto Hiccup's thighs. Hiccup collapsed into him and rubbed himself against Toothless's pelvis who bit Hiccup's lip at the irresistible friction. Hiccup could feel the fangs he had on his teeth.

Hiccup turned around to face him and cupped Toothless's ear to block out as much sound as he could so he could ask him, "You want to go somewhere else?"

Toothless kissed him deeply for a moment in order to give Hiccup his answer. Hiccup then grabbed his hand and led him upstairs.

They had to walk out and around to the front door in order to access the main area of the house. There were still a lot of people crammed into the ground floor of the home. There was music playing, but not as loud as in the basement. That gave people the chance to talk, drink, play drinking games, and one couple was making out in a corner. Hiccup and Toothless walked around until they stumbled across a small room off to the side. It was empty, save for a small sofa, table, and bookcase.

Hiccup pushed Toothless onto the couch and leaned over him supporting himself on the arm of the couch to lock lips with him again. Toothless's eyes grew wide from Hiccup's sudden assertiveness, but Hiccup didn't notice. Nor did he care. It had been awhile since he had done anything with Toothless and the way he looked tonight was just too much for him to handle.

He allowed his hands to wander up Toothless's arms and stroke down his chest, eliciting a small moan from Toothless. He opened his mouth to deepen the kiss and felt as Toothless slowly slid his tongue along Hiccup's bottom lip. Hiccup responded by biting onto it and then sucking it into his mouth. Toothless hummed in pleasure from Hiccup's boldness and pulled him onto his lap. Toothless was slouched down in the couch and he had his legs relaxed out in front of him. Hiccup let his thighs fall on either side of Toothless's hips and slowly slid one of his hands up under his loose shirt and firmly gripped the side

of his rib cage. By doing that he exposed half of Toothless's stomach and Toothless flexed his hips up underneath Hiccup in attempts to communicate to him to keep going.

Hiccup ground himself into his lap and Toothless reached up to hold the back of Hiccup's head so he could continue kissing him as hard as he could. Hiccup's breathing quickened along with his heartbeat and he wished so much they were truly alone. The room they were in had no door, but at the moment, he could care less if someone walked by. He felt Toothless grip his hips firmly and ground himself up into Hiccup causing Hiccup's breath to hitch as he felt his arousal underneath him.

"Eh hem," he suddenly heard a voice over by the door and he quickly turned his head to see Jack leaning on the door frame with a huge smirk on his face and Elsa standing behind him with a shocked look on hers. Hiccup turned redder than a beet and fell onto his back along the couch, conscious of keeping his legs over Toothless's lap since his arousal would have been obvious through his form-fitting jeans. He covered the obvious embarrassment in his own face with his arms.

"Oh, don't worry about me. You guys can keep going if you want," he said still grinning impishly at them.

Toothless grinned back and said, "You're such a pervert, man," and chucked a pillow at his face.

Jack caught the pillow reflexively and turned to look at Elsa.

"Iâ€|uhmâ€|.I better find my sister. We should probably go now," she said awkwardly and left Jack's side.

"What's up with her?" Toothless asked.

Jack shrugged, "She's seems like a bit of a prude. You two must have freaked her out," he said as he walked over to Hiccup and tried to pry one of his arms off of his face. "Yo, Hic! It's ok, you can come out," he chuckled at Hiccup's obvious humiliation. "Now come on, if you cared that much about getting caught, you wouldn't have straddled Toothless in an open room." He leaned down near Hiccup's ear, "Admit it, you liked it," he mumbled and narrowly avoided Hiccup swinging his arm at his head.

Hiccup uncovered his face, which had almost gone back to normal, and managed to laugh the situation off. He allowed Jack to help him up and they made their way back downstairs.

They continued to pursue their inebriation as the night went on and Hiccup felt he was going to implode from what the two of them were doing to him. Over the course of the night he was felt up, kissed, and occasionally fondled by both Jack and Toothless while they were dancing or standing off to the side. The basement grew overwhelmingly hot as the night went on and Jack had to remove his sweatshirt because of it. All three of them were drenched in sweat, but that didn't stop Hiccup from wanting to be as close to them as possible...

Eventually, Anna found Jack and asked if he wanted to go home. Jack

nodded and left to go find Bunny. Toothless and Hiccup went over with her to get some water from the sink and drank it greedily, Toothless took out his teeth and put them in his pocket to avoid swallowing them with the water. Soon after, Jack and Bunny came downstairs to fetch them and they left the party.

The way home was long and arduous. It was past the time that the trams ran so they had to walk the entire way. Partially because of how much he drank and partially because of how late it was, Hiccup could feel himself practically falling asleep as he walked. Toothless noticed and motioned for him to get on his back so he could carry him the rest of the way.

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It took them over an hour, but they finally made it. Bunny unlocked the door and they all made their way inside. Bunny and Anna wordlessly trudged their way to bed since they were so exhausted.

"Just set him down on the couch for now," Jack said quietly to Toothless.

"Why?" Toothless asked even though he obeyed Jack's request and loosened his grip on Hiccup and allowed him to gently slide off his back onto the couch.

"Just come on, we'll get him in a bit," Jack whispered as he took hold of Toothless's arm and pulled him into the room.

He closed the door and wasted no time. He pushed Toothless over to their bed and climbed on top of him in order to push his lips against the other boy's. He flexed his hips and ground himself purposefully against Toothless's pelvis, causing him to flex his hips up into Jack's in return. Jack had asked him to go slow before, but after tonight he was yearning to touch him.

He left a trail of kisses down Toothless's jaw and slid down while pulling Toothless's hips to the edge of the bed as he went. He heard Toothless's breath pick up speed as he realized what Jack was about to do. Jack knelt on the floor in front of him and clumsily undid his belt and pants in order to pull them down.

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><p>[Removed due to FF's ratings policy]

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><p>Toothless pulled away from him while still smiling a little and bit his lower lip before getting off of Jack. He turned to leave the room and Jack watched his hips swagger as he did so. Jack pulled up his pants after he had gone and moved to lie in the middle of the mattress.<p>

A few moments later Toothless kicked the door in quietly and awkwardly carried Hiccup over to the bed. He laid Hiccup on the edge of the bed and then moved to the opposing edge to lie alongside Jack, who was already feeling really groggy after the late night and the rush of endorphins he just experienced.

Jack turned to face him and kissed him gently while stroking the hair along his face. He grinned back at the boy and told him, "I'll get you back, you know."

Toothless mischievously smirked at him and then kissed him one last time before he pulled Jack against him to go to sleep.

* * *

><p>Well...how'd you like them apples? ;D

>Let me know in a review!

>Because I can take this further if you want...

**A/N: you can also just search the story on Archive of Our Own and just search for "When Three Wrongs Make a Right". **

17. Chapter 17

Kapitel 17

As with all fun times, like staccatoed bursts in a sea of ambience, Hiccup and the others had to return to work that week. Hiccup and Jack were kept very busy since Bunny believed they were behind on the club's upkeep. Currently, they were cleaning the club's restrooms, which they did every night if they worked. But Bunny liked them to be deep cleaned at least once a week since he didn't trust the other employees (or the three boys) to do it effectively after a long night working.

Unfortunately, the rooms were unbearably hot. Since the weather had turned colder, they had to turn the furnace on. But for some strange reason, the restrooms were constantly at a piping ninety degrees (32C) even with the small window opened. Jack said it had to do with the building's age and the proximity of the toilets to the boiler room.

However, that didn't make it comfortable for Jack and Hiccup to be in there cleaning, which grew surprisingly exhausting after a while. Hiccup had a thin sheen of sweat across his forehead and neck. Feeling the need for a short break he sat on the counter to rest.

"So, Elsa texted me back," Jack said to encourage conversation while he scrubbed the girls' toilets.

"Yeah? What about?" Hiccup asked as he leaned over to rest his elbows on his thighs. He thought Jack said that she was freaked out by Hiccup and Toothless, which he found out later meant that she wasn't comfortable with two guys kissing. Hiccup wasn't sure if he was that fond of her either.

"She said she was coming up to the club with a couple friends and was wondering if I was working," he replied casually as he knelt on the floor to scrub behind the toilet. He had his sleeves and pants rolled up for the job as he didn't want to get them dirty.

"Tonight?" Hiccup asked.

"Yeah I think so. But I'm working, so I guess I won't really be able to talk to her," he replied shrugging.

"I thought you said she was too prudish for you," Hiccup said a little bleakly.

"I mean...maybe she is. I only talked to her for a few hours though. And who knows," he stood up and put the toilet seat he just cleaned down so he could sit, "she might not actually have anything against you two," he said sensing Hiccup's disapproval.

"Hm." Hiccup said before he got down from the counter and resumed cleaning the floor underneath the sinks.

They cleaned a little longer in silence, but then Hiccup wanted to ask Jack a question that he had been wondering for a while but never had the opportunity to ask him.

"So I have a really random question for you," he asked as he continued to scrub.

"Shoot," Jack replied.

"What's the best part about sex?" he asked smiling a little. He felt more comfortable talking to Jack about it. Probably since Jack had a fairly casual attitude about such things and Hiccup couldn't help but feel nervous at the thought of bringing it up with Toothless. He knew he had more bad than good memories about the subject and didn't want to upset him.

Jack released a laugh and stopped cleaning to resume his sitting position on the toilet before he asked for clarification, "With a guy or a girl?"

"Either...both?" he asked before he stopped cleaning as well so he could sit on his knees to talk to him.

"Well with girls.." Jack crossed one leg over his knee and leaned on

it resting his head in his hand as he thought for a minute. Then he admitted, "You know I'm no expert, right? I've only really done it with two girls in my life."

"Seriously?" Hiccup asked. He just assumed from Jack's flirtatious behavior that he had been more promiscuous.

"Yeah, my girlfriend in high school and Anna," he answered looking down at Hiccup.

"But didn't you and your girlfriend always have issues?" he asked. He remembered that Jack had still been flighty in school and despite knowing that they dated, he rarely saw them together.

"Heh...yeah. She was always paranoid that I was going to leave her. But...I guess I understand why now," he raised his eyebrows once and gave a half-smile. "We just grew apart after graduation since we didn't see each other on a daily basis."

"Huhâ€|" Hiccup replied. He kind of felt bad for the girl.

"Anyway, to answer your question," he backtracked quickly. "It just feels really good. I dunno." He laughed awkwardly and straightened up to rub the back of his neck. "It's fun when she wants me to hold her down while I do things that drive her crazy." He trailed off while smiling a little at a memory.

"...And with guys?" Hiccup asked tentatively.

Jack snapped back to the conversation, "You mean between two guys?"

"No shit," Hiccup asked rolling his eyes.

Jack smiled while looking off into a distant corner and answered, "The sounds of society crumbling."

Hiccup laughed at his answer but then said, "No seriously, Jack."

"I honestly wouldn't know Hic. I've never actually done it with a guy before," Jack said shrugging.

"Not even...with Toothless?" he asked hesitantly.

Jack shook his head reaffirming his answer.

None of them were privy to the fact that they had all messed around with each other to some extent, especially after the Halloween party. In their slightly inebriated state, it was like the barriers had come down between all of them that night.

It also helped that Hiccup caught them a couple nights afterwards.

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He wasn't quite sure why he woke up. Hiccup normally had no problem sleeping through the night and at least an hour through his alarm clock. But his vision slowly came into focus and it took him another minute to comprehend the scene before him.

Toothless was lying on his back next to Hiccup; however, he wasn't wearing a shirt, which was abnormal in his case. The covers were draped across his chest and he had one of his hands gripping the sheets alongside him and one knee propped up. He was breathing through his nostrils, but a little too quickly for what should have been a resting position.

Upon lower inspection, Hiccup noticed someone underneath the covers hovering over where Toothless's pelvis would be. He saw Toothless reach underneath the sheets to guide the person's head, which was clearly pleasuring him. Hiccup heard him sigh softly and flex his hips up as he whispered, "Mm, yeah just like that." He arched his back and returned his hand to gripping the sheets alongside him as he enjoyed what was being done to him.

"Hiccup?" he heard him say suddenly and Hiccup turned his head up to see the glint of Toothless's eyes in the dark looking directly at him. "You're awak- ACK!" he grimaced in pain as Jack quickly pulled up and moved out from under the covers.

His head and shoulders appeared over Toothless looking at Hiccup as he whispered as well, "You're awake?"

"No," Hiccup whispered back ironically.

"Ohâ€|" Jack collapsed on top of Toothless with his head resting on his stomach and his arms lying alongside him. Toothless flexed his hips and whined a little since Jack's body weight wasn't comparable to the sensations he was feeling only a moment ago. Jack gave an embarrassed grin and Toothless pushed him off so he could pull up his pants.

Jack sat on his knees in the middle of the bed and cleared his throat. "I...uh...hehâ€|" he was having difficulty finding words to fit the situation.

"Whatever, we'll talk tomorrow. Just don't wake me up," Hiccup said as he rolled over on his side. If he hadn't only gotten four hours of sleep the past couple days, the situation might have ended up differently. But at the moment his primary biological need was pulling at the backs of his eyes in desire for unconsciousness.

He felt Jack lie back down and heard him softly kiss Toothless before Toothless got up to presumably use the bathroom. The moment having been spoiled and the lingering awkwardness pervaded any desire to continue together.

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Hiccup went back to scrubbing the floor of the bathroom as he remembered their conversation the following morning. Jack actually

behaved more like Hiccup in that he appeared bashful and awkward, while Toothless looked incredibly guilty about possibly betraying Hiccup.

But Hiccup didn't feel betrayed, which confused him at first; however, it was true regardless. Based on what he knew about relationships from television shows, he was supposed to feel a number of things ranging from jealousy to anger to abandonment. But he didn't. Instead he felt relieved. Mostly because he had been worried about his own feelings for the both of them. The way he felt about the two differed; although, neither was more or less important to him than the other. He had been afraid that one of them would end up hurt if Hiccup didn't choose which person he cared more about. Or maybe they would all end up apart... and that scared Hiccup to his core.

But it made it incredibly easy when they said they felt the same as Hiccup. All of them agreed it was unorthodox and probably weird. Hiccup even offered the solution of building them all new beds so they could get out of the strangeness of three guys sleeping next to each other. But neither of them wanted to. They said they liked how things were and didn't mind if they stayed that way.

But it comforted Hiccup to know that he was at least on equal footing with Jack in some regard. Not because he felt left out or anything, but because it made him feel like he could relate to him more.

They finished the bathrooms an hour later and they parted ways to more quickly finish what they had to do. Hiccup ended up in the greenhouse on the roof prepping the soil for the upcoming winter. Despite the cold weather, it was still a good time to prepare everything, including spring bulbs and root vegetables, so that they could sprout early once the weather warms.

"There you are," he heard a voice behind him say.

He turned around to see Toothless by the greenhouse door with a warm expression on his face. Hiccup smiled at him, "Oh hey, what's up?"

"I just came to find you because you're going to miss dinner if you don't hurry up," he warned him. Hiccup began losing track of the time since the sun had started going down earlier.

Hiccup shrugged, "I was actually thinking of just grabbing some pizza from the food truck." He had discovered the enticing wagon the other day when he took a different route home from the store. The food looked and smelled amazing. At the time, though, he didn't have any money despite it being fairly inexpensive.

"You want me to go with you?" Toothless asked before turning his head to look at the setting sun.

Hiccup wouldn't pass up an opportunity to spend time elsewhere with him, so he replied smiling, "Sure, just let me finish up here."

Toothless gave him a look and then picked up a hoe to more quickly help Hiccup loosen the soil.

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It wasn't long before the two of them were standing in line at the food truck casually talking about what places they needed to visit in the city. Hiccup had been living near it his whole life and the last summer actually within it without seeing much of it. It wasn't a large city, but it definitely had its gems that Hiccup knew he had to see before he moved on with his life.

"Yeah, I can try and make money selling my furniture pieces at my dad's shop and we can use it for something fun once in awhile," Hiccup said optimistically.

Toothless smiled at his enthusiasm, "Yeah, that would be great Hic."

Despite the cold weather, the aroma wafting out of the truck was mouth watering. Hiccup hadn't realized how terribly hungry he was as he hadn't had anything to eat since breakfast. He was also a little chilly even though he wore his coat. He leaned into Toothless and grabbed his hand before putting both of them into his coat pocket. Sharing his warmth kept him from shivering in the biting breeze. Toothless grinned a little at his affection.

"You two really otta cut that faggot shit out," a gruff voice suddenly said from behind them. Hiccup turned to see two men in their twenties glaring at him in disgust. The larger one was wearing loose jeans and a sports coat and the other was smaller but wearing a fluffier coat and a cotton hat that covered his ears. Hiccup thought he smelled traces of alcohol in the air around them.

"Maybe you otta shut the fuck up," Toothless mimicked in a low voice without even turning around.

"The fuck you say to me you piece of shit?!" the larger man said before shoving Toothless roughly in the back causing him to step forward a couple steps. Some of the other people in line turned around curious of what was happening behind them.

"I said to mind your own goddamn business," Toothless said turning to throw him one of the most piercing glares Hiccup had ever seen.

The larger man moved threateningly closer to Toothless as he told him, "I don't take orders from a cock-sucking twink like you." Then he stopped and eyed Toothless slowly down the length of his body before smirking and returning his gaze to his eyes, "Nahh, pretty boy like you must love taking it on his back like a little bitch."

Before Hiccup could blink Toothless had thrown himself into the other man's chest shoving him off to the side of the line. And the rest happened so quickly it was difficult to explain. The fight couldn't have lasted any longer than 45 seconds.

The other man was clearly heavier than Toothless, but Toothless had a height advantage. However, the balance was thrown off when the man's

companion ran to help his friend. Together they both wrestled Toothless to the ground with the larger man landing on top of him to sit on his hips bearing the rest of his weight over him. Toothless responded by wrapping his arms up under the man's armpits and hugged himself against him in a hold that prevented the man from punching; however, that didn't stop the smaller male from kneeling over him and walloping Toothless in the head a couple times.

Hiccup's adrenaline kicked in and he ran over to pull the smaller guy away from Toothless. Hiccup was taller than him and able to pick him up under the arms and hold him back long enough for Toothless to try and escape the dangerous position he was in.

But it didn't look good for him. The man on top was much heavier than him and he didn't have sufficient leverage while on his back to push him off. However, by keeping him in that hold, the guy's instinct was to pull up in an effort to get away. He leaned up on his knees with Toothless still clutching him and the rest happened in a split second. The man lifted a leg in an attempt to stand up, but doing so gave Toothless the opportunity to use his own body weight to fully throw the man off balance and onto his back. Then Toothless quickly lay on his own back perpendicular to him while grabbing the man's arm to pull through his legs and across his chest.

He swiftly bent the arm in a way an arm is not supposed to go and Hiccup heard a sickening crack followed by a loud cry of pain.

"-CALLING THE POLICE!" were the only words Hiccup heard coming from the owner of the food truck. Hiccup released the smaller male and ran around to Toothless, who had since moved on top of the larger man to punch him, and grabbed him under the arms to forcefully pry him off.

"Let's go! Let's go!" Hiccup yelled at him dragging him as fast as he could down the street. The thought of being arrested scared him and he knew that Toothless would be seen as guilty in this situation.

They weren't fleeing in the direction of home, but that was probably for the best. They ran as far as they could with Hiccup following Toothless through various turns and empty lots in case anyone decided to pursue them. Hiccup was panting and started to find it difficult to keep up as his legs were burning and straining to keep moving. Eventually, and without Hiccup realizing it, Toothless had led him back to the Guardians.

He jumped down the metal staircase and hastily unlocked the door by the time Hiccup caught up to him.

"Toothless!" Hiccup yelled after him but let the door fall behind him and Hiccup barely caught it before it locked him out. As he entered the basement he briefly saw Toothless turn the corner down the hall.

Hiccup followed in long strides to catch up to him, passing by a startled Jack, Anna, and Bunny lounging in the living room. He noticed Jack out of the corner of his eye get up to follow as well.

Hiccup reached the bedroom and shoved open the door to see Toothless leaning over the edge of bed panting furiously. His back rose and fell rapidly as he sucked in air, but his hair was obscuring the majority of his face.

"What the hell was ****that****?!" Hiccup yelled at him. At the moment, he was thankful the walls of their bedroom were made of brick or else he might have alerted the rest of the inhabitants.

"Guy deserved it," Toothless said in between gasps.

"YOU BROKE A MAN'S ARM!" Hiccup yelled.

"You ****what****?!" Hiccup heard Jack call behind him. He didn't even notice him come in.

Hiccup put a hand behind him to silence Jack so he could continue, "What the FUCK were you thinking?!"

"I wasn't! ALRIGHT?!" Toothless snapped around to face him and Hiccup could still see the adrenaline and rage lingering in his eyes. Hiccup also noticed early signs of bruising on the side of his face where the smaller man punched him.

"Are either of you going to tell me what the FUCK happened?!" Jack yelled from behind him.

Hiccup silently turned to grab Jack's arm and drag him into the bathroom since it was their only other place of privacy in the basement. He also decided it best to give Toothless time to calm down before he confronted him again.

He briefly summarized the situation to Jack who at the end of it responded, "...holy shit." and covered his mouth with his hand while gazing at the floor shaking his head.

"What are you going to say to him?" Jack asked while looking up at Hiccup again.

Hiccup shrugged once and answered, "I'll figure something out," before leaving and motioning for Jack to follow him. He was almost afraid to be alone with Toothless at the moment. Hiccup didn't know what to think. He had never seen Toothless react so violently before. It was altering Hiccup's current perception of the calm, compassionate, gentle-natured individual he thought he knew. It was one thing for him to defend himself from Dagur and his posse. But Hiccup saw him completely flip and attack a man first, resulting in him hurting someone beyond what was necessary to get away.

Hiccup walked first into their room and saw Toothless sitting on the floor against the far wall holding his knees against his chest. He was staring off to the side at nothing in particular, but darted his eyes to the door when he saw Hiccup and Jack approach.

"Do you two really have to talk to me?" he asked sourly.

"Yeah," Hiccup crossed his legs and sat down in front of him. "What happened back there, bud?"

He shrugged, "I don't know. I just reacted...I don't even remember

thinking, really."

"You can't just attack someone, Toothless. Even if they're being completely hateful, it doesn't make it right. And besides, where did you even learn to do that?" Hiccup asked referring to his incredibly reflexive movements during the fight.

Toothless smiled wryly and answered, "I know you think I'm completely helpless, Hiccup. But I do know how to handle myself."

"Who said I think you're helpless?" Hiccup asked confused about Toothless's irrational perception of him.

"Because poor me, right?" he said as he suddenly bore his eyes into Hiccup's. "I'm so ****broken****, so ****beautiful****, you think it's ****amazing**** I can even feel happiness at all. I must have just let everything happen to me like a little ****bitch**** and am so lucky to have found people to ****protect**** me, huh?" he spat out while loosely paraphrasing Hiccup.

"That's not what I said," Hiccup said in a low voice moving his gaze away from Toothless's piercing eyes. He didn't realize that he had projected those ideas onto Toothless and immediately felt guilty about it. But then something Toothless said clicked in Hiccup's mind.

"I don't think you're weak, Luka," he said quietly. He glanced back over to him and saw Toothless hesitate at Hiccup's first use of his name. He took the opportunity to continue, "Is that what you're afraid of? You reacted when he called you a little bitchâ€¦" he trailed off as more of the pieces started to fall into place. "You're afraid to be called a girl," he said slowly as he remembered Toothless's objections to having facepaint put on him on Halloween. He also put together some of Toothless's reactions that night with Pitch. Despite his fear, he grew bolder whenever Pitch called him a female slur or referenced his resemblance to his mother. Toothless even used female slurs to refer to himself the few times he got upset like this. He had done so the couple times Hiccup talked to him about his past and Jack had told Hiccup of Toothless's initial confession to him.

He looked back up at Toothless, who had clenched his jaw and was looking off in the opposite direction.

The silence that fell over them was almost suffocating and it seemed to go on forever. Hiccup could feel Jack fidget uncomfortably behind him, but he didn't want to say anything until Toothless either confirmed or denied Hiccup's assertions.

Finally he spoke, "They used to do that to me you know." He still avoided Hiccup's and Jack's eyes as he spoke.

"Do what?" Hiccup asked softly.

"Call me a girl...treat me like one," he admitted. He, of course, had nothing against females. But the men around Pitch talked about them like trash, and they equated Toothless in among them. He wasn't sure why, but he decided to come clean about something he never told anyone, even his brother.

He nervously cleared his throat and picked at his fingernail.

"Once..ehm...Pitch's closest mates were drinking and convinced me to join them. Someone must have slipped me Rohypnol and I passed out, partially. I couldn't really move, but I was mostly aware of what was going on. One man dragged me into the bathroom and shaved me. Changed my clothes, and uh...Did what he wanted. Then he brought me back out and threw me to the others." He rubbed his temples to calm himself down as his heart was racing in admission and remembrance of such a story. "My memories are...splotchy after that," he drummed his fingers against his temple, "But I could still feel everything-" his voice cracking on the last syllable.

More silence ensued afterwards. Neither Hiccup nor Jack knew how to respond to that. It was one of the most horrible things they could think of. But it made more sense to Hiccup about why he was so sensitive about being called anything remotely feminine. It made him feel powerless...trapped. Luckily Toothless broke the silence again, "It didn't really stop there. Whenever any of them spoke to me, it was like I wasn't a person but just a thing to play with."

"...is that what Dagur was talking about?" Jack asked remembering when Dagur exposed Toothless's past to Jack for the first time.

Hiccup didn't expect Toothless to smile, albeit cynically, at the mention of Dagur's name. "Fuck Dagur," he said. "He was just lucky to be in the right place at the right time. No one outside of Pitch's inner circle ever had access to me like that. I'm surprised he's even still alive with the amount of shit he talks."

"What do you mean?" Hiccup asked confused.

Toothless glanced back towards him and answered, "No one with as little power as Dagur would have dared hurt me for fear of Pitch. He was a shitty father, but he was at least protective over me." He scratched his cheek before changing his mind, "Possessive probably being a better word to describe him...But anyway, if he found out that any of his followers even touched me...Pitch has ways of making people disappear," he said vaguely but knowing his meaning was clear.

"Why didn't you just tell him then?" Jack asked with his brows pressed together in confusion.

"Because I was naive," Toothless admitted while sighing and letting his arms fall to his sides, "They threatened to hurt Benedikt if I said anything. I was only fifteen at the time and only been there a year. I didn't know any better to recognize it as an empty threat. I also didn't want to talk about it with anyone anyway." He released his knees from his chest and stretched his legs out in front of him alongside Hiccup. It surprisingly became easier to talk to them once he had gotten going, his heart rate had slowed down considerably.

"Well...no offense Toothless, but did you try cutting your hair?" Jack asked.

"Yeah, I did the day after they all did that to me, but it didn't matter. Nothing changed because of it." He monitored Jack's expression before continuing, "Besides, I had my hair long before I

came here. I didn't want to change everything about myself just because of them."

Hiccup wasn't sure how he felt about the situation. Part of him wanted to hug Toothless, never let go, and comfort the crap out of him...but he didn't look like he needed it. Hiccup seemed to feel more bothered at this point than Toothless was. Another part of him wanted justice for him. He wanted to throw Pitch and the rest of them to rot in jail.

Which prompted Hiccup to ask, "What about the police? Couldn't you have gone to them? You could go now even and-"

Toothless held a hand up to stop him and said, "It's complicated, Hiccup. I just..can't. Besides, they wouldn't believe me now. I'm not exactly a child anymore and I have no evidence it happened."

"What about your scars?" Hiccup asked determined to find a way to help him.

Toothless gave a small laugh and replied, "That's not evidence, Hic. People get this done professionally. It's not exactly on their watch list."

"But-" Hiccup started to object. There was a large number of things that Toothless knew about his father and the gang to get them thrown in jail.

"No." he said firmly while looking at Hiccup directly. "Just drop it. It's pointless, alright?"

Hiccup dropped his head and looked down at his hands. Then he said quietly, "You really scared me, you know."

"About what?" Toothless asked.

"You could have killed him," Hiccup said looking up at him with a blank stare.

"...I wasn't going to kill him Hic. I wasn't thinking clearly, but I wouldn't go that far," Toothless assured him.

"Well...you have to promise me you won't do that anymore. You can't hurt someone for simply calling you a name," he said his voice shaking slightly. He didn't want to see the beautiful boy he had grown to admire to turn so violent. Hiccup knew that wasn't who he really was, but rather something that was conditioned into him from his experiences with Pitch.

"Yeah..I'm sorry if I scared you, Hic...I promise it won't happen again," he said while looking at Hiccup's lap.

Hiccup leaned forward taking Toothless's face in his hands and kissed him softly on the lips. Toothless closed his own eyes leaning into Hiccup in return.

"Hey..uh..I don't mean to ruin everything, but we should really head upstairs," Jack said in a low voice while looking at his watch.

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After their conversation with Toothless, it seemed he had grown more comfortable talking to them about his past, even more so than before. He had actually opened up about his mom and life before he came to stay with Pitch. It turned out that his mom had passed away from complications following a surgery. After having twins, she had acquired a series of problems since she wasn't even recommended to have children by her doctor in the first place. Something having to do with her reproductive system, Hiccup didn't really understand. But she had to undergo surgery to get her ovaries removed; however, she died from an unexpected blood clot while she was recovering.

But Toothless had even brought out a picture that he kept hidden in one of his sketchbooks. The picture was of him, his brother, and his mother when they were younger. Toothless couldn't have been any older than ten. In the photo, their mother was standing over the two of them, smiling, and the twins were standing on either side of what must have been their dog. Toothless had his arms wrapped around the black dog's neck and was giving that smile that Hiccup had only truly seen on several occasions. And by Odin's beard did Toothless indeed resemble her now. She was blonde, but their faces were practically identical save for Toothless's stronger features. Hiccup also couldn't help but smile at how adorable it was to see younger versions of Toothless and Benedikt standing next to each other. They looked more alike when they were kids.

Hiccup was relieved that Toothless seemed to be fully getting past what happened to him, but Jack, on the other hand, was growing more and more gloomy as the month progressed Hiccup had noticed. He often caught him spacing out and he would sometimes wake up to Jack clutching him at night. Not hugging him like he sometimes did, but literally clutching him as if he were about to fall. Jack would only deny it when Hiccup asked him what was wrong.

Hiccup decided to talk to North about it. He figured if anyone could give him good advice or advise Jack, it would be him.

18. Chapter 18

Kapitel 18

Hiccup's concern about Jack was growing increasingly worse as November drew to a close. It appeared as though Jack was growing more and more distant. It came to the point that Hiccup noticed he sometimes had trouble getting up in the morning. He tried cheering him up as best as he could, but if Hiccup showed him any affection, he would almost look guilty or even sad afterwards. He mentioned it to Toothless, who explained to Hiccup the dreams that Jack was having. Hiccup decided enough was enough.

He climbed the stairs to North's door and knocked on it several times. A few moments later, North opened it and looked surprised to see Hiccup standing there. Hiccup rarely ever disturbed the large man during the day, even if it was only early evening.

"Hiccup! My lad, what is problem?" he asked seeing the uncertain expression on Hiccup's face.

"I..uh...was hoping I could talk to you about something if you have time," he said looking down towards the floor.

"Oh...of course. Come." he moved aside and gestured for Hiccup to enter his upstairs apartment.

Hiccup hadn't ever entered that far into it before. Cozy was definitely the most fitting word for it. He had a wood stove installed in the living room and the wood chips he burned were enough to heat the whole room if not the rest of his apartment. The floors were all solid wood, but he had rugs strategically placed around furniture and in aesthetic locations to make it more comfortable. A window on the far wall let in the low glow of the setting sun, but several lamps in the room helped the room appear bright enough in the diminishing light.

North strode over to the leather couch he had in the center of the room and gestured for Hiccup to do the same. Hiccup walked around the couch and sat, its position allowed him to gaze out the window at the setting sun on the horizon of the city. North disappeared into his kitchen for a few minutes and came out holding two small glasses.

"So what is problem?" North asked again handing it to Hiccup.

Hiccup took the drink, which contained a dark liquid and ice, and brought his nose to it before he drank. As expected, he smelled the strong aroma of whiskey. The relaxed habits of most of the adults at the Guardians concerning alcohol would probably concern Hiccup's father, but Hiccup understood it to be largely a cultural divide. He sipped the high-quality whiskey and set the glass down before he nervously rubbed his thumbs together feeling regret for coming. He felt he might be trespassing or invading privacy if he posed the question he wanted to know. However after a short moment he said, "I was hoping you could tell me what's wrong with Jack."

"Wrong with Jack? What? Is he ok?" North asked his voice showing signs of concern.

"I don't know...it's hard to say because he acts normally in front of most people. But when it's just him, I, and Toothless...it's like he gets really depressed sometimes. Especially at night," he looked up at North whose brows came together as he thought.

North leaned back into the couch and was silent for a moment before he said, "You know, Hiccup. Jack went through lot of bad things in his life. It would not be my place to tell you about them."

"Please North," Hiccup practically begged, "Something is really bothering him and he won't talk to anyone about itâ€¦" he trailed off and picked up the glass to take another sip to settle his nerves.

North glanced over at him and smiled a little. "You care about him, no?"

"...Yeah," Hiccup said continuing to stare at his hands. "I just want to help him."

North looked at him with a mixture of kindness and sadness and then set his glass down on the coffee table to stand up.

"Come." he said and walked to the back of the room and turned down a hallway.

Hiccup followed him and he opened a door near the end of the red wallpapered hall. He turned to look into the room that North opened and found a bedroom. It seemed fairly ordinary in most regards. The walls were painted dark blue and a small bed with a grey comforter stood against the wall next to the door. Across from it was a window that hung over a short dresser and bookshelf. Hiccup thought it was ordinary in most regards, because the only strange thing about it was that it looked like it wasn't being used by anyone.

"What's this?" Hiccup asked looking up at North.

"Is Jack's old room," North said quietly.

"...What?" Hiccup asked as he tentatively walked in. He brushed his fingertips along the edge of the bed and turned to look at North again.

"Jack moved in with me after his mother died. She was my cousin of sorts," he vaguely explained.

"What happened to his mom?" Hiccup asked.

North sighed and walked over to Jack's old bed to sit down. The bed sagged a little under the large man's weight. After a moment he said, "Best to start at beginning then, no?"

Hiccup uncertainly moved to sit down on the edge of the bed next to North and waited for him to continue.

"Jack's father passed when Jack was very young. So the family struggled for a long time after that. Mother having to support two young kids put much stress on her."

Hiccup remained silent but North pointed over to the dresser. Hiccup followed his gesture and walked over to find a picture frame with two people in it. He saw a much younger Jack, whom he didn't recognize at first since he didn't know that Jack was naturally a brunette. But he was bundled up in a puffy winter coat and was sitting on a sled with a little girl in between his legs. They were both smiling broadly and looking at the camera with squinted eyes. Another photo next to it was a typical family portrait with Jack and his sister dressed up and standing alongside their mother, who was sitting and had her arms wrapped around the two. Despite North's admission that they struggled financially, they all looked very happy. Jack's sister looked a lot like him in the photo, except for her brown eyes, and his mother looked as though she really loved her two kids. She had long, brown hair and shared the striking blue eyes of her son.

"What happened to them?" Hiccup asked softly.

North took another deep breath as it was difficult for him to recount

as well. "She worked hard to give Jack and Sarah a better life than she had. Worked two jobs and such. Jack had to often take care of his sister because his mother had to work. He cooked, put her to bed, you know. He acted much like parent even when he was eight years oldâ€¦
...But one day, Jack took Sarah to ice skate and she drowned in the frozen pond. It was accident. But it broke him and especially his mother's spirit. After he moved in with me, he said he overheard his mother talk to herself. I do not think she meant it, but she said terrible things about him. Putting blame on him and so. I think it was just grief and she did not know Jack heard. She loved Jack very much, but I know he still blames himself for everything that happened."

Hiccup's chest grew tight and he swallowed with great difficulty before asking again, "What happened to his mom?"

North sighed and buried his face in one of his large hands. "She invited me over since I had not seen Jack since Sarah died two years before. She said she needed help and I was always willing to help those who need, especially family. I took care of Jack for the day. We went to toy store, bought hot chocolate, and went back home for dinner. But she would not come out of room. We waited long time and eventually I knew something was wrong. I kicked down the door to see herâ€¦" his breath hitched before he continued, "She hanged herself. I tried to push Jack away. But I think he saw little bitâ€¦"

North exhaled deeply and continued, "Thing was. She wrote letter that she meant to leave for me. But she must have forgot. It was on the chair in room. Police found it later. She wanted to let Jack know she loved him, but that he had to stay with me. I took Jack in after and made this his room."

Hiccup had moved his hand to his mouth awhile ago and was turned to the side to partially hide his face. His eyes had started to glaze over at the thought of how so many terrible things could happen to people. He felt like dirt to have complained about his life at all. And yet Jack was always so nice to himâ€¦

"Does everyone who lives here have such a sad story?" he asked his voice breaking as he spoke.

North sighed again and explained, "Yes and no. Everyone has struggles, Hiccup. And yes, many people here went through tragedy like I could never believe. But it would be wrong of me to say who has worse. To me, pain is pain. And everyone who go through it feels it strongly and hurts very much. And no one ever deserves it. I wanted to do my best to help people, give them second chance, which is why I rent out basement for you all." He looked over at Hiccup, who was still staring at the wall. "Jack went through a long, dark period after he came to me. He never wanted to stay in this room with old things. But I found him a therapist and he improved. Butâ€¦ you say he might be depressed again?"

"No...maybe. I don't really know much about depression," Hiccup admitted still lost in the story North just told him.

"Well that gives me worry. He still goes once week." Hiccup looked over at him a little surprised. He had no idea that Jack went anywhere. "Mhm," North started to clarify once he saw Hiccup's expression, "Is why Bunny gives you so much to do on Tuesdays. Jack

does not want anyone to know" he trailed off looking at the floor. "You not mention I tell you, ok? I know is something he never wants to talk about...But if you notice change in him..you tell me. I always feared he might hurt himself."

"Yeah, of course..yeah.." Hiccup said still in shock under the weight of Jack's story. He never thought Jack capable of hurting himself. He always seemed happy...always wanting to joke around.

North stood up and pulled Hiccup into a gentle hug. Hiccup snapped out of his trance and didn't realize how much he would appreciate a warm hug from the large, bearded man. North stood back holding Hiccup's shoulders and looked him kindly in the eyes, "It gives me joy to know Jack finally found good friends like you." Hiccup smiled a little up at him.

"I'll watch out for him," he promised North.

"Good," North placed a hand on Hiccup's back to lead him out. "I know he will move on in time. But it help to be around good people who are like family, no?"

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Hiccup left the apartment with a turmoil of feelings within him. He knew that he couldn't tell Jack that North told him, and he wasn't sure if he should tell Toothless either even though he wanted to. He already invaded Jack's privacy and didn't want to make it any worse. He also knew he had to behave as normally as he could around him. But that didn't stop him from wanting to comfort him somehow

The answer came to him in the form of a text message. His father had sent him a message about an hour ago saying that he sold a few pieces of Hiccup's furniture for over a hundred dollars. Hiccup figured the least he could do was get everyone out of the house

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"You know, you should go shirtless more often," Jack said as he lay on the bed with his arms under his head and smirking at Toothless's half-naked figure.

Hiccup walked in at that precise moment and blushed a little after unexpectedly seeing Toothless's exposed abdomen.

Toothless laughed and said, "Maybe. But why would I do that when it's more fun to make Hiccup blush?" He grinned down at Hiccup's reddened cheeks.

"Shut up, you're not that amazing," Hiccup said trying to take the attention off himself. He closed the door behind him.

"Hey, I'd rate you as a solid French 10," Jack countered as Toothless slipped a black shirt over his head and pulled his hair out as it got caught underneath it.

Hiccup had noticed Toothless started to care more about his appearance lately. Not that he ever looked bad before, but he made more of an effort to fix his hair and dress better.

"Why the hell am I a French 10?" he asked Jack laughing.

"Because you're so elegant," Jack winked at him from his position on the bed.

"Well what are you then?" Hiccup asked curiously while sitting near Jack on the edge of the bed.

Toothless walked over and leaned on the edge of the bed over Jack. "He's..He's like a Icelandic 70."

"Why's that then?" Jack asked smiling and raising an eyebrow at the high number.

"Because you're like a cute, little snow sprite," Toothless said and laughed as he narrowly avoided a pillow that Jack chucked at him. "What? It's supposed to be a compliment," he replied still laughing and went to toss the pillow lightly on the bed.

"Quit calling me short!" Jack said standing up and trying his best not to pout like a child.

"Well, you are to me," Toothless said as he stood over him and looked down to prove his point.

"I'm like the same height as Hiccup and you don't pester him," Jack said jovially shoving Toothless away from him.

"Nah, I actually think you're a little shorter," he observed.

Jack looked over at Hiccup and Hiccup grinned brazenly at him.

Jack rolled his eyes replying, "Fuck you both."

The two were definitely able to make Hiccup almost forget what happened earlier and they made it practically effortless for him to act normally around them. But Hiccup came here in an attempt to brighten Jack's mood, and Toothless usually had the habit of poking fun at Jack's ego.

"Hey, we're going out," he told them abruptly.

"What?" Jack looked over at him puzzled.

"I sold a dining set and my dad wired me the money. So come on, get dressed," Hiccup told them.

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Anna was really happy that Hiccup had invited her out with them. She did enjoy going out, but it was just difficult for her to let go of

the nagging feeling that she should be studying. It never seemed like she had enough time in the day to get everything done.

But the break was good for her. If she never did anything fun, she usually ended up procrastinating and not enjoying herself at all. At least now she could take her mind off everything for a bit. It was also really nice of Hiccup to treat them all to dinner.

He had brought them out to a famous venue in the city. A lot of talented bands play there on a regular basis and some even went on to gain broader fame. Tonight an indie band was highlighted and the lead singer was a girl with a beautifully haunting voice. Anna enjoyed her a lot. They were currently sitting over in the better lit bar/dining area.

Currently, Jack and Toothless were going at it again. Anna couldn't help but feel warm inside at the change she had slowly seen bloom in Toothless. He had really come out of his shell and it turned out he had a pretty quick wit.

Jack all of a sudden put on a high voice and was comically imitating Toothless, "Oh, I'm Luka. I'm so tall and thin and can't help but be a dick to practically everyone except Hiccup," he finished laughing heartily at his own impression.

Toothless laughed and pointed at him from across the round table, "Hey. I'm not mean, I'm factual. There's a big difference." He took a sip of his soda. "Anyway," he continued, "I'm freakishly tall, have green eyes, and a deep voice. Those are my three most noticeable characteristics. So whyy," he laughed intermittently, "do you choose to put on a voice that makes me sound like a 90 year-old Scottish woman?"

Anna saw as Jack and Hiccup laughed at his comment. She smiled back at him as well as it was really hard to resist his smile. He had been expressionless for so long that she never realized how much of an effect he could have on other people.

Hiccup pulled out his phone and checked it really quick and Anna watched as he smiled a little.

"What is it, Hic?" she asked him curiously.

"Hm?" he looked up at her and processed what she said, "Oh, Astrid just texted me asking if I wanted to come visit her next weekend over Thanksgiving break."

"You wanna go?" Jack asked him taking a few fries from the center of the table.

"I mean, yeah, I think that'd be cool," Hiccup replied.

Jack swallowed the food and gave him a look, "You think she'd care if I came?" he asked.

Hiccup looked at him sideways and replied darkly, "She has a boyfriend you know."

Jack smiled at his assumption. "That's not why I asked. I just thought it would be fun to get out of this dreary place for a

bit."

Hiccup stared at him for a minute thoughtfully and then answered, "Alright, I'll ask her."

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Taking Jack out felt like the right decision. The Guardians celebrated Thanksgiving with a delicious feast and the following day, Astrid came to pick Hiccup and Jack up to drive them to her University. The car ride passed fairly quickly because Astrid had story after story to tell Hiccup about her college life. Hiccup was really happy for her. Astrid was a smart girl and deserved to do something that made her happy. Jack was a little pensive as he listened to her ramble on, but seemed interested in what she had to say nonetheless.

She pulled up and around to a small apartment complex. She explained to Hiccup that she decided not to live in a dorm in order to save money. She had to live with a roommate, but she preferred the apartment over the cramped student housing.

Hiccup and Jack grabbed their backpacks and followed her up the stairs to her floor.

"I'm sorry, it's really not much since I haven't had the money to invest in decent furniture. But I'm really glad you could make it up!" she told Hiccup cheerfully as she turned the key to unlock the door.

"I'm sure it's great, Astrid. Thanks for inviting us," Hiccup told her.

She opened the door to the small two-bedroom apartment. The living room was carpeted, but only had one couch in it with a small television placed on a wooden chest across from it. The walls were painted a pale yellow and a set of blinds hung in front of a sliding door that led out to a small balcony.

"You can set your things anywhere. I'm really sorry, but one of you will have to sleep on the floor. But I've got a sleeping bag you can borrow!" she briskly walked off to unearth the sleeping bag.

Hiccup set his bag down and sat on the couch to untie his boots. The weather had grown really cold, so he had to resort to changing his footwear and wearing something more thermal under his leather coat. Jack took off his peacoat and hung it up in the closet before slipping his thin canvas shoes off. Hiccup found it strange that he insisted his feet never got cold.

"Alright! Here ya go," Astrid said as she brought out a sleeping bag and a yoga mat for padding. "So...yeah. No need for a grand tour because this is basically it," she said spreading her arms out and showcasing the living room. "But if you get hungry, please help yourself to whatever is in my fridge. I actually need help eating my food because I bought way too much," she said laughing lightly as she

led them around the wall separating the living from from the kitchen/dining room.

"Hey! That's my dining set," Hiccup exclaimed when he laid eyes on the table and two chairs he made over the last month.

"Oh! I'm sorry, I thought you knew. My dad bought them and gave them to me," she leaned into Hiccup and added as a pseudo-aside, "You make really good stuff for so cheap, Hic. I feel like I should give you more money."

Hiccup laughed, "Nono, don't worry about it. I'm not even that good yet, so I'm glad someone can use the things that serve as my practice pieces."

"You kidding? It's honestly not bad at all. Probably the nicest pieces of furniture I have in this crappy apartment," she added laughing.

Hiccup scratched his neck and smiled at her humbly. Jack was quietly leaning against the table with his arms crossed while observing their conversation.

"So! How about I take you out and show you around campus? I know you didn't want to come all the way out here to sit around," she said heading back to the door to grab her coat.

Hiccup agreed and went to sit down and put on the shoes he just took off. But soon enough, they were off again and Astrid showed them around her higher place of learning. Hiccup would be a liar if he said that he wasn't at least a little envious of her. The college life looked amazing. The buildings were old and seemed to project untold histories of the many intelligent beings who had passed through them and gone on to discover and change the world. Despite the cold, the students were still enjoying the outdoors taking walks, playing frisbee, talking with friends, and sipping coffee outside of the cafes. But what really amazed Hiccup was the library. It was the most enormous thing he had ever seen in his life and it made him want to read every boring tomb it contained within it. It was a humbling experience, really. The amount of things he was completely ignorant of became suddenly apparent to him.

After Astrid had showed them the sights, they met up with her boyfriend and she introduced them. Hiccup deemed him as a pretty nice person from a first impression and not bad looking either. He was tall and muscular with short brown hair and patch of facial hair on his chin.

"Hey! This is Flynn, my boyfriend. And Flynn, this is one of my oldest friends, Hiccup. And my other friend, Jack," she said politely.

"Nice to meet both of you," Flynn said nodding his head. "Astrid has talked about you a lot especially Hiccup. At first I thought you were dating."

"Hahh not quite," Hiccup said rubbing the back of his head.

"We were actually just about to head back since it's getting late, Flynn. You're welcome to come if you want though," she said extending

the offer.

He agreed and they all made their way back to her apartment. Astrid told them that there wasn't really anything going on that weekend, since most people had gone home for the holiday. Hiccup was content with just spending time with her anyways. The week had really run him down since he tried to take over part of Jack's work to help him relax a little more. He wasn't sure if it really worked though, since Jack seemed more tired than usual.

When they arrived at her place they met her roommate, Mei. She also seemed really nice and they all got along pretty well. They all settled down and watched a movie, but Astrid and Flynn retired early and Mei followed along behind them.

Hiccup was sitting on the opposite end of the couch as Jack, who had curled up and appeared to be asleep. Although, it was hard to tell if he was actually sleeping or just pretending because he wasn't interested in the movie. Not really wanting to sleep on the floor Hiccup laid against the other arm of the couch and stretched his legs alongside Jack. The couch was fairly long so they were able to lay somewhat comfortably like thatâ€¦

â€¦.

"Hic! Hiccup wake up!" he heard a voice say and then felt as someone slapped his cheeks lightly.

"Whaaat," Hiccup groaned deeply annoyed at being disturbed too early. He opened one eye and could tell that the sun had barely risen. It was too early.

"Come on Hiccup! Quick! It snowed last night!" Astrid said urgently and then moved over to shake Jack awake as well.

Hiccup sat up off the couch and rubbed his eyes. He had slept in his clothes and felt like he needed to brush his teeth. So he grabbed his backpack and went into the bathroom.

He wasn't in there long before Astrid knocked on the door. "Hurry up Hic! They're already out there!"

"Whosoutthere?" Hiccup asked with a mouth full of toothpaste.

"Everyone! First snow of the year everyone gathers in the field for a massive snowball fight. Let's go!" Astrid yelled.

Hiccup walked out to see her and Flynn already dressed with Mei walking out of her room as well. Jack was in the kitchen brushing his teeth over the kitchen sink.

"Come on! I don't want to be late!" Astrid said as if it were the most crucial moment of the year.

"Alright, alright," Hiccup said as he pulled on his boots and grabbed his coat. Jack was following suit and looked just as groggy as Hiccup felt.

But when they made their way to the field through at least six inches

of snow, but he wasn't prepared for the scene before him. There had to be at least a hundred people gathering onto it and dividing into sides. One would have thought a war was going on with the roar that projected itself from the arena. People were packing, chucking, and dodging snowballs in a frantic frenzy and suddenly Hiccup felt himself fully wake up in excitement. It looked like the most awesome thing on the planet.

"Come on!" Astrid yelled and ran off to the side nearest to them and Hiccup grabbed Jack's arm to pull him along with him.

It. Was. Amazing. Hiccup ran through the crowd, picking up snow, packing it, and throwing it across the divide at the other team. He didn't even know who he was throwing it at, but he didn't care. Quickly, he turned around to a mound of untouched snow and felt as a cold ball of powder walloped into his face. He quickly brushed off the snow and blinked through the melted bits to see Jack standing across from him and giving him his classic smirk.

"You ass," Hiccup said feeling angry at first. But the anger quickly melted away with the snow and he grabbed another fistful to hurtle back at him. They forgot about the war for a moment and focused on their own personal battle. Hiccup had a decent throw to him, but Jack was really evasive. He was also uncharacteristically accurate. Hiccup had snow melting into his hair and down his neck after only hitting Jack a grand total of two times.

He grew tired of that game and caught Jack off guard by charging him and pushing him into a pile of snow.

"Heyy that's not part of the game," he said laughing while pushing at Hiccup's ribs with his knee in an attempt to get him off.

Hiccup stood up chuckling as well and reached out a hand to help Jack up. Jack grabbed it but then swiftly brushed up a wave of snow with his other hand at Hiccup's head. Hiccup jerked back and tried brushing the snow off his head before it melted.

It had been over two hours at that point and the war was dying down. Hiccup heard Astrid call to them from behind.

"THAT WAS SO WICKED!" she yelled enthusiastically and ran up to wrap her arms around Hiccup.

"I...can't even believe that just happened," he said laughing and leaning back against her suffocating grip.

"We should totally do something else!" Astrid exclaimed enthusiastically and let go of Hiccup to think.

"Like what?" Jack asked while brushing the snow off his body.

"Can we get some coffee or cocoa first?" Flynn asked while ruffling his hair. Astrid nodded in agreement.

They followed Astrid, Flynn, and Mei to the nearest coffee shop. Hiccup lagged behind walking alongside Jack.

"That was really fun, yeah?" he asked him while grinning.

"Yeah, I haven't had that much fun outside in a long time," Jack said looking over at him.

Hiccup wrapped an arm around his side to pull him closer for a moment as they walked. Jack lost his balance as he did so and laughed before straightening to fix his hair.

They bought some coffee and returned to walking outside when they passed by a local park. It was swarming from the snow day. Parents brought their children and students were gallivanting all over the area making snowmen, snow forts, snow angels, and one person even had a snow sculpture of a polar bear in the making.

"Oh! You guys want to go ice skating?" Astrid said pointing off to the distance at what Hiccup could tell was a large man-made ice rink.

"Yeah, sure babe," Flynn said smiling down at her. Hiccup could tell he was crazy about her.

"I'm good," Jack said before taking a sip of coffee.

"Oh come on, Jack! It'll be fun!" Astrid pleaded with him.

Hiccup looked at his expression and frowned a little knowing why he was hesitant. "You guys go on, we'll catch up in a minute," he said looking at the other three.

"Ok, but hurry up!" Astrid said before dragging Flynn away and Mei glancing at Hiccup before following behind them.

"Come on, Jack. Astrid's right, it'll be fun," Hiccup tried reasoning with him.

"I'm just not into skating, Hic. End of story," he said darkly before turning away from him.

"It'll be ok, though. It's just a park rink. There's no way anyone will fall inâ€¦"

Jack suddenly whipped around and looked at him strangely. He studied Hiccup's expression for a minute and Hiccup bit his cheek knowing he had betrayed too much specific information.

"Who told you?" Jack asked quietly.

Hiccup's eyes grew wide and he tried to defend himself, "No- no one." Jack's brows furrowed and his eyes narrowed. Hiccup backtracked, "I meanâ€¦told me what?" But he realized he had said the wrong thing once Jack's expression changed quickly to anger.

"Who **told** you Hiccup?" he growled bringing himself closer to Hiccup's face.

"N-North did. But only because I asked him-" he stopped when Jack wheeled around and started stalking away from him.

"Jack!" he quickly ran to catch up to him, "Jack! Wait! Please," he grabbed onto his arm only to have Jack wrench it away from him and keep walking. "Come on...he only told me because I was worried about

youâ€|"

"Well thanks Hic, but it's none of your business," he turned to go in another random direction away from Hiccup.

"Where are you going?!" Hiccup called to him.

"I don't know!" Jack yelled throwing his arms up and realizing the futility of his meanderings, walked over to the nearest bench and sat down. Hiccup followed and sat next to him.

"Please don't be mad at North. He didn't want to say anything at first because he knew you didn't want him to," Hiccup started to say looking over at the white-haired boy next to him. He continued, "I'm sorry I intruded. But I know about the nightmares and you wouldn't talk to me about any of itâ€|"

"That's because I don't like talking about it, Hiccup. Not everything in the world can be magically solved by talking," he replied curtly glancing at him sideways.

"But...it might help, you know? It helped Toothless-" he began but Jack interrupted him.

"Luka's a different case, Hiccup. He needed to talk because no one would ever listen to him. I've already talked to a lot of fucking people and I don't really want to talk to anyone else," he replied resting his elbows on his knees.

Hiccup honestly felt a little hurt that Jack had closed himself off to him. "It wasn't your fault, Jack..."

Jack sighed and put his head in his hands. "Hiccup. Just don't. Ok? You don't even know what you're talking about."

"I would if you just told meâ€|"

"I DON'T want to tell you **ok**?!" he said looking over at Hiccup growing angrier.

Hiccup actually could feel tears nip the backs of his eyes in reaction to Jack yelling at him. He was only trying to help him and felt hurt that Jack was treating him like they weren't even friends. "Why?" he asked almost too feebly.

Jack buried his face back into his hands after realizing he had hurt Hiccup's feelings. "Because no matter what anyone says it doesn't change the fact I let it happen. That I let them both die and I just can't.." his voice cracked and Hiccup saw him start to shake.

He instantly felt selfish for taking Jack's reactions personally and pulled Jack against him feeling worse for hurting him in a public place.

"Hey, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," he said squeezing gently. "Wait here for a minute," he said before standing up and briskly walking over to the ice rink. He motioned for Astrid to come over and he briefly made up an excuse that he was feeling sick and asked for her keys to the apartment. She handed them over a little confused and he walked back to Jack, who was still sitting on the bench but had transitioned to

gazing blankly out in the distance.

"Come on," he said extending his hand to him.

Jack ignored his hand and stood up, "Where are we going?"

"Back to Astrid's. I've got her key," he said before placing a hand on Jack's back in encouragement of walking with him.

They walked back in silence and climbed the stairs to her door. Hiccup unlocked it and they both entered the empty apartment. Hiccup realized that his clothes were completely soaked. He took his coat and boots off and grabbed his bag to go change in the bathroom. When he came out, he saw Jack had changed as well and was huddled in a seated position in the sleeping bag and leaning against the couch. Hiccup would have found it really adorable if the situation were any different.

He walked over and sat down on the floor next to him. "I'm sorry," he said in a low voice.

"S'ok. I know you were just trying to help," Jack mumbled pulling his knees up to his chest.

They sat like that in silence for a moment until Hiccup finally thought of something to say, "Look. You don't have to tell me anything if you don't want to. But if there's anything I can do to help you, you just let me know, alright?"

Jack nodded his head slowly still staring at the floor. After a pause he said, "There's nothing you really can do, Hic. I've tried everything. I've been on meds, I see a therapist...but no one can make it better."

"You can't blame yourself, Jack. It wasn't your fault-" Hiccup tried reassuring him.

"Yes it was, Hiccup." He turned to look at him and put a hand to his chest as he said, "***I** was the one looking after her. **I** was responsible for her. If I was doing what I was **supposed** to, I would have kept a better eye on her. No one can **ever** deny that. And if I wasn't so fucking stupid then I wouldn't have broken my mom's heart and-" he put his fist up to his mouth and breathed into it sharply while squeezing his eyes shut.

Hiccup pulled him against him again and held his head against his shoulder while he waited for him to calm down. "You didn't mean for any of that to happen. It was just out of your control, Jack. So you didn't do anything wrongâ€¦"

"I did **everything** wrong," he gasped. "It's no coincidence everyone who has ever loved me has died and I was the one who was there to let it happen.."

"You know that's not true," Hiccup said turning his head and brushing Jack's bangs aside so he could kiss him gently on his forehead. He then moved a little so he could press his forehead against his and look in his eyes, "You're one of the most selfless people I've ever met. You helped Toothless. You support Anna's siblings. You saved **my** life. Took me in when I had no place to go. You practically

gave up everything you had to me." He took Jack's face in his hands and kissed him softly before saying, "I love you and I'm not going anywhere. I promise."

At that, Jack's face twisted up and he broke down sobbing into Hiccup's lap. Hiccup hesitated, frightened that he had said the wrong thing. But as Jack's hands gripped the fabric of Hiccup's shirt, Hiccup relaxed against him and stroked up and down the length of his back in an attempt at soothing his tremors. He didn't say anything, but instead let Jack carry on for as long as he needed. He felt ashamed that he had pushed Jack to this point, that maybe he had unintentionally hurt him. But after awhile, Jack slowly sat up, wiping his eyes against his shirt sleeve before sinking down to lay on the floor with his head propped up against the couch.

"I want to leave my therapist," he said his voice still rough from crying.

"What?" Hiccup asked him startled.

"He says this is wrong you know," Jack said glancing over at Hiccup.

"What is?" Hiccup asked still confused.

Jack looked down and drew circles into the sleeping bag with his finger as he said, "Me..you..Luka. He's been recommending I go to a priest."

"You're kidding," Hiccup said flabbergasted.

"Nope. He's been telling me for the past month and a half that my feelings weren't healthy. That you were causing me to regress.." he looked back up at Hiccup and shook his head a little before saying, "That's such bullshit though."

"That's not right either. A doctor is in no position to give you religious advice," Hiccup stated.

"Yeah, no shit. I think he's the one making me feel worse about myself. He said my trauma made me confused and is now causing me to seek comfort from 'reprehensible' sources. But..." his voice trailed off to barely more than a whisper, "there's just no way any of this could be bad..." He looked back up at Hiccup with glassy eyes. "Can you just come here?" he asked unzipping the sleeping bag.

Hiccup felt as though someone had punched him in the stomach at how poignant Jack was being at the moment. Even if he were the most heartless person in the world, Hiccup could never have refused him right then. He crawled into the sleeping bag with Jack and pulled the white-haired boy's back securely against his chest.

"I think I love you too you know," Jack said grabbing Hiccup's wrist to bring his hand near his mouth.

Hiccup smiled into his hair and squeezed him tighter. "Like I said, if you need anything, you just let me know."

Jack nodded his head and kissed Hiccup's hand.

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><p>I'm SO sorry for the extended wait! I just started a new job, so my life has been fairly chaotic trying to figure everything out.

But, geez...I feel so fluffy I could hug myself after that.

But, let me get on my soapbox and emphasize that depression is a silent killer.

Hug your loved ones. Be there for them and find them help if they need it.

A smile doesn't mean "I'm ok"

Laughs don't mean "I'm ok"

"I'm ok" doesn't always mean "I'm ok" either.

Don't be afraid to talk about it.

Thank you, and as always, please leave a review.

19. Chapter 19

Kapitel 19

Hiccup had a little explaining to do to Astrid after they returned, but he insisted he felt nauseous and had to lie down so that Jack had some time to pull himself together. After they rested for a while, Jack was able to perk up enough to spend the rest of the day with her, Hiccup, Flynn, and Mei before Astrid drove them home on Sunday morning.

As promised, Jack spoke to North about how his current psychologist was making him really uncomfortable and he agreed that he should find a new doctor. He seemed to like his new doctor better and she spoke with a psychiatrist to put him on different medication. After a brief adjustment period, he felt the medication helped him a lot more than previous prescriptions. It also made him feel undeniably better to have Hiccup and Toothless there. The thing he liked best about his new doctor was that she strongly encouraged him to talk to them if he felt comfortable doing so, which he was. He felt he was able to escape his thoughts more and talk to them about whatever was on his mind. In return, they usually just listened and kept him close. It was easier than before, when he would go through it alone. Only North knew about what happened and Jack would constantly push him away, despite knowing that he was only trying to help him. Maybe it was just because North was there for most of it that he didn't want to talk to him. Anytime it was brought up, he saw the fear and sadness cross the normally jolly man's face and it made Jack feel ten times worse to bring North down with him.

But because he previously felt alone and the need to hide, his depression would periodically ebb and flow. Most of the time, he felt ok and able to interact with everyone like he normally would, even if it was more for them than for himself. But other times, especially

during the winter months, he didn't see the point in doing anything. The worst was when North would try and cheer him up with an inspirational message or encourage him to do something that made him happy. Which to Jack was completely nonsensical, because at such a point, he didn't feel anything. It's like his emotions were dead and North was telling him to fruitlessly search for something that Jack knew no longer existed.

But Hiccup and Toothless didn't judge him, especially Toothless. Hiccup had changed his approach with Jack since their initial encounter, but Toothless had never once told Jack how to feel. The only thing he ever did was be there, and that was what Jack appreciated most about him. And even though it made little sense, he liked it when Toothless poked fun at him. Perhaps it was because he didn't want to be treated as if he were fragile, but rather as any other person would be treated.

Jack breathed in the steam of the shower relishing in the warmth of the water. He tilted his head back to let the hot water flow down his scalp, over his ears, and down his back. It felt so good that he didn't want to get out because the hallway was so frigid in contrast. It was late-December and the weather had not lightened up since its original snowfall. It continued to be cold and icy, which in turn had seeped its way into the basement. Their radiator kept the small bedroom fairly warm, but the walls and floor never seemed to hold onto the heat that the small appliance created. They tried bringing in more rugs and carpet, but it barely made a difference.

Jack knew he had to get ready for work, so he turned off the shower and stepped out to dry off. He ruffled his hair with the towel and examined himself in the mirror. Fingering his scalp, he could see his roots were starting to grow in and knew he had to dye them again. After changing into clean underwear and the work clothes he had brought with him to avoid walking naked in the cold, he threw the towel over his shoulder and walked through the hallway and into their significantly warmer room.

"Come on. Now you're just not being fair," Jack grinned over at Toothless, who was leaning over Hiccup and pleasuring him on the bed. Toothless was standing on the floor bent over Hiccup while supporting himself on his forearms. He was shirtless and his dark slacks were unfastened and hanging loosely around his slender hips.

Hiccup, on the other hand, was completely unclothed, since he had just taken a shower before Jack and didn't even seem to take notice that Jack had entered the room. One of his arms was bent behind his head and the other was gently holding the side of Toothless's head as he continued to bob over top of him.

They all had to go to work, but Jack figured they had a few minutesâ€¦

* * *

><p>[Removed due to FF's ratings policy]

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* * *

><p>"Come on schatzi," Jack said playfully as he smacked Toothless on the ass and had to evasively swerve away in order to avoid Toothless's recoil.<p>

Toothless stood up and chuckled at the nickname Jack used on him. "What time is it?" he asked as he held his pants up and walked over to the wardrobe to finish changing into his uniform, which Hiccup had rudely interrupted earlier.

"We have to be there," Jack said and looked at his watch, "Approximately one minute ago. So, I guess I'll see you two up there," he said smirking and looking at Hiccup, who was slouched over exasperated on the edge of the bed.

"Mhm, see ya," he said without even looking up to see Jack leave.

Toothless laughed as he tucked in his shirt, "You should probably get dressed."

Hiccup groaned and got up to walk over to Toothless. He grabbed his shirt and pulled him close. "I'm sorry I didn't do anything for you," he said in a low voice before raising his eyes to meet Toothless's.

Toothless smiled a little and said, "Don't worry about it. Sometimes it's fun just to watch you." His grin grew wider when he saw Hiccup blush a little at the comment. Hiccup's reactions were so honest that Toothless couldn't help but fall in love with him. He tilted his head down to kiss him one last time before he knew he absolutely had to go upstairs. He grabbed his tie and left fumbling to tie it while walking up the stairs. Hiccup followed several minutes afterwards.

The rest of the night was...amusing. Hiccup ended up being the brunt of their unsatiated lust for the remainder of their shift. Both of them would occasionally brush against him, touch his butt, and Toothless even had him pushed against a reclusive wall at one point. Hiccup silently prayed that no one else had noticed his workplace 'abuse' so to speak, named as such only because he was not one for public affection. He couldn't deny that he appreciated the attention, though. But when they were done working, he was just so absolutely exhausted that he collapsed into the couch after their shift and told them to wake him up when they were done. That was one of the perks of their relationship. It was fairly easy to keep everyone happy in a physical sense.

It didn't come completely naturally, however. They paid careful attention to be as inclusive as possible. And when someone had an objection, they all felt comfortable enough to immediately bring it up or sense when one of them was bothered. That was at least how they had been handling it for the last month, and it seemed to be going fairly well. It also helped that Jack's new therapist was more encouraging and didn't make him feel guilty about his own thoughts.

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The next morning, Hiccup woke up an hour into his alarm snoozing and finally sat up and shut his phone off. He groaned while rubbing the sleep from his eyes and then looked up to see Toothless bent over the desk. He had his left hand tangled in his hair displaying his frustration and was staring at the open booklet he had with a pencil at the ready. Hiccup remembered he had told them he was doing a practice test that morning and asked if Hiccup and Jack could take over his work.

They both had agreed, obviously. It was important to them that Toothless finished school. He was smart as hell and it would have been a shame to see him not live up to his potential because of a formerly shitty situation.

Hiccup silently got up and made the bed before he walked out into the kitchen still in his pajamas.

"Morning, Hiccup," Anna greeted him as he walked in. She and Jack were busy feeding the kids, who were all seated around the table. It was a Saturday and that meant that the kids were off of school and they often made a bigger breakfast. Today it looked like they had eggs, bacon, hash browns, and fruit for everyone. Bunny was busy washing the dishes while Jack and Anna were dishing out food for everyone else. Hiccup even saw Sandy sitting there. The guy was so quiet that he often forgot he lived there. Although, he worked practically every night and as a result was tired frequently during the day. He usually stayed in his room.

"Morning," Hiccup said while yawning widely. He walked over to grab a cup of coffee near where Bunny stood. He didn't even ask if Bunny needed help and grabbed a rag to dry the dishes he was finishing up with.

"Thanks mate," Bunny said to him gratefully. "How's Toothless doin'?" he asked casually.

"I dunno. I didn't really ask him," Hiccup replied honestly. Jack must have told him about Toothless's plans for the morning.

Bunny grunted a reply and Hiccup finished drying the dishes. Afterwards, he grabbed a plate and some food before sitting down at the table next to Anna.

"I wouldn't think that Luka would have any problems passing the test," Anna said as she took a bite of food.

"He said it wasn't so much the content," Jack started, "It's the length of the test. It's something like a seven hour exam."

"Oh wow, they can't split it up anyhow?" Anna asked.

"Not at least for when he wants to take it," Jack replied eating. He had to speak a little louder so his voice could be heard over the kids' gleeful cries and conversations.

"When is it again?" she asked.

"Next month I think," Jack clarified as he took a bite of bacon.

"Hey Jack," Jamie interrupted while looking up at him, "Can we do something fun today?"

"Yeah, sure. Whadya wanna do?" he asked while chewing his food.

"I dunnoâ€|" he trailed off. Oh, the indecisiveness of children.

As Jack discussed his plans with his metaphorical kid brother, Hiccup helped clean up and started on the list Bunny handed off to him. It wasn't too bad considering he was helping Toothless out as well.

He finished everything within a few hours and returned to the bedroom with Jack to see Toothless asleep at the desk. Jack strolled over to him and shook his shoulder to wake him up.

Toothless breathed in sharply and rocketed up only to feel the stiffness in his neck from sleeping hunched over. He rubbed the back of his neck and yawned deeply. "Argh god, what time is it?" he asked.

"Little after two. I take it it went well?" Jack asked angling his head to peer down at him.

Toothless leaned his head in one of hands, which he propped on the desk and replied, "Bwugh, fuck this thing."

"That much fun, huh?" Jack said laughing.

"Super. Honestly I think this test includes more crap than they even teach in your schools. Likelook at this," he held up a part of the study guide that included what Hiccup could tell were various diagrams of the human body. "Not only do I have to relearn all these random words in your bastard language, but I have to do so because people in charge of your school systems figured this shit was more important than telling kids how babies are made," he tossed the packet over his shoulder and leaned back in the chair letting his arms dangle limply behind him.

Hiccup couldn't help but laugh at his frustration. It was rare that he ever made fun of English. He only seemed to do so when it inconvenienced him or his mispronunciations were pointed out. "Is it really that hard?" he asked.

"I mean...it's just really long. I'm pretty positive I'll be able to do it though."

"Well that's good, right?" Hiccup said while lying on his back on the bed.

"Yeah...I just want to get it over with so I can stop thinking about it," he said before turning off the desk lamp and getting up to stretch his legs.

"If it'll make you feel better, you can take a break and come out with Hiccup, me, and Jamie. He asked if we could do something today and we could also bring Pippa and Cupcake," Jack explained to Toothless. It was easier to bring the older siblings out since they required less attention and were generally more fun to hang out with.

"Mmâ€|" Toothless contemplated for a minute, "Where are you going?" he asked before he made a decision.

Jack rubbed his arm and said, "Uh, well, he asked if I would take him ice skating."

Toothless and Hiccup both raised an eyebrow at him in skepticism of his feelings about it.

Jack noticed their expressions and he elaborated, "I mean, I'll just take them to the park. No big deal. But if, you know, you wanted to come I wouldn't say no," he said while looking up at Toothless expectantly.

Toothless gave him a half-smile knowing that Jack really wanted him to go with him. Then he replied, "Yeah, why not. Just let me change really quick."

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"Jack! Jaack!"

"Jack hurry up!" Jamie called out as he fumbled his way to the door of the ice rink with Pippa and Cupcake not far behind him. They were at the city park where they had converted a hockey arena into an ice rink for the winter. It was surrounded by a makeshift wall with openings for people to enter and exit and off to the side included a small rental stand for ice skates.

"Hang on kiddo," Jack laughed as he finished tying the worn skates onto his feet. He looked up to see Toothless walk onto the ice with Pippa and Hiccup was waiting for him by the door.

Jack stood up as well and walked over hesitating by the entrance. It's not as if he were actually scared of falling in. He logically knew that there was no possible way the ice would break unless a portal just decided to apparate for no reason. But he couldn't shake the fear that was curling itself around his throat and chest at the memory he strongly attributed to all things winter, especially ice.

Toothless slid back over to the wall with Pippa holding his hand. He didn't seem to know how to stop without running into something, so he bumped against the wall and held it while looking at Jack with a

lighthearted grin on his face.

"Come on, Jack. Hiccup won't come unless you go first. And you know you couldn't live another day without seeing ****this****," he held an arm out referencing Hiccup's figure, "graceful thing on ice."

"Shut up," Hiccup laughed and made a halfhearted attempt to swat at him. He was nervous about ice skating since he had only done it once before and fell about a zillion times. But he was four and approximately three feet off the ground. If the past chose to repeat itself, he wouldn't be surprised if he cracked his skull with his current height. Or at the bare minimum have giant bruises on his butt.

Jack smiled a little at the thought of a flailing Hiccup speeding across the ice. It distracted him enough as he carefully stepped out onto the smooth surface himself. His heart was practically palpitating and he had to constantly remind himself that nothing was going to go wrong. He slid a little over to Toothless and Pippa, who were both smiling broadly at him. Jamie and Cupcake skated over as well to rejoin the group. Cupcake seemed to be teaching Jamie as she was holding his hand and had to help him stop.

"Jack! Jack! Can you show me how?" Pippa asked excitedly.

"Yeah, yeah. In a minute," he said as he carefully breathed in an attempt at calming himself down. "UGH" He felt something collide into him and he had to awkwardly flail his arms in order to prevent himself from falling. He turned his body to see Hiccup grasping onto his shoulder and struggling to hold himself steady.

Jack couldn't help but laugh at the boy's clumsy nature. "Hiccup, you're such a goon," he said before turning to face him and took hold of his arms. He looked back over at Pippa, "Can you wait a little bit, Pippa? I think Hiccup needs more help than you do." Pippa laughed and felt a little proud that she was better than a grown-up at something.

Jack didn't even need to take a minute to get accustomed to the environment. It came to him as naturally as walking. He skated backwards while supporting Hiccup and holding him steady to prevent him from falling forward. After a minute, he could tell that Hiccup was getting the hang of how to move forward.

"Wow, you're pretty good at this for not doing it in such a long time," Hiccup said while focusing heavily on his feet. If it weren't for Jack, he probably would have either run into something or tripped as he couldn't watch his skates and look where he was going at the same time.

"Yeah, well, it's like riding a bike I guess," Jack said as he helped Hiccup turn to go the other direction. "Here, I think you're good enough to try on your own."

Hiccup's head snapped up, "What?" he asked and Jack could see the flecks of fear in his green eyes.

He laughed at his expression, "You'll be fine. Just...go." And he let go of Hiccup's arms and swiveled next to him to follow alongside him.

It took Hiccup a grand total of five seconds before he tripped and fell forward onto his hands and knees. Jack chuckled and swung back around to help him up. He could hear Toothless's guttural laugh off in the distance.

"Hic, you can't look down or you'll throw off your balance," he said as grabbed onto both of Hiccup's hands and leaned back to pull him into a standing position.

"You tell me that now?" Hiccup replied a little annoyed.

"Hi Hiccup!" Pippa called as she skated past him with Toothless and the other kids. Hiccup scowled because he felt they were rubbing it in.

Jack laughed again at his frustration. "Don't think about it so much. Just push yourself forward with one foot, keep your knees bent a little, and look straight ahead. You won't fall," he assured him. Helping Hiccup deal with his problem was definitely helping Jack expunge his anxiety.

Hiccup pushed off and Jack glided along sideways in order to face him and was prepared to catch him if he stumbled again. Hiccup was a little jealous of how easy he made it look. But eventually he understood what Jack meant from the tips he gave him. Keeping his knees bent definitely helped.

Eventually he was able to keep up with the kids at least and skate around with them. He had issues stopping, but there were plenty of walls and people he could run into. Jack ended up taking advantage of Hiccup and Toothless when he realized that he could go faster and evade them fairly easily. He would dart by, place keep-away with their hats or scarves, and skid to fling powder at them. He made moving on the ice seem so effortless that Hiccup would have thought he had done competitions or hockey at some point in his life.

"Nope, never have," Jack replied as they changed out of their skates to return them to the rental shop. "I can't do any crazy jumps or tricks. I could maybe learn, but I feel like I would need more flexibility and practice for stuff like that."

Jamie was practically in awe of him after he saw how good he was. He wouldn't leave Jack's side on the way home and couldn't stop showering Jack with questions and comments of admiration. It put a smile on Jack's face knowing he had given the boy a fun-filled day.

The sun was setting despite it being only late afternoon. After they brought the kids in and changed them out of their wet clothes, Hiccup answered a text from his dad.

"Hey, did you guys want to head over to the garage with me before work? There's something I kinda wanted to get your opinions about," he addressed to both of them. They shrugged in complacent agreement and followed Hiccup across town to the shop where he and his dad worked. Hiccup unlocked the front door and showed them inside.

It wasn't much, but it was clean and well organized. The front room was a showroom where they held a large assortment of items they had

acquired or repaired to sell. They took anything from household appliances to furniture to various other tools and small machines. There was a counter with a cash register at the back of the room with a spike alongside it for completed order receipts.

"My dad will be over in a bit with some dinner, but first I wanted to show you this," he said as he led them into the backroom. It was a more open area with several work tables and a large selection of tools lining the walls. He led them off to the far corner and pulled a sheet off of a large standing object.

"Woahh is that going to be for us? Jack asked eagerly.

"Yep" Hiccup turned to grin at them as he exhibited the beginnings of the wardrobe he was making. "I figured the old one can go in the kid's room or in the living room if need be. It's just the beginnings so far, but I want to personalize the doors somehow, and add a mirror on one of them so we don't have to walk into the bathroom. But what do you think about the color? I got a really good deal on some black oak," he added while running his hand down the length of it.

It was a really dark color and had to be only a little taller than their current wardrobe. But he added a lot more storage and functionality to it that made it more suitable to hold all of their clothing. There were two large drawers on the bottom with several shelves held within the main compartment. So far, the design was really straightforward and square, but he was asking for their opinions on how they wanted it to look.

"It's really good, Hic," Toothless began while touching the side of the wood as well, "You can do whatever you want with the doors, really."

"Sorry, I'll be a little more explicit. Would you prefer something more modern? Square, simplistic, and whatnot. Or like an antique French thing?" he clarified.

"I mean...what would you rather do? I don't really care either way," Toothless said.

Hiccup explained his dilemma, "I could easily do something more modern and get it done more quickly. But I've always wanted to try and recreate something that looks really old. I haven't had too much practice with wood carving butâ€¦"

"Well do that then," Jack said to him sensing his actual preference. "If you could make it look antique, that would be really badass. Like something you would find in a castleâ€¦" he turned his head to look over at Toothless who had since moved to observe the tools lining the wall. "Have you been to a castle before?"

"Yeah several of them," he replied maintaining his scrutiny of the tools. "Why, you haven't?" he asked nonchalantly as if Jack had been living under a rock his whole life.

"Uh, no man. I know you're foreign and forget sometimes. But this country didn't live through the feudal era," he said chuckling a little.

Toothless turned and grinned at his teasing before they all heard a

sound as someone entered the shop.

"Hiccup?" they heard the rumbling voice of Stoick call before they saw him walk in holding a paper bag.

"Hey dad," Hiccup said casually as he walked over to him and took the bag from him greedily. "Thanks so much by the way. I'm starving."

"Well you're welcome I guess. It was just something I had extra of," he said chuckling a little. He nodded to Jack and Toothless as they sauntered over to join them. "Nice to see you both again," he said.

"Yeah, nice to see you too, sir. Thanks for bringing us food," Jack echoed Hiccup politely and reached into the bag to pull out a simple sandwich. He handed one off to Toothless and peeled the paper off of the remaining one.

Toothless had already taken a bite and coughed trying not to laugh as he saw Jack's face scrunch up from the smell of the tuna salad. Thankfully, Jack had time to hide his disgust before Stoick noticed.

"So, Hiccup showed you what he's got going over there?" Stoick asked while leaning against a table.

"Mhm, it looks really good so far," Jack said as he nibbled off some of the bread trying to pretend he was eating the sandwich.

"Yes, I keep telling him to just go with his gut. He has good taste after all," he said beaming over at Hiccup who grinned a little at the unexpected praise.

"Definitely," Jack agreed with him as he slyly moved in front of Toothless and held the sandwich behind his back signaling Toothless to take it. He didn't want to be rude and refuse food from Hiccup's dad.

Toothless rolled his eyes and took the sandwich from him. "You're such a four-year old," he said in a voice low enough that only Jack heard him.

"So! I'm actually glad you both are here because there was something I wanted to ask you," Stoick stated while crossing his arms in front of him.

Hiccup looked up at him a little nervous of what he was going to say since he hadn't mentioned anything to Hiccup about it. He noticed Toothless raise an eyebrow and Jack asked, "What about?"

"Well, since Hiccup and I don't have any close family members, we arrange to have Christmas dinner every year with a few good friends of mine. You two and anyone else are welcome to join us," Stoick diplomatically explained.

Hiccup sighed in relief that that was all his dad wanted and Jack's face brightened at the invitation, "Yeah, that sounds great. We don't have family around either and I can't speak for anyone else, but I'd love to come over for Christmas."

Toothless smiled at Hiccup's father as well and replied politely, "Yah. Thank you for the invitation."

"Not a problem. I'm glad you'll be able to make it," Stoick said. "Do you all need a ride home?"

"That would be good, dad. Thanks. It's getting dark anyways," Hiccup said before he walked back over to cover the wardrobe up again.

Stoick drove them all home in their old four-seat car. Fortunately Jack was there to keep the conversation from going stale. Hiccup had the slightest suspicion that Toothless wasn't the biggest fan of Stoick because he never really said much around him.

Once they got home, it was almost time for them to get ready for work. So they retreated into their room to change.

"Did you tell your dad yet, Hic?" Toothless asked him monotonously.

"...No." Hiccup replied honestly. "I think it's a little soon to tell him I'm actually...fraternizing with guys when he just got over the basic idea that I'm interested in them."

Toothless snorted at his clever choice of words, but continued his thought, "Do you think you'll ever tell him?" He changed his pants and slipped his black button-up over his head.

Hiccup didn't answer at first. He wasn't sure if he would ever feel comfortable telling his dad about his private life. But on the same token, the two boys he was having relations with were going over his house for Christmas dinner. "I don't know," he finally admitted, "I don't know how to tell him about one guy, let alone the both of you...I told you he already thought I had gotten into prostitution, right?"

Jack burst out laughing at the memory as he changed into his pants as well. It was still as funny a thought as when Hiccup first told him about it.

"You see?" Hiccup said gesturing to Jack, "My dad could barely accept that I wanted a manfriend let alone this illegitimate debacle we've got going on."

"Is that what we are to you?" Jack asked turning to face Hiccup. "Your **manfriends**? Like what the hell does that even mean?"

Hiccup laughed a little at his own choice of words. "I dunno. You were the one who said you hated the word boyfriend," he said to Jack.

"As I should. But manfriend isn't any better," he said smiling and shaking his head at him.

"And that's half of the problem. What do I even call you?" Hiccup asked while struggling to tie his tie.

Jack put a hand on his hip and thought for a second. "I don't know. I mean, he's my schatzi," he said pointing behind his shoulder at Toothless, who responded by shoving him in the butt with his foot. Jack stumbled forward several steps laughing at how easily he could poke Toothless's buttons.

"Well...if you can think of a more fitting title then it would make things easier. But I think it's better to just call you my best friends. Besides...it's not really a lie. You are my best friends...whom I just happen to see naked on a regular basis," he said smirking up at them.

"Right. Well, speaking of which, you better not be tired when we get off tonight," Jack said as he reached out to brush his fingers along Hiccup's waistline before he headed out the door. Hiccup grinned and followed him with Toothless right behind him.

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><p>Again, I apologizing for not posting as often. I've been a busy bee...

But I love writing and it makes me antsy when I haven't written anything in a while.

>But hopefully that spiced things up a little?
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20. Chapter 20

Kapitel 20

"Merry Christmas everyone," Stoick said as he held the front door of their house open and patted his son on the shoulder as he walked inside.

"Merry Christmas, dad," Hiccup said while smiling up at him and walked into the living room. He was followed by the rest of the group, who exchanged greetings with his father as well. Jack thanked him again for inviting them over for the holiday. Even though Hiccup had told them it was a really casual event, they had all made a point to at least look respectable. Anna even wore a dress despite the freezing weather.

Those at the Guardians had already celebrated Christmas Eve together with a big dinner and gave presents to the kids. They had previously agreed not to buy one another gifts and instead focused on making sure all the kids had a good holiday. They all agreed it was more important to give them good childhood memories rather than spread their money too thin on each other.

But not everyone from the Guardians came with them as they didn't want to overcrowd Hiccup's home. But those who did join him included Jack, Toothless, Anna, Pippa, Jaime, and Cupcake. North and Sandy were entertaining the other children and Bunny went to spend the day with his girl. But, fortunately, North had let Jack borrow the car to make transportation easier.

They had decided to bring a few of the older siblings mostly because they had asked. And it was impossible for Hiccup to say no to them.

Besides, he liked having them around. They were at that age where they were still young and energetic but were old enough to make him laugh. Even Cupcake. Hiccup had grown to like the girl a lot since he couldn't help but admire her sense of independence. She marched to the beat of her own drum and it reminded Hiccup of himself a little, except that she didn't care what anyone else thought of her. It was rare to find that in a child.

"Where would you like us to put these?" Jack asked in reference to the dishes of food he and Anna were holding.

"Oh, in the kitchen here is fine," Stoick said leading them through the living room and into the kitchen.

They had arrived a little early because Hiccup felt it would make everyone a little more comfortable with one another and also because he wanted to help his dad with dinner. Everyone was, fortunately, bringing a few things to share. Stoick was mainly responsible for the turkey.

Jack and Anna followed Stoick into the kitchen and set the food down on the counter. They had brought a large ceasar salad and a few pies.

"So dad," Hiccup said appearing in the doorway of the kitchen with Toothless and the three children. "I know you've met Anna once before," he said gesturing to Anna who smiled up at the large bearded man, "But these are three of Anna's siblings Jamie, Pippa, and Cupcake," he concluded while gesturing to the three who mirrored Anna by smiling up at Hiccup's father as well.

"Nice to meet all of you," Stoick said while bending down a little more to their level. "I have some games laid out in the living room if you want. Or you can feel free to help out with the food." he said giving them a few options of entertainment.

Obviously, they were a little more interested in checking out the games than cooking and they had also brought of a few of their new Christmas toys with them as well. So after giving Anna a look that asked for permission, they scurried off into the living room to play.

"Gobber will probably be here shortly with Astrid," Stoick said straightening back up.

"Cool," Hiccup replied as he cracked the oven door to check the turkey. The smell of it made his mouth water and the timer said it only had about an hour left on it. It made him realize just how insanely hungry he was.

"Well, here, I know it may be a bit early. But we might as well do something other than stand around," Stoick said before walking over to the pantry and pulling out a large, glass bottle.

"What's that?" Jack asked inquisitively.

"Mead my boy. Would you care for some?" Stoick asked as he moved back over to the cupboard to pull out some glasses.

"Mead? As in actual mead? Where did you find that?" he asked a little

surprised.

"My good friend Gobber. He makes it himself," Stoick nonchalantly explained while pouring a few glasses worth.

"Wow dad. You're actually letting us have some?" Hiccup asked referring to their lack of age.

"Yeah, well. You're 18 now and that was how old I was when my father let me have a glass for Christmas dinner. And how old are the rest of you?" he asked addressing the other three.

"Eighteen," Jack answered.

"And we're both twenty," Anna said pointing to herself and Toothless.

"That's alright. A glass or two won't hurt you. It's very sweet this batch," he said after handing out the glasses to everyone.

Hiccup took the glass and was surprised indeed at how sweet it was, especially in comparison to the burning liquor he had somewhat grown accustomed to. He knew the drink was derived from honey, but he always expected it taste more like beer for some reason.

"What do you think?" Stoick asked him.

"Yeah, it's good," Hiccup said as he took another sip.

His father laughed and patted him on the back strongly enough to knock Hiccup forward a little and almost make him spill the mead in his hand. It seemed like his dad didn't realize his own strength sometimes.

They talked casually for a little while and it wasn't long before the doorbell rang.

"Hi Hiccup!" Astrid greeted him with a smile when he answered the door and pulled him into a hug.

"Urgh, hi Astrid. You know it's only been a month since I last saw you," Hiccup replied in a husky voice from the strength she often used in her hugs.

"Yeah I know," she said releasing him from her grip and she looked up to see Jack and the others walk over. She walked into the living room to join them and was followed by a man equally as mammoth as Stoick, but blonde like Astrid. He sported a distinctly long mustache, which always made Hiccup wonder whether his dad chose his friends based on how majestic their facial hair was.

"Hiccup! Where have you been lad?! I can't even remember the last time I saw ya. It seems like you grew five inches!" he said while pulling Hiccup into a crushing hug.

A sound croaked out of Hiccup's throat as he attempted to answer but his lungs were too restricted from Gobber's grip. The large man released him and Hiccup rubbed his sore diaphragm a little. "I don't think so, it's only been since May," he finally replied chuckling at the man's exaggeration. He knew he had a growth spurt last year and

Gobber had surely seen him during it. But he was pretty certain the mistake was due to the fact that he had grown a bit broader since then as he had gained a little more muscle to him, which filled out his previously scrawny exterior.

After Gobber had moved past him, Hiccup noticed Mei walk in behind holding a plate with a cover on it. "Oh hi, Mei. Nice to see you again," he said giving her a smile but still displaying the after effects of the painful hugs he had just received.

"Nice to see you again too," she replied with a kind expression. She looked really pretty tonight as she had on a red turtle neck sweater with black slacks. Her long dark hair was pulled back into a bun with a few loose strands escaping to frame her heart-shaped face.

Hiccup gestured for her to come inside and he closed the door behind her to block out the effects of Old Man Winter from entering the house.

"Mei's family lives in China and I invited her over to spend the holiday with us," Astrid explained briefly.

"I brought this if that's ok?" Mei said while taking the cover off the plate. It was filled with what seemed to be little pastries that Hiccup was unfamiliar with.

"Thanks Mei. What are they?" Hiccup asked while leaning over to look at them a little more closely.

"They're mooncakes. They're usually eaten in autumn but I figured everyone would still enjoy them," she explained.

"Very cool. Well, I'll put it in the kitchen for you," Hiccup said taking the plate from her.

"Oh! I'll grab the other stuff from the car," Astrid said quickly remembering the rest of the food they had left.

While they finished preparing the food, they continued to make small talk amongst one another. Jack and Toothless already knew from previous conversations with Hiccup that he wasn't comfortable talking to his dad about them, so they made a conscious effort to not be overtly friendly with him. They hadn't divulged anything to their housemates either. However, Hiccup was fairly certain that they had their suspicions due to the way the three behaved around one another. It was difficult for him to explain exactly why he was uncomfortable talking about it. But it had to be that he was afraid of further judgement and people thinking he was wrong in the head somehow. Jack and Toothless didn't seem preoccupied with what everyone else thought, but Hiccup knew they would respect his desire for privacy since he was still getting used to the idea himself.

Soon, but not soon enough in Hiccup's opinion, they all sat down at the table for dinner. Stoick was to sit at one end, with Hiccup and Gobber on either side of him. While Toothless sat next to Hiccup with Jack and Astrid across the table. The kids all sat together at the other end with Mei and Anna, who seemed to have a lot to talk about.

Stoick carried the carved turkey over to the table and set it in the

middle while proclaiming, "I just wanted to thank everyone for coming and bringing good food before we start eating. It feels good to know that even though we may not have much in regards to family, we can still enjoy the company of close friends." He mustache perked up as he smiled broadly at all of them.

"Cheers!" they all said and raised a glass to his toast. Stoick sat down and they all immediately started passing dishes around.

"I thought you said your family just lived overseas?" Jack asked while turning to look at Astrid.

"They do, but we hardly ever see them because of it," she said after taking a bite of mashed potatoes.

"Oh... that's too bad," Jack commented before taking another sip of mead.

"Not really, we were never really close with them. But hey, what about you Luka? Do you ever get to see your family?" she asked addressing Toothless who was seated across from her.

"Uh..yeah. Everyone I'm related to lives here now," Toothless responded dryly.

"Hey Astrid," Hiccup asked trying to change the subject for him, "What about Flynn? Where's he at?"

"With his family. We've only been dating a couple months, Hiccup. It's too soon to bring him over for Christmas don't you think?" Astrid responded to him while holding her fork off to the side.

"I'd personally like to meet this boy sometime," Gobber said heartily while taking a bite of turkey.

Astrid laughed lightly, "You will dad, you will."

"What's he like, Hiccup? Can I trust him?" Gobber asked raising his eyebrows and chuckling slightly from teasing his daughter.

"I mean..yeah I think so. He seems like a really nice guy," Hiccup responded shrugging his shoulders. He had only met Flynn once before and that was at least the impression he had gathered from that encounter.

"Did you kiss him yet?!" Pippa called out from the other side of the table.

"Pippa! Don't be rude," Anna chastised.

"Whaat?" she whined not understanding why it was rude, "Luka kisses Hiccup all the time!"

Hiccup's fork froze in midair after she spoke as he frantically juggled the choices of coming up with a lie or admitting the truth to his father.

"Geez Pippa," Jack started to tell her off in a stern voice, "I've told you like a hundred times. Luka's just foreign and he does that with all of us. It's how he says hello."

"But.."

"Pippa. Stop making fun of his culture. It's rude," he warned while throwing her a look in an attempt at shaming the poor girl into silence.

Pippa slouched down in her seat feeling unruly punished and Toothless coughed in his hand trying not to laugh. Hiccup saw Anna cover her smile with her hand as well.

"Where are you from then, Luka?" Stoick asked him curiously.

"I..ehm..from Germany," he replied the smile fading from his face.

"Luka?" Gobber interjected, "I'm sorry. Have we met before somewhere?"

"I..don't think so.." Toothless said slowly while peering sideways at Gobber.

"Well!" Stoick resumed talking, "Germany. Interesting place that is."

"I suppose it is," he answered flatly knowing full well where the conversation was headed.

"You still get a lot of Nazis over there?" Stoick asked unabashed.

Yep there it was.

"Dad!" Hiccup exclaimed embarrassed by his father's assumption.

"Oh...I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to sound rude," Stoic apologized.

Toothless exhaled and took another bite of food before saying, "Neo-Nazi philosophy continues to exist as it does here in the US. But, obviously, the public doesn't support it. Germany's government did away with a lot of policies that leaned toward that mindset."

"Hm...such as?" Stoick asked curiously.

"Like we don't pray to the flag like you do here," Toothless said with a wry grin spreading across his lips.

Toothless had gotten into conversations like this with Hiccup and Jack, and Hiccup was very interested in what he had to say. Toothless was always one to willfully share his opinion when it came to typically touchy topics like religion or politics. But at the same time, Hiccup knew this wasn't really kosher dinner conversation.

"You mean the Pledge of Allegiance? That's not praying," Gobber added.

"Well you have to realize that that's what it seemed like to me," he began while putting down his fork and knife before laying an arm on the table. "I went to school here for the first time and everyone stood up and recited that poem in monotonous unison like some kind of cult ritual. And not only that, but the teachers expected me to know it and promise my allegiance to a country I just moved to. I found it eerie," he finished while leaning back in his chair to fix his penetrating stare on Gobber.

"Hm..I suppose I never thought of it like that before. But...a little bit of patriotism isn't a bad thing," Hiccup's dad countered.

Toothless crossed his arms casually before replying, "No...but blind nationalism is. Makes people complacent." He reached out and took a sip of his drink.

"So! Mr. Hofferson," Hiccup interrupted to try and divert the topic away from anything politically related, "How's work been for you lately?"

"Oh you know...same old same old," Gobber said taking more turkey. "Nothing new ever happens in my department," he added chuckling a little.

"What do you do?" Jack asked him curiously.

"Oh, I work in the police department. Mostly just with paperwork and whatnot. Nothing too exciting," he answered humbly.

"Come on, dad. It's at least a little cool. Not everyone can say they do what you do," Astrid told him.

"Hm..no I suppose not. But how have you been doing Hiccup? Your dad tells me you've been working with him at the shop," Gobber said while across the table at Hiccup.

Hiccup summarized to Gobber the furniture he's been working on with his dad and how he's been as of late. The table then divided into several conversations after that with Hiccup's and Astrid's fathers discussing work, Astrid and Jack talking about her college life, and Anna and Mei having an unknown conversation at the far end.

"You alright, bud?" Hiccup asked looking over to Toothless, since Hiccup noticed he hadn't said much in awhile.

"Yeah, fine," he said not taking his eyes off of his empty plate.

Hiccup switched to a lower voice so only Toothless could hear, "My dad didn't offend you or anything did he?"

Toothless smirked a little and glanced sideways at Hiccup as he said, "No, no. If anything I probably offended your dad and Gobber."

That might have been true. Toothless didn't seem to grasp that his opinions could offend some people. But at the same time, Toothless also couldn't comprehend why his personal opinion would be considered offensive to someone else. "Eh..maybe," Hiccup replied as he reached

under the table to squeeze Toothless's thigh.

Toothless snorted in remembrance of the previous conversation. "My culture!" he said as he covered his mouth to hide his silent laugh.

Jack glanced up at him from across the table and quickly raised his eyebrows and winked at him. Toothless kept his hand over his mouth and discreetly lowered all of his fingers, save for the middle one, with which he directed at Jack. Jack smirked at him and continued his conversation with Astrid as if the silent exchange never happened.

They finished up with dinner and they all helped clean up the food and wash the dishes. The kids all retreated into the living room to resume playing what Hiccup could only assume to be a reenactment of the Rapunzel fairy tale. After they were finished, they all broke up into smaller conversation circles again and resumed catching up and sharing stories. Toothless, Jack, and Hiccup had all retreated into the living room and were standing near the front door.

"Mooncake?" Mei asked offering Toothless, Hiccup, and Jack a pastry from the plate.

"Oh! Yeah, thanks Mei," Hiccup responded as he took one. It looked good enough. He took a bite and was a little confused by the flavor. "What's in it?" he asked his brows coming together.

"It's just red bean paste," Mei said shrugging.

Toothless took a bite out of his as well and contemplated it for a moment before swallowing. "I like it," he said. "I've never been a fan of overly sweet desserts anyways," he added before taking another bite.

Mei smiled up at him in gratitude and walked away to hand them out to the others. Jack took the opportunity after she left to unleash the unpleasant expression he was holding back and handed the pastry off to Toothless.

Toothless laughed and took it from him. "Seriously, Jack. You need to get over yourself," he said shaking his head a little at him.

"Hey. I'm not picky. I just don't like fish and I prefer my desserts to be sweet. That's about it," he said counting the two things off on his fingers and frowning at Toothless.

"I know. When it comes to sugar, you're like a little Christmas elf," he said letting out his signature laugh Hiccup had grown to love. Jack went to elbow him in the ribs, but Toothless knocked his arm away before he could hurt him.

Hiccup just smiled while watching them quarrel and continued eating his pastry. Sometimes he would pick a side at random when they fought just to see the other's reaction. But this time, he decided to sit it out.

Ending the fight and still shaking off a laugh, Toothless turned to Hiccup and asked, "Anyways, I have to use the toilet. Where's it at?"

"Up the stairs and the first door on your left," Hiccup told him. Toothless turned around and followed his directions up the stairs.

"Thanks for the save earlier," Hiccup muttered turning back to face Jack. "I'm not sure if he bought it, but I guess it freed me from having to have that conversation in front of a dozen people."

"Yeah no problem. I can be good on my feet sometimes," Jack said while shrugging his shoulders. "I'm going to go grab some pie, did you want some?" he asked before turning back towards the kitchen.

"No, I'm stuffed. Thanks though," Hiccup said before he watched him disappear around the corner.

Hiccup leaned against the wall and looked down at the kids playing on the carpet. He didn't blame Pippa for accidentally blowing his cover. She just obviously didn't understand why anyone would think something was wrong about it. For some beautiful reason, children seemed to more easily accept that anyone could love anyone and not think there was anything wrong about it.

"Hey Hiccup," a voice said that made Hiccup almost spring up in surprise. He turned to see Gobber suddenly beside him.

Gobber continued to speak not noticing he startled Hiccup, "I...just wanted to make sure you were alright. Your dad was worried sick about ya last summer and was going to file a missing person's report if Astrid hadn't spotted you when she did."

Hiccup was a little shocked at the admission, his dad had never mentioned that to him before. "Yeah...I was fine. I moved in with some friends and...yeah...it worked out in the end," he assured him.

"Ok...well that's good. However," Gobber paused for a moment stroking his mustache a little before he sighed and continued, "I know teenagers often think their parents care too much or too little. But in all my time on the force...it's really rare to come across a parent that doesn't care about the safety and well-being of their child."

Hiccup looked down at the floor a little guilty. He had indeed gone through most of his adolescence thinking his father didn't care about him. They may never have seen eye to eye on many things, but he realized after being with him at the shop how much work he had done to support Hiccup. That was the reason he never spent much time with him, it wasn't because he didn't want to.

Gobber smiled kindly at Hiccup but his eyes remained serious as he continued, "Just promise me you'll be careful. You're in the city now, so it comes with dangers that are a little different than the suburban neighborhood you're used to."

"Yeahâ€¦" Hiccup said not wanting to let on how much danger he had already encountered. "Don't worry. I'll be careful." He looked back up into Gobber's blue eyes trying to convey his seriousness.

Accepting his promise, Gobber patted him on the shoulder and smiled before saying in a more lighthearted voice, "Sorry! I didn't mean to get all serious with it being a holiday and all! Let's eat some pie!"

Hiccup followed him into the kitchen to see Jack talking with Anna and Astrid.

"Hey Hiccup!" Astrid called over to him still laughing from their previous conversation. "Do you still have your old yearbooks?"

'Uh, yeah. Why?" Hiccup asked a little confused.

"Because Anna wants to see all of us when we were younger. Especially Jack," she said still giggling.

"Noo. Come on, don't do that!" Jack jovially protested.

Hiccup smiled at the idea and replied, "Yeah, sure. I'll be right back." He pivoted and retreated back through the living area and up the stairs to his bedroom in order to retrieve a few of the yearbooks.

He had gone to school with Astrid and Jack all through high school; however, he and Jack never shared much in the realm of a conversation until he had moved in with him. But he still remembered Jack when he was younger. He had been dying his hair for as long as he's known him, but Jack had obviously matured as he aged like Hiccup had.

He entered his bedroom and knelt down in front of his bookshelf and pulled out a few of the yearbooks from a few years ago.

"So **this** is your bedroom," Hiccup heard Jack's voice say from the other end of the room.

Hiccup quickly turned his head around to see the white-haired boy stroll in, stopping to observe one of Hiccup's pieces he had framed on the wall. It was a really detailed drawing of an old man holding a newborn done completely in pencil. The man had a smile on his face as he gazed upon the tiny infant.

"What's this?" Jack asked pointing at the drawing.

"Oh, that I did from a picture of my grandpa for a contest," Hiccup explained.

"Is the baby you?"

"Yeah," Hiccup said blushing a little and rubbing the back of his head sheepishly.

"That's amazing, Hic." Jack leaned in closer to the drawing to observe it in detail. Then he turned his head to look back at Hiccup and added, "You were a really cute baby."

"Heh, yeah I know," Hiccup replied while standing up. A lot of people had told him that and he had grown to accept that simple fact about himself.

Jack smirked at him, "Well look at you being all presumptuous for once."

Hiccup laughed. "I'm not being presumptuous. Most babies are cute," he remarked.

"Yeah, well.." Jack said turning to walk over to Hiccup. "You're still really cute," he said taking Hiccup's face in his hands and leaning into him.

Hiccup smiled a little and tilted his head before quietly replying, "Nah... I think that'd be youâ€|" and then locked his lips into Jack's.

"Mm.." Jack hummed while guiding Hiccup over to his bed. Jack broke the kiss while gently pushing Hiccup down and leaning over him. "We've gone over this before," he murmured in a low tenor. "I'm not cute." Then he pressed himself down into Hiccup, who responded by reaching up to hold the back of his neck and one side of his slender hips. It was almost too easy for Jack to seduce him. His crystal blue eyes flickering down to stare at Hiccup's mouth while sporting that irresistible smirk were like kryptonite to him. And Thor on high he smelled so goodâ€|

Hiccup pulled Jack on top of him so that he was sitting on top of his hips. Jack continued to lean down and greedily move his mouth against Hiccup's, biting his lip and swiping his tongue against it erratically. Hiccup moaned softly and with his feet on the floor pushed himself up to grind into Jack. He heard Jack groan in pleasure at the friction and felt as he pulled away to bite down onto Hiccup's neck while reaching lower to push his hands underneath his shirt...

"Nn. No, no. Get off me," Hiccup lightly chastised while pushing Jack off of him.

"What?" Jack said springing up but still maintaining his smirk.

"This is just wrong. We're at my dad's for Christmas dinner, in my old room, and Astrid's expecting me to come back any minute now," he summarized.

Jack slumped over a little while groaning and said, "Urgh, you're no fun Hiccup."

Hiccup grinned at him and got up to retrieve the yearbooks he abandoned on the floor. He led Jack, who was pretending to pout, back downstairs and into the living room.

"Here you go," he said handing the books off to Astrid who had since moved to sit on the couch with Anna and Mei.

"Ohh yes. Check this one out," she said flicking through the pages to find the one she wanted to show Anna.

But Hiccup quickly grew uninterested in the photos as he scanned the living room. "Hey. Where's Toothless?" he asked confused since they hadn't seen him upstairs and it appeared like he wasn't downstairs either.

Astrid stopped and looked up from the yearbook. "I..uh...I don't know. I haven't seen him for about an hour," she said noticing a glint of worry in Hiccup's eyes.

Hiccup swallowed and then walked into the kitchen to check. But he wasn't in there either. Where the hell did he go? He quickly returned to the living room to stand in front of Jack, "Did he tell you he was leaving?" he asked hearing the confusion in his own voice.

"No...I haven't seen him since he went upstairs" Jack responded growing concerned as well.

"Oh! Hey! Hiccup!" he heard Pippa call from the floor near him. "Luka told me to tell you he had to go home."

"What?" Hiccup asked walking over and kneeling down to her level. "When did he tell you that?"

"I don't know. A long time ago," Pippa replied while resting her stuffed dinosaur in her lap.

Urgh. Hiccup loved the girl but he wished that children would have a better judgement of time lapse. A long time in her opinion could be anywhere from ten minutes to last week. "Did he tell you why?" he asked trying to get any kind of information out of her.

"No" he just left," she said innocently not aware of the potential repercussions of the situation.

Hiccup stood back up to look at Jack with wide eyes. "But it's dark. Why would he leave all of a sudden?" he asked trying to keep his voice calm.

Jack pulled out his cellphone from his back pocket and dialed a number before putting the phone to his ear. Hiccup listened in on the one-sided conversation attempting to glean as much information as possible.

"Hey North. Hi. Yeah, is Toothless home with you?" he asked.

Silence followed as Hiccup couldn't hear what North was saying.

"Uh huh..yeah...ok. Tell him we'll be home shortly then," he said before hanging up.

Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief as he saw Jack relax. "Yeah..he just went home," Jack said confirming Hiccup's assumption but displaying his utter confusion as well.

They stayed for a little more time after that despite wanting to question the hell out of Toothless. But as they packed up to leave, Hiccup's dad noticed Toothless's absence as well. Hiccup had to quickly lie and tell him that Toothless was just feeling ill and had to go early, which he seemed to accept. But they all said their goodbyes and thank you's and headed back to The Guardians.

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Jack burst into their bedroom first to see Toothless lying face down on the bed appearing to be asleep.

"Hey." he said shaking his shoulder to wake him up. Toothless groaned in response and pulled the pillow over his head to block out Jack's voice.

"Oi, Toothless," he said taking the pillow away from him. Hiccup walked over and stood behind Jack.

"Urghh what?" he asked groggily rolling onto his back and rubbing his eyes.

"What possessed you to just leave like that?" Jack asked a little annoyed and a little concerned about his uncharacteristic behavior.

"I told Pippa to tell you I wasn't feeling well," he said sitting up and leaning his back against the wall behind him.

"Well you look fine. Besides, you're like citizen safety when it's dark outside. Why didn't you just rest in Hiccup's bed?" he said pointing out the flaws in Toothless's argument.

"No need to freak out. I just took a cab home," he said sleep still making his voice hoarse.

Hiccup relaxed a little bit knowing he was ok but still knew he wasn't telling them something. Toothless wouldn't drop thirty bucks on a cab for no reason. "But seriously, why did you leave?" he reiterated Jack's question again. "You scared the crap out of us for a bit."

Toothless sighed and leaned his elbows onto his knees while slouching his head down. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Your dad and Gobber just kept giving me really weird vibes and I wanted to get away."

"Why didn't you just tell me then?" Hiccup asked still confused. He could have talked to his dad or at least have Toothless feign illness in his room or they could have left early altogether.

Toothless ran his fingers through his hair, "I don't know...I just react sometimes without thinking. It seemed like the right choice at the time...And I'll admit that I did feel kind of stupid when I got back though," he said raising a small smile at them in attempt at seeking forgiveness.

Both Jack and Hiccup still didn't believe him entirely. They knew there was more to it than what Toothless was letting on. But since he wasn't going to budge, they reluctantly shrugged it off and turned to change their clothes.

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><p>So..another question I've been curious about. Who is everyone's favorite character(s) and what about them makes them the

favorite?

****I'm obviously biased and like all of them, so it would be cool to hear what you think.****

21. Chapter 21

Kapitel 21

Since Christmas dinner, Hiccup's concerns over the past several weeks have shifted from Toothless to Jack. It was clear that Toothless wasn't going to let on why he reacted the way he did and Hiccup had the suspicion that the boy didn't even fully understand his reactions himself. So he and Jack stopped asking about it and let him get back to preparing for his exam.

Jack's mood, on the other hand, had fallen into a pit lately. He had explained to them beforehand that he had little to no control over his mood during the winter and would for no apparent reason fall into a depressive state periodically. This time around, he said his new medication was helping as well as having Hiccup and Toothless around to provide a solid sense of companionship. However, that didn't stop Hiccup from worrying about him.

Currently Jack was meeting with his therapist while Hiccup and Toothless were left in charge of the youngins. The two boys were lounging on the couch alongside one another with their feet on the coffee table and their sketchbooks propped up on their knees. Hiccup liked having him there to draw with because it gave him a different perspective. Hiccup's style was more concrete in the sense that he liked drawing the people, scenery, and world he saw, but Toothless was a million times more abstract. It always made Hiccup wonder how his brain worked for him to be able to visualize the images he put down on paper.

Hiccup glanced up to see Anna walk out from the hallway carrying her coat and heading to the door to put on her boots. She looked nicer than usual today. Not that she ever looked bad, but she was wearing makeup and had put on a nice looking, grey dress with leggings and a scarf tied fashionably around her neck. She grabbed her black, leather boots and walked over to sit next to Toothless as she put them on.

"You look nice," Hiccup noted.

"Oh thanks! I'm going out to meet an old friend of mine. But umâ€¦|" she looked over at Hiccup idly sitting around and said, "I wouldn't mind the company though if either of you wanted to come with me. It beats having to sit by myself on the metro for an hour."

"Where are you headed?" Toothless asked not looking up from his sketchpad.

"All the way over to the west side. I know, it's a bit of a commute. Soâ€¦|" she smiled up at them in friendly persuasion, "I would really be happy to have someone go with me."

"I'm good actually," Toothless said. "I'll stay here and watch the kids."

"I don't need a babysitter! I can take care of myself." Pippa spoke up in protest.

Toothless looked up from his drawing at her and his eyes grew wide all of a sudden. He pointed at the floor and yelled, "OHMYGOD CENTIPEDE!" and proceeded to burst out laughing when all the kids in the vicinity shrieked and ran away from where he pointed. Hiccup and Anna couldn't hold in their laughter either at the episode.

Pippa ran up to him and crawled into his lap, forcing him to move his sketchpad aside. "That wasn't funny," she said as her face formed a pout and glared at him. Several of the other kids replied in agreement with her.

He smiled at the little girl and replied, "Well, when you kill a centipede on your own, ****then**** I will think about letting you watch yourself."

"...Fine." she said haughtily and Toothless knew she would be determined to hold him to that statement. She turned around and lay against his chest so that he could pick his sketchbook back up and continue drawing while looking over her shoulder at what he was doing.

Anna looked over at him and smiled. She loved how well he handled her siblings. He was better at making them listen than Jack was. Jack always played with them and didn't really enforce Anna's rules that well. But she could always trust Toothless to keep them on schedule and make sure they did their homework and such. Her eyes moved over to Pippa in his lap, who was watching his hands with keen interest as he continued his drawing. Anna had her suspicions that Pippa had an innocent case of puppy love for him.

"Shouldn't you be studying anyway?" Hiccup chimed in. "Your test is tomorrow after all."

Toothless rolled his eyes and replied, "I've studied enough. If I don't pass this thing then I'll shave my head and join a monastery." Hiccup grinned a little at the mental image.

Anna giggled a little at the thought as well. "But you're not even Catholic," she said nudging him in the arm.

"Sure I am," he replied in a straightforward tone. "Everyone from Germany is Catholic."

Hiccup let out a loud laugh and stood up. "You're so full of it," he said calling on his bullshit as he walked over to the door to put on his boots as well. He was so critical of everything Hiccup knew there was no chance he was very religious at all.

But Hiccup was glad that Anna offered him the option of getting out of the house though. He liked drawing with Toothless, but he was growing restless of constantly being inside all the time due to the biting cold.

Anna got up to follow him and grabbed her coat. After making sure they were appropriately dressed, they both waved goodbye to the group before heading outside together.

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The metro was a different experience than the above ground street trams. The underground was well lit, but always felt a little eerie to Hiccup. And anytime he stood waiting for the train to come, his brain couldn't help but imagine what would happen if he tripped and fell onto the tracks as the train approached. Now, Hiccup wasn't suicidal in the slightest. He just figured his brain imagined such grisly scenarios in order to ensure he did everything he could to prevent it from happening.

After they got off the last train, Hiccup followed Anna up the flight of dirty cement stairs to reemerge to surface level. The trip was long mostly because they had to wait twenty minutes for a connector at one point, so Hiccup was happy that they were finally almost to their destination. The weather was cold enough that he wanted more than anything to be inside.

When they made it to the street, Hiccup followed Anna's lead down the block. He realized he was in an entirely new area that he didn't know existed in the city. As he looked around, he noted that the buildings and general surroundings were more rundown than other places. He also saw a lot of the small business signs were in Spanish.

Hiccup knew Anna was Colombian and she had told him on the way that she practically grew up on this side of the city. Hiccup knew her father was a doctor and was curious as to why she didn't grow up in a more affluent neighborhood. With his hands in his pockets and his head tucked into his scarf, Hiccup quickened his pace hoping that Anna would follow his lead. He was ready to get out of the cold.

She led him several blocks until they reached a hole-in-the-wall restaurant. Like the rest of the buildings, the paint was peeling in many places and the exterior in general had a very worn appearance. They walked inside and the warmth immediately enveloped Hiccup's face and took away the biting sensation on his nose. After looking around, he was impressed to see that the inside was definitely better maintained than the outside. The walls were painted a rich red color and the lighting was soft and gave the impression they were in a candle-lit room. The furniture consisted of the typical restaurant-fare tables and chairs. But the aroma of the establishment was absolutely mouthwatering. Hiccup just realized how hungry he was.

Anna led him further inside and he jumped when a scream erupted from in front of them. Before he knew it a girl had materialized and was hugging and kissing the life out of Anna while talking rapidly to her in Spanish. Hiccup had taken two years of Spanish in high school, but it was hardly enough to decipher her accelerated speech. The girl that was hugging Anna had very long, dark-brown hair that was tied back and looked to be about the same age as Anna, but was several inches taller than her. She was wearing simple black pants, a black shirt, and a black apron. She clearly worked at the restaurant they had visited.

After several minutes of inexplicable excitement. The girl released Anna and turned smiling to face Hiccup. "Disculpeme, disculpeme. Soy

Manuela y-" she started to say but Anna interrupted her.

"Manuela, this is Hiccup. And Hiccup, this is my oldest friend Manuela," she said in English cueing Manuela that Hiccup didn't speak Spanish. However, he did understand basic introductions. But he continued in English since it was more on his comfort level.

"It's really nice to meet you, Manuela. Is this your restaurant?" he asked curiously.

"Yes, it's my family's restaurant. But come! Let's go sit and I will ask Javi to get us something to eat," she said with a rolling accent that Hiccup couldn't help but find extremely charming. She turned around to lead them across the small room to a table by the kitchen. Anna was walking next to her and Hiccup saw Manuela turn to look at her.

"Muy bello chula. ¿Es t  l tu novio?" Hiccup felt himself blush a little since he was fairly certain she complimented his appearance and asked if he and Anna were together.

"No nonono," Anna replied giggling a little.

They reached the table and Manuela gestured for them to take a seat before turning and heading off into the kitchen. Hiccup heard her speaking to someone within, presumably ordering food, and then quickly reappeared to join Hiccup and Anna. The restaurant was surprisingly vacant. But perhaps they weren't completely open yet.

"So Hipo," she said mistaking Hiccup's name and sitting down across from him. "Are you single?"

Hiccup quickly felt himself turn red at the question and rubbed his arm while stammering out, "I...uh...no. Not...not really." He hoped that roughly translated as 'I'm sorry but I'm actually gay and in a serious relationship with two other guys.' Roughly the same.

Manuela giggled at his nervousness and turned her attention back onto Anna in order to allow Hiccup to calm down. Hiccup noticed that Anna was smiling a little at him as well.

"Anna, you have no idea how much I missed you around here. How are your brothers and sisters? Where do you live now? How come I hardly hear from you?" she asked Anna in quick succession.

Anna briefly explained that they were living on the east side of the city and were doing fine. The reason that she hadn't visited or spoken with Manuela being that she was studying for dental school.

"Ohh fant  stico chula. Your father would be very proud of you, you know." Anna's mouth upturned a little at the compliment.

"You knew Anna's father?" Hiccup inquired. He was quickly realizing how little he knew about the girl he lived with.

"Of course Hipo! Anna's parents are practically legends! She only doesn't tell anyone because she too modest," Manuela said while leaning into Anna, who smiled at her teasing.

Hiccup looked over to Anna and then back at Manuela. "What were they like?" he asked now insatiably interested in what made them legendary.

"They were two of the most wonderful people on the earth!" she began and Hiccup raised his eyebrows in surprise. She continued, "Her mother and father moved into this neighborhood and were so kind, so compassionate, and so generous that he gave medical treatment to anyone who needed it. And he never asked anyone for a dime." Hiccup's eyes widened a little at the description. "And as you can maybe see, Hipo. Not everyone around here even has a dime, you know? But they accepted whatever anyone had to offer and was, really, such a lovely man."

Manuela looked over at Anna and smiled kindly at her. Anna smiled back and continued explaining to Hiccup, "He was very passionate about helping people. After we moved to the city, my father fell in love with this neighborhood and wanted to do everything he could to help it."

"And I don't think Anna realizes how much he did," Manuela interrupted. "He really gave everyone hope and promise for a better life. Her mother too. Helped everyone she met. Together they adopted...how many of your brothers and sisters?"

"Only Jamie and Sophie are my biological siblings. But I never considered the others any less related to me," Anna admitted.

"You see?! And that is why you're just as wonderful!" Manuela exclaimed while wrapping an arm around Anna, who suddenly appeared bashful from all the compliments.

Hiccup smiled broadly at her. He never realized how amazing her family was and just accepted that Anna was related to all of her siblings. But it made sense to know that they were all adopted. It explained why many had differing physical characteristics and their ages didn't exactly line up.

"I'll be right back," Manuela said still smiling warmly at Anna and left to run into the kitchen.

"How come you never told me any of that?" Hiccup asked her still impressed from the previous conversation.

Anna's expression fell a little and her voice lowered as she explained, "It...it just brings up memories you know?"

"Ohâ€|" Hiccup felt bad all of a sudden because he realized she obviously misses her parents more than anything.

"But don't feel bad, Hiccup. Being here helps me remember how great their lives were. How much love everyone had for them." She smiled a little and then added, "Thanks for coming by the way."

Hiccup's mouth upturned a little as well. "No problem. I'm glad I did."

Anna's smile grew wider and she looked over as Manuela carried out a tray with food on it.

"Your favorite," she said addressing Anna. "Hopefully this will persuade you into coming back more often."

Hiccup looked at the tray of food and couldn't recognize it. It wasn't anything he's had before; however, it smelled amazing.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh! Hiccup. You haven't lived until you try their mole sauce," Anna said as she spooned some of the meat, sauce, and rice onto a smaller plate.

"What's mole?"

"It's a delicious type of sauce popular in Mexico, but Manuela's family makes some of the best." She smiled up at Manuela and continued, "They make it from scratch and use like a million spices. Just try it, you'll love it."

Hiccup spooned some food onto a plate for himself as well and lifted a piece of the sauce-covered meat into his mouth.

If minuscule fireworks could have exploded on his tongue, that would be an accurate description of that mole. It was fantastic. Together they continued talking and eating until they were full.

After lunch, Anna and Hiccup thanked Manuela for the amazing food and Anna gave her a big hug. Manuela said a farewell to her in Spanish making her promise to come back and gave Hiccup a small peck on his cheek as well.

Once again they waited for the train in the freezing cold of the underground station. At least it sheltered them from the wind outside. Hiccup sat huddled close to Anna and bounced his leg to try and keep his blood moving.

"Thanks again for coming with me Hiccup, it was really nice to spend time with you," Anna told him suddenly.

"No, thank you for inviting me. I'm really glad I got to see this part of your life," Hiccup told her honestly. He felt closer to Anna than before and was really happy to know she had such amazing parents. Even though their car accident was unfortunate, it helped Hiccup understand why Anna was such a kindhearted person.

Anna glanced over to him and smiled warmly. "You know...I never told you this. But I'm really glad you came to us, even if the circumstances were less than ideal."

"You mean to the Guardian's?"

"Yeah. I cannot even begin to explain to you how much of a difference you've made," she said her eyes glassy with emotion.

"What do you mean?" Hiccup asked his face morphing into confusion.

Anna exhaled and folded her hands together in her lap before clarifying, "You've made such a difference for a lot of us. Even in

Jack, who I didn't think would ever change. But I think you're good for him...and Luka."

Hiccup felt himself blush a little, but knew that the cold impeded the reddening of his cheeks. That was at least one benefit of the temperature. "I...uhâ€| you know?" he asked sheepishly.

Anna let out a loud laugh, "Of course I do, Hic. You guys think you're so sneaky, but you forget that kids are sneakier. And they talk. A lot."

Hiccup grinned in remembrance of Pippa's comment on Christmas. The kids have snuck up on them a few times, not that the three of them did anything explicit outside the privacy of their own room, but Hiccup had always assumed that they were too young to know what was going on.

Anna continued, "But seriously. I never thought I would ****ever**** see Luka as happy as he is now. It's like he's a completely different person." She reached out to grab hold of Hiccup's hand, "You've really helped him. Helped all of us. And I just wanted to thank you."

Hiccup felt flattered that she thought so well of him, but he didn't feel like he had done anything that noteworthy. However, there was something that he had always wondered but hadn't had the appropriate opportunity to ask. "How was Toothless when he first came to you guys?"

Anna leaned back and deeply exhaled as she recalled the memories. "Luka...he was in pretty bad shape. I'm not gonna lie to you. North introduced him to us but he wouldn't talk to anyone for weeks. Jack tried his best, but Luka would just lock himself in their room and refuse to answer to anyone. Wouldn't eat much either." She turned her head and looked ahead at nothing in particular. "The only person that got through to him at first was Sandy, probably because Sandy doesn't talk. But when Jack told him he was having frequent nightmares, Sandy would make him tea before bed to calm him down. I think that helped a lot at first."

Hiccup pressed his lips together in a thin line. "Doâ€|.did he ever tell you what happened to him?" he asked. He suspected the answer, but was curious as to what she thought about it.

"No," she said confirming Hiccup's suspicions, "But I don't care to know if he doesn't want to tell me. That's fine. All that matters now is that he has you," she looked back over at him and Hiccup felt warmth bloom around his heart at the comment. "Do you love him?"

Despite the cold, Hiccup knew his face had reddened. But he nodded his head and replied, "Yeah...I do."

Anna smiled kindly at his honesty. "Well, I can tell Jack cares a lot about you and Luka as well. The way he looks at youâ€|I've never seen him look at anyone like that before," she said but her voice betrayed her sadness slightly.

Hiccup looked over at her and felt bad for having something she had wanted. He knew she cared a lot about Jack and that it didn't work

out between the two of them. Jack seemed to be over it, but then again, he was never emotionally invested in the first place.

He opened his mouth to speak, but was interrupted by a voice off to the side of him.

"Anna! ¿Es realmente usted?" Hiccup turned to see a broad, smiling man striding over to them. His dark hair was cut short and he sported a thick coat and scarf along with dark, baggy jeans.

Anna stood up and seemed to recognize who the man was. She walked over to him and kissed him lightly on either cheek before engaging with him in Spanish. After catching up for a few minutes, she turned to include Hiccup in the conversation. He stood up as well when she gestured to him.

"This is my housemate, Hiccup. Hiccup, this is another old friend of mine, Esteban."

"Pleasure to meet you, Hiccup," he said in a rich accent. Hiccup was realizing he had a bit of an attraction for Anna's friends.

"Nice to meet you too," Hiccup said smiling politely in response.

"So, uh, I'm sorry Anna. I wish I could talk more, but I was on my way somewhere. It was a pleasure running into you though," he said turning his attention back to her.

"Yeah, I think I'm going to try and visit more often. Hopefully I'll see you again soon?" she said to him.

"Absolutely," he replied and Anna's face lit up a little. Then he switched to Spanish and said something briefly to her that Hiccup noticed caused her eyebrows to come together in confusion. Before she could ask him about it, he kissed her on the cheek and turned to head up the dirty cement stairs.

"What'd he say to you?" Hiccup asked concerned that he had offended her in some way.

Anna removed herself from her thoughts and looked up at Hiccup, "I...uh...I don't know. It didn't make much sense. I must have heard him wrong..."

Her answer didn't remedy Hiccup's confusion, but he could tell that she was more confused about it than he was. She seemed a little preoccupied for much of the trip home, but Hiccup's efforts persuaded her to eventually talk to him again.

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When they arrived back at the Guardians, Sandy had woken up and was in the kitchen serving the kids a late afternoon snack. Anna excused herself for a moment and Hiccup walked into his bedroom.

It was empty and he was still heavily concerned by how distracted Esteban's comment affected Anna. He also felt really dirty after riding on the subway all day. So he discarded his clothes to wash and gathered new ones to go take a quick shower.

Hiccup generally took pretty quick showers, however he couldn't help but take his time since he needed a few extra minutes to thaw his skin out. He was outside for so long that he didn't realize how numb his body had become. He was also heavily preoccupied with what Anna had told him about Toothless. Hiccup could only assume that a lot of his behavior was attributed to losing his brother who was the only reliable person in his life at the time. Hiccup couldn't imagine what it felt like to have no one. Even after he ran away, he still knew he had Astrid as his friend.

After rinsing off, he turned off the shower and stepped out to dry himself off. Despite all the time that had passed, he still felt the need to inspect the scarring on his hip. It had faded in color, so it wasn't quite as red as it once was. But the appearance still made him uncomfortable. Even though Toothless's and Jack's constant appraisal of his body had given Hiccup more confidence than he's ever had, he still felt shy about taking off his shirt due to the peeking disfigurement. It pained him even worse to look at Toothless's back, because he couldn't shake the feeling of responsibility for what happened. No matter what Toothless told him, a part of his brain still believed that if he hadn't been there, then Toothless could have gotten away. The only reason he stayed and didn't fight was because of Hiccup.

He released a heavy sigh to try and shake the guilt and changed into his clean clothes before leaving the bathroom. He opened the door to his bedroom and his vision was immediately drawn to Toothless, who was without a shirt and was rummaging through the wardrobe in front of Hiccup.

"You know...sometimes I think you do this on purpose," Hiccup said as one corner of his mouth curved upwards in response to the lean smoothness of the boy's chest and stomach. It seemed like too much of a coincidence to him that he would frequently walk in the bedroom to see him half naked.

Toothless turned his head to look over at him while his mouth crept into a smirk before replying, "Maybe sometimes. But this time I honestly didn't know you were home."

"Where's Jack?" Hiccup asked as he walked over to him.

"Still out with Bunny." He paused after he saw the look in Hiccup's eyes. "Why?" he asked suspiciously.

"Because I don't really like being interrupted," Hiccup said as he leaned up into Toothless's mouth. Toothless grinned and graciously accepted his kiss. It pleased him to see how bold Hiccup had become with him...and it definitely turned him on whenever he did so.

Toothless reached up with one hand to run his fingers through Hiccup's damp hair and used the other to pull the smaller boy against him. Hiccup never had to ask Toothless twice, the freckled-boy was quite the little minx when he wanted to be. His uncertainty had long

since melted away; however, his eyes always held a slight innocence to them that made Toothless instantly want to claim him. Without wasting any time, Toothless tilted his head to entice Hiccup's tongue to dance with his own.

Hiccup sighed into the sweet taste of the raven-haired boy before opening his eyes to peek at the gorgeous boy's face as his tongue seductively slid against his own. His eyes were closed, regretfully hiding the emerald hues that Hiccup always longed to see, but Hiccup could still make out the definition of his lashes and the hard line of his jaw as his mouth moved greedily against his own. Hiccup let out a small moan not only at the utter skill in which Toothless moved his tongue, but his hips too. Gods he was irresistible.

Toothless grunted a little when Hiccup grabbed hold of his hips and guided him over to the bed where he was pushed down with more force than the brunette typically used with him. In the time it took him to open his eyes, Hiccup was already on top him and leaning down to resume kissing him with growing passion. A shudder of anticipation ran through Toothless's body at the urgency and desire in which the brunette bit and licked his lips and tongue. He had never been this overbearing with him before and it excited the raven-haired boy to no end. Toothless let out a small moan of want before reaching up to hold onto the freckled boy's neck. He wanted so badly to feel all of him...

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><p>[Removed due to FF's ratings policy]

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* * *

><p>Hiccup moved closer to pull the raven-haired boy against him and buried his face in the crook of his neck feeling so tired he could have probably fallen asleep then and there.<p>

"Hiccup?" Toothless asked him trying to get his attention.

"Hm?" Hiccup responded as he was distracted since he was still basking in the afterglow.

Toothless laughed a little and said, "I asked if you enjoyed it?" In a way, he counted it as his first time as well since he had never topped anyone before. He wanted to make sure he hadn't hurt him.

"Definitely," he said tilting his head to kiss Toothless's throat affectionately.

Toothless grinned and snaked an arm under Hiccup's side and hugged him against his chest. Hiccup heard his voice husk in his ear as he quietly rumbled, "I love you."

"Mm...I love you too," Hiccup murmured before reaching his head up to kiss his lips gently again. As long as the raven-haired boy was alongside him, everything would be ok. Everything was perfect.

Toothless smiled warmly at him and buried his face in Hiccup's hair as he felt Hiccup lay his head back down against his shoulder. Toothless's chest felt so warm from the connection he shared with the smaller boy that he probably would have pillaged whole villages if the brunette asked him to.

Hiccup breathed in the other boy's scent and felt the desire to never leave his side. He laid an arm across Toothless's stomach and squeezed him lovingly.

The silence was broken by Toothless's gentle laugh, "Oh...hah, sorry. I made you bleed a little after all."

"What?!" Hiccup exclaimed and leaned up onto his elbow pulling the sheet up to survey his body.

Toothless gestured with his head at Hiccup's shoulder and Hiccup looked down to see Toothless's bite mark and several spots where his teeth had broken the skin.

"Son of a bitch."

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><p>Hope you liked it ;D

Drop me a comment/PM if you did!

22. Chapter 22

Kapitel 22

After a long day meeting with his doctor and running a few errands with Bunny, Jack was more than happy to face plant into his bed and take a nap. He felt tired ninety percent of the time and it seemed that no amount of sleep or coffee was ever enough to wake him up. It did nothing to help his mood and the shortened days never helped either.

But his attention definitely perked up when he walked into his bedroom to find Toothless and Hiccup nude and draped over one another in bed. They both appeared to be asleep, but Toothless opened his eyes when he heard Jack close the door and Hiccup stirred a little at the sound as well.

Jack smirked slightly, "And what were you two up to while I was gone?" he asked rhetorically after eyeing the box of condoms on the bed. He walked over to one side and watched as Toothless arched his back and stretched while Hiccup rolled off of him and looked up at Jack while rubbing one eye. Jack continued, "Is this what you do

every time I go for therapy? That's really messed up."

"No, no Jack," Toothless groaned his voice a little husky as he scratched the back of his head. "It just kind of happened like that."

Hiccup reached up with both arms in a childish attempt at persuading Jack to lie down with him. He hesitated at first but Hiccup was sometimes too cute for words and was often successful at convincing him. "Heh, you're such a sap, Hic," Jack said as he pulled the covers back and lay down next to him. Hiccup wrapped an arm around Jack's waist and scooted himself against him while nuzzling into his neck. Jack couldn't help but smile a little at how affectionate he was being and wrapped an arm around him as well. "Wow Toothless, what'd you do to him?"

Hiccup laughed, "He didn't do anything to me. I just missed you is all."

"Sure. You're not acting this squishy because you lost your V-card?" Jack asked knowingly while a grin crossed his lips.

"...maybe."

Jack laughed a little and tilted his head so he could kiss Hiccup's hair.

"You're not mad?" Hiccup asked as he looked up at his face.

"Why would I be mad? I'm the one who's been turning the both of you down for weeks now," Jack replied honestly. He hadn't really been in the mood to do anything since he's been so tired all the time.

"I dunno...for some reason I thought you and Toothless were in a weird competition to peg me first."

At that Jack couldn't help but release a loud laugh and he heard Toothless laughing into his hand as well. They weren't in a race per se, but they had made a friendly bet on who Hiccup would ask first.

"What?" Hiccup asked confused as to why they both were laughing at him.

Toothless's chest shook as he continued to silently laugh, but then removed his hand from over his mouth and said, "It's nothing. We did wonder who you would ask first. But it's not really fair since, like Jack said, he hasn't been feeling it lately."

"Well when you're feeling up to it again just let me know," Hiccup muttered as he gently kissed Jack's neck. "How was your day anyway?"

"Fine I guess. Just met with my therapist and ran errands with Bunny."

"Does she hate us like the last guy?" Hiccup asked sardonically in remembrance of his previous psychologist.

"No. No. I've actually asked her about us," he made a circling gesture with his hand at all of them.

"And?"

"And she says she doesn't see anything wrong with it as long as we're honest and talk to each other, which I think we've been doing," Jack explained. He was glad he talked to her about it, because for awhile he was wondering what was wrong with him. It was new enough that he actively wanted to be in a serious relationship, but it didn't seem right that he had feelings for the both of them. However, he knew without a doubt that he loved them both and would be heartbroken if he had to choose between them. Besides, having both of them was twice as good as just one person anyway.

"Well good," Hiccup said quietly. "For awhile I was worried you were going to leave."

Jack smiled at the comment and buried his face in his hair as he replied lovingly, "Don't worry. For the first time this is something I honestly feel right about."

Hiccup squeezed his middle and they all lay there in silence for a few moments.

"So is he any good?" Jack asked redirecting his thoughts back to the current situation.

"Who?" Hiccup asked looking up at him.

"Toothless, ya big dope."

"Oh yeahâ€¦he's good," Hiccup mumbled into Jack's shirt. Jack looked up at Toothless who winked at him while grinning a little. Jack grinned back and squeezed Hiccup against him adoringly.

"What's that?" Jack asked suddenly while staring down at Hiccup's shoulder. He recognized it as the imprint of teeth and looked back over at Toothless with narrowed eyes. "Lukaaa, what did you do?" he said chastising him as if he were a dog.

Toothless laughed and stood up to go find his pants. "I didn't mean to bite him that hard, it just happened."

"Well remind me to have angry sex with you some time," Jack remarked maintaining the grin on his face.

Toothless snorted and after tightening his belt he walked over to the wardrobe to resume finding a shirt. "What about you Hic? How was your day with Anna?" he asked casually as he pulled out a couple shirts from the drawer.

"You spent the day with Anna?" Jack asked. The girl never seemed to have time to get out much, so it surprised him that she had spent a whole day doing so.

"Yeah, we went to the west side to visit a friend of hers, Manuela. She was really cool and she told me about Anna's parents," he replied.

"Yeah, they were pretty amazing," Jack said as he leisurely stroked a finger along Hiccup's side.

"Wait, you know? How come you never told me?" Hiccup asked feeling a little cheated.

Jack shrugged and replied simply, "It wasn't my story to tell. I figured she or one of the kids would have mentioned it by now though. It must just not have come up."

"Yeah...guess not."

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Anna was having a difficult time concentrating on her work. She had been itching to talk to Luka but didn't want to do anything to distract him before his exam. Fortunately, he was going to be home sometime soon and she'd take the opportunity to grab his attention after assessing his mood.

Currently, she was sitting in the kitchen with her books and papers strewn out around her in their usual fashion. Her siblings were all in school, as it was a weekday, so at least she didn't have to worry about disruptions. However, her thoughts had been the biggest distraction as of late because she couldn't stop thinking about what Esteban said. It seemed strange to her that Luka would know anything about it.

Her mind was pulled back to reality when she heard the front door open. She heard Luka walk in and rustle around the corner as he hung up his coat. Then he made to walk past the kitchen in the direction of his room, but Anna wanted to stop him.

"Luka?" Anna called to him, which caused him to halt and turn his head to find who had called to him. "Hey! How was your test?" she asked.

"Fine, I don't know the results yet. Just really tired right nowâ€¦" he said clearly drained.

"Oh, well hang on then." Anna stood up from where she sat and walked over to brew some coffee. Enticed by the aroma of the beans, Luka walked over to wait alongside her. "I'm sure you'll pass it," she assured him.

"Yeah I'm sure I will," he said while sighing deeply. He had woken up earlier than usual in order to commute to the testing facility. And then the test itself had taken seven hours, so after the equally long commute home, he just really wanted to relax a bit.

Anna poured him a cup and added some cream since she knew that was how he liked it. He took the mug and leaned against the counter while sipping the warm beverage.

"So I talked to Hiccup the other day," she said while pouring herself a mug. She had grown accustomed to the caffeine, so one cup usually

was never enough for her.

"About your parents?" he said while glancing over at her and taking another sip.

"Mhm...and you," she said and a smile crossed her lips when she saw Luka raise an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Why were you gossiping about me?" he inquired teasingly.

"We weren't gossiping," she said laughing lightly, "I was just telling him I think he's been good for you. And that I'm happy for you."

Luka smiled a little and took another sip while gazing at the floor. Anna figured he knew she was referring to his relationship with Hiccup and also knew that he valued her opinion over most people's. She wanted to be honest with him and make sure he knew that she did care about him and his happiness before bringing up what she wanted to ask.

"But uhâ€¦" she started not really sure how to explain it, "Something weird happened before the train came."

"Weird how?" he asked casually.

While monitoring his reaction carefully she continued, "An old friend of mine, Esteban.." she said seeing no reaction in his face to the name, "interrupted us and started talking to me. He was really friendly like old timesâ€¦.but before he left he saidâ€¦" she paused for a second figuring how best to translate the sentence. "He said to tell the German boy that the king sends his regards."

She paused still studying his face. He was completely expressionless, but had stopped drinking his coffee and was looking over at her out of the corner of his eye.

"I mean...does that mean anything to you?" she asked in anticipation. The sentence literally made no sense to her and Luka was the only person she could think of whom Esteban would be referring to. But how Esteban knew him or what Esteban wanted to tell him was completely a mystery to her.

Luka shrugged his shoulders and said, "No idea. I don't even know an Esteban," he replied in a manner that made Anna believe he was being truthful.

"But why would he be referring to you?" she asked her confusion obviously not satisfied.

"Look, Anna, I don't even think he could have been talking about me. Are you sure it wasn't just a bit of slang you misunderstood?" he asked.

"I mean...maybe I don't know. It was just so random," she said before pressing her lips together in thought.

"Well if I think of anything, I'll let you know. But I say don't worry about it. It seems like it was a simple miscommunication or something," he said as he straightened up. "But, ehm, thanks for the

coffee. I'm going to go lie down now."

Anna watched him turn on his heel and exit the kitchen to head down the hallway. Maybe he was right after all. Anna hadn't been around the area in so long that she was probably not familiar with the terminology or references within the neighborhood. But still...there was something ominous about the way Esteban had looked at her while he said itâ€|

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After he and Hiccup had spent the whole afternoon repairing the floor of the stage, Jack wanted nothing more than to take a nap. However, he had promised Hiccup that he would go with him to help him relocate their new wardrobe he had recently finished. Jack was curious to see what it looked like, since Hiccup had spent a lot of time on it, but at the same time he wasn't really looking forward to spending several hours crossing town to pick up a large piece of furniture and drive it all the way back. Which was why he was going to see if Toothless would be willing to do it. Jack knew he had spent most of the day taking his exam, but at least it wasn't physical labor like Jack had been doing. There was a chance Toothless would help him out.

Jack walked down into the basement to go look for him. The kids were home from school and energetically playing with their toys. Jack ruffled Sophie's hair as he walked by and then continued into their bedroom to find it completely dark. He flicked the light on and was surprised to see Toothless awake and sitting in a rather unusual manner on the bed. His knees were pulled up into his chest and his arms were limply draped over them as he appeared to have been staring wide awake into the darkness. His long, black hair made him almost look eerie as it obscured a good portion of his face as he blankly stared ahead of him.

"Uh, hey bud. What's up?" Jack asked concerned that Toothless had done poorly on his test. It would explain his peculiar behavior anyway.

Toothless looked like his brain had snapped back into reality once Jack had spoken and he relaxed his legs in front of him while leaning his back against the wall before saying, "Nothing. I'm just tired from the test. Why?"

Jack walked more into the room and closed the door behind them to give them more privacy. "I was just wondering if you wanted to go with Hiccup to help him bring the wardrobe over," he explained slowly as he was still confused about why Toothless was sitting alone in the dark.

"Right," Toothless replied as he stood up from the bed, "I can't. I was just about to go to the store. Did you need anything?" he asked casually looking over at Jack.

Jack couldn't help but feel like his eyes were more intense than usual, which prevented him from questioning why Toothless couldn't go to the store later. "No...I'm good," he responded hesitantly. Why was

he getting a weird feeling out of him all of a sudden?

"Alright, I'll see you later tonight then," Toothless said as he swiftly walked past Jack and out the door.

Jack stood there for a moment perplexed. Toothless would normally brush against him, kiss him lightly, or squeeze his hand affectionately before he left, but now he was being almost cold. As Jack came to think about it...it was almost reminiscent of when he had first met him

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"Well? What do you think?" Hiccup asked Jack a little nervously since he wasn't that confident in his craftsmanship yet.

He saw Jack's eyes widen as he reached out to run a hand delicately down the front of the wardrobe's door. "This is awesome, Hic. You really did this yourself?" Jack asked him impressed.

"Yeah" Hiccup said while rubbing the back of his head. He had modeled the wardrobe off of an antique picture he had found. The piece really did look medieval in appearance and darkness of the wood added the illusion of age to it as well.

"You know, I bet something like this would go for thousands at a furniture store," Jack said beaming over at Hiccup.

Hiccup laughed a little and replied, "Not a chance. I'm just a freelance carpenter. No way would anything I do be bought for thousands."

"You just have to put yourself out there more Hiccup. Make your name known and you never know. You might actually be able to make some money from the work you do," Jack told him optimistically.

Hiccup smiled and reached out to grab his hand. Jack was able to instill such confidence in Hiccup that it was quickly evolving Hiccup's own aspirations for himself. He had recently been thinking a lot about becoming an artist or a designer.

"Alright, well let's get this thing back home so I can take a nap before work," Jack said as he went to pick it up.

Hiccup let him struggle for a second before interjecting. "Wait, wait. First we have to secure the doors and we've got a flat bed to help wheel it out." He grabbed an elastic strap from a line of hooks and wrapped it around the wardrobe to hold the doors shut during transport. Then Jack helped him pick it up from the bottom and load it onto the flatbed to roll it out through the shop.

As they were wheeling it out, they walked past Hiccup's dad and Gobber, who were chatting casually in the showroom of the store. They had made plans to go to the bar after Hiccup was done fetching the wardrobe and getting the keys to the truck from his dad. His dad had trusted him enough not to destroy it while he drove it downtown. It

was definitely a sure sign that their relationship was improving.

"Hi you two!" Gobber called over to them while waving his hand.

"Hey Mr. Hofferson!" Jack replied as he stood on the back of the flatbed while Hiccup struggled to pull him and the wardrobe towards the door.

Hiccup stopped pulling and rested for a minute so he could ask his dad, "Is it ok if I bring the truck back tomorrow? I don't think we'll have time before work."

Hiccup's dad sighed deeply and then let out a chuckle to show he was teasing. "That's fine Hiccup. Just make sure I don't get a parking ticket."

"Hah, no problem. I know where to park it," Hiccup replied. There was some space behind the club that no one would notice if a car was parked there for one night.

"Hey Hiccup, I'm actually going to use your bathroom really quick," Jack said as he hopped off the flatbed.

Hiccup rolled his eyes knowing he was trying to get out doing any more work, but pointed him in the direction anyway.

"Don't worry, I'll give you a hand with that," Gobber said leaving Stoic to finish up his paperwork and help Hiccup.

Hiccup was grateful for the man's kindness and later for his size as he easily helped Hiccup roll the large piece of furniture out around the side of the shop over a compressed pathway of ice and then lift it up into the bed of the truck. Then Hiccup found a tarp cover it in case it snowed on the way over.

"Thanks Gobber," Hiccup said as he brushed the dust off his hands.

"Not a problem my lad. Always here to help ya," Gobber said beaming down at him.

Hiccup smiled in response and turned to head back around the building so he could go inside, but Gobber reached out and grasped his shoulder in order to stop him. Hiccup looked back up at him questionably.

"I..uh...before you go in. There was something I've been meaning to ask ya," he started to say and Hiccup noted the hesitation in his voice and prepared himself for an awkward conversation.

"Your dad's been talking to me and...I was just wondering how much you know about your boyfriend," he asked seriously.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow at the question. First because he had to contemplate who Gobber was referring to, then after he assumed it was Toothless, Hiccup wondered what Gobber had meant by the question.

So he replied as best as he could, "A lot. I mean...he's told me more about himself than he's told anyoneâ€¦..why?" he asked a little

suspicious of what Gobber was trying to get at.

Hiccup hadn't brought the subject up with his father and Hiccup almost believed that Stoick had been convinced by Jack's comedic explanation for Pippa's comment. However, he also thought it possible that his dad didn't want to talk about it since he and Toothless weren't that fond of one another.

Gobber sighed and looked down at the ground. "I'm sorry. I honestly shouldn't even be talking to you about this. But...you do realize he has a reputation, right?" he asked looking up at Hiccup seriously trying to figure out how much Hiccup knew about him.

"Yeah...I know. But he was just a victim of circumstance. Nothing he did was of his own choice," he said as vaguely and honestly as he could. He didn't know how much Gobber knew about Toothless and didn't want to provide any extraneous evidence given that he was involved in the police force. Just because Toothless's father was in charge of illegal drug trafficking didn't mean that Toothless had chosen to be a part of it. Hiccup was not naive to the idea that Toothless was involved to some degree; however, if his mother hadn't died then he wouldn't have been placed in that situation at all. Hiccup knew Toothless was completely innocent and it sparked worry in him that the police may suspect him based on Gobber's behavior.

"Wellâ€¦" Gobber began before pausing briefly, "I just don't want you to get hurt. Make sure you're careful."

Hiccup knew Gobber didn't realize that he had already been hurt from being involved with Toothless. But that wasn't Toothless's fault, it was all Pitch's. If anyone deserved to be thrown in jail, it was him. It honestly angered Hiccup to think that Gobber suspected Toothless of all people to hurt him.

"You don't have to worry," he told him, "Luka would never hurt me," he said with more confidence than he had ever placed behind a statement. After seeing how willingly Toothless had sacrificed himself to spare Hiccup any further pain was evidence enough to back up that belief. Toothless was so protective over him that Hiccup knew he would never let anything bad happen to him.

Gobber saw the certainty in Hiccup's eyes and relaxed a little himself. His mustache twitched up as he smiled and said, "Alright lad. I didn't mean to pry, I just worry about ya is all. You're like a son to me." He ruffled Hiccup's hair as he walked back inside with him. Hiccup smiled a little up at him but couldn't help but feel estranged from his old family friend. Then Hiccup remembered Toothless's odd behavior at Christmas. Were the police looking to arrest him?

* * *

><p>Egads! o.O

****What's going on with Toothless?****

****Leave a review if you are enjoying this so far! I also like hearing other people's ideas/predictions...****

23. Chapter 23

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Kapitel 23

Hiccup's eyes lazily blinked open and he felt warmth fill his chest when he registered his proximity to Jack. Jack often slept with his arms up and under his head, during which Hiccup often took the opportunity to move closer to him and rest his head against the crook of his shoulder. Hiccup was always comforted by how he smelled and was naturally drawn to him while he slept. He smiled against his bare chest and squeezed his waist to pull him closer. Gods he loved his body.

Hiccup tilted his head up and slowly kissed up Jack's neck until he reached the spot under his ear Hiccup knew he liked. He pressed his lips against it and gently sucked while tracing circles on his stomach with the tip of his finger. Jack moaned a little and lifted his hips up reflexively as he started to wake up.

Hiccup grinned at his response and continued to gently suck on his skin preparing to leave behind a mark. Jack's mood had improved over the course of the last month and he was a lot more receptive to Hiccup's gentle touches, as could be seen by his instinctive pulsing.

Hiccup moved his head up to Jack's ear and licked it once before resting his head alongside Jack's and allowing his slow breaths to blow against his ear. He traced his fingers lower over his flannel pants until he found what he was searching for. As it was morning, it was pretty easy to find. Hiccup gently gripped him through his pants and stroked him in an attempt at peacefully waking him. Jack never was the one to remember to set his alarm.

Jack stirred at the heightened sensation and groaned once he understood the source of the action. "What are you doing Hic?" he croaked since his voice was still raspy from sleep.

"Nothing," Hiccup muttered sarcastically into his ear as he continued to leisurely stroke him.

"Urghâ€|well can you hang on a second? I really have to piss and you're definitely not helping," Jack replied mockingly as he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes.

Hiccup grinned and released him so he could get up and use the toilet. After Jack clumsily walked out of the room, Hiccup relaxed and laid his arms across his stomach as he stared at the ceiling. It seemed so strange that he used to be nervous around the two of them and now he was the one seducing them a lot of the time. He reasoned that it had to do with the fact that he was newer to the experience than the two of them... or maybe his sex drive was just higher, it was hard to say. But he was really glad that Jack's interest in him had rekindled. He had really missed him. Not that Toothless was bad, quite the opposite. But they were different in their reactions and behavior, so he really enjoyed being able to experience both of them.

Hiccup's ears perked when he heard the bathroom door open and a

second later saw Jack enter the room. He sauntered back over to the bed and climbed on top of Hiccup as Hiccup reached up with his arms to receive him. When he felt Jack's body weight on his pelvis, Hiccup reactively flexed his hips up to grind himself into the pale boy. Jack hummed and leaned down to capture Hiccup's lips with his own. He noticed that Jack had brushed his teeth while he was in the bathroom. Suddenly he felt self-conscious of himself.

Hiccup broke the kiss to ask Jack in a low voice, "Do I taste bad?"

"No," Jack whispered as he snaked a hand under Hiccup's head and pulled him back into the kiss. As Hiccup flexed his hips up into him, he felt Jack kiss him with more urgency than before as he easily felt Hiccup through the relatively thin fabric. He grasped Hiccup's shoulders and pushed him into the mattress as he explored his mouth with his tongue. Jack's breaths were deep and Hiccup could feel his skin tingle whenever he sighed into him.

"Mmâ€|we should probably get going though," Hiccup muttered against Jack's jaw.

"Urghh," Jack groaned and collapsed until he was lying flat on top of Hiccup, "Why do you hate me so, Hiccup?" he asked in a forced pathetic voice.

Hiccup laughed a little and replied, "I'm sorry. I'm not the one who turns off my alarm and makes us wake up late."

"Yeah, but, you don't have to tease me if you're not actually going to do anything!"

"But I like teasing youâ€|" Hiccup playfully said as he inched Jack's pants a little ways down his hips.

"Stahhp" Jack whined as he pushed Hiccup's arms away and leaned up into a sitting position. Hiccup maintained his grin as his eyes were drawn to the fact that Jack's pants were still hanging down low enough on his hips that his hip bones and muscles were exposed. Just a little lower and he could seeâ€|

"Fine, they can wait thirty minutes," Hiccup rumbled as he sat up to eagerly connect his mouth with Jack's.

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><p>[Removed due to FF's ratings policy]

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><p>Jack then fell limply on the mattress next to Hiccup and cupped his jaw in order to pull his head into a final kiss. Hiccup broke the kiss and lay flat to gaze at the ceiling while his breathing steadied.<p>

"Heh you have goose bumps," Jack commented picking up Hiccup's arm and studying it.

"Yeah that happens sometimes," Hiccup sighed before lifting his head up to look at the mess on his stomach and chest. "Well I'm definitely taking a shower," he said sardonically.

Jack laughed a little and got up to go grab him a towel. He tossed it at Hiccup and went to go lie down next to him again. Hiccup used it to wipe up his chest and stomach and even had to scoop it out of his belly button. Then he laughed as he came to a realization, "Why the hell did grab Toothless's towel?" he asked.

Jack laughed as well and replied, "Whatever. We're doing laundry today so it doesn't really matter."

After Hiccup had dropped the towel on the side of the bed, Jack moved over to lay his head on Hiccup's shoulder and hug his waist. Hiccup wrapped an arm under his head and pulled him close. They lay like that in silence for a minute basking in the warmth of each other's bodies and Hiccup buried his face into Jack's snow-white hair.

"You ever think about trying it once?" Hiccup asked in reference to penetration.

Jack traced small circles around Hiccup's belly button for a minute before responding. "Yeahâ€| but I think I would rather it first be with you rather than Toothless."

"Why's that?" Hiccup asked flattered and smiling a little.

"Because Toothless is too rough."

Hiccup couldn't help but release a laugh at the comment. "Rough?" he asked surprised at the description of him. "He's always so gentle-"

"Yeah with ****you****," Jack interrupted. "He holds back for you, but he's a fucking piranha around me now."

"You're kidding."

"You may think that. But look," he leaned up and angled his shoulder towards the light and Hiccup could make out the faint white traces of a jagged, circular scar on his pale skin. Hiccup smiled as it was similar to the one he had.

"But that's not it. I've got them here, here, hereâ€|" and he pointed at various places on his body including his thighs, waist, and arms. Some of the marks were fresher than others, while one on his inner thigh looked like it had been made within the past few days.

Hiccup laid a hand over his forehead and laughed at Jack's poor misfortune. "Why don't you just tell him to stop then?"

"Hey," Jack started while smirking at him, "I never said I didn't like it. I just would like you to do me first since I'd rather not have to deal with blood while that's going on."

Hiccup smiled at him and leaned in to kiss him, "I won't make it painful," he muttered against his lips. Jack smiled at the reassurance and closed the minute distance to kiss him gently. He knew there was the chance it would be uncomfortable at first, but Jack also knew that Hiccup would treat him well.

"Alright," Jack said as he nimbly hopped off of Hiccup and the bed, "I'm going to go find Toothless and get started then."

"Mmk. I'll be right behind you," Hiccup replied as he went to grab his clothes and head into the bathroom. He didn't have an issue with changing in front of them anymore, but he did find it easier to take care of everything in the bathroom rather than make two trips across the freezing cold hallway.

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Jack walked into the kitchen to see Toothless leaning over one of the kitchen tables and kneading a mound of dough. Pippa and Cupcake were seated at the other table drawing while the rest of the siblings were in the living room. Jack stared at him for a moment watching his back and arm muscles flex as he did so. His long dark hair hung in a curtain around his face and from his current position he could clearly view the slender boy's sexy ass through his pants—Jack was obviously still a little lustful even after the event. But it did at least make him feel better to see that Toothless wasn't as concerned with hiding his scarring anymore. He rarely ever went shirtless outside of their bedroom. However he would wear his loose-fitting black tank more often to do work around the house despite the fact that the thin pale lines laced upwards past the seams a little.

He casually strode over and brushed his fingers across Toothless's lower back before he sat down on the bench next to his kneading. Toothless glanced over at him and grinned a little at the gesture.

"Did you need any help with anything?" Jack asked him leaning his elbow on the table to look up at him.

"Yeah actually. I haven't even started lunch yet and they're going to want it soon," he said as he continued pushing and folding the dough into itself.

Jack sighed a little since he wasn't that fond of cooking, but stood up and leaned towards Toothless as a silent plea of asking for payment. Toothless smirked at him and turned his head to kiss him lightly in return for the favor. Jack then walked over to the counter and washed his hands before pulling out the vegetables Bunny had picked out earlier from the fridge and started to prepare them.

"I don't think that that's part of your culture, Luka," Pippa said sourly as she continued to draw.

Both Toothless and Jack simultaneously let out a loud guffaw and Toothless asked her, "Are you still mad about that? That was months

ago."

"Yeah! Jack yelled at me in front of everyone!" she replied hotly and stopped her activity in order to pout in Jack's direction.

Jack chuckled lightly and turned around to face her as he said, "I'm really sorry, Pippa. I didn't mean to embarrass you in front of everyone."

"Well you did. And you ****lied****," she emphasized the word as if Jack had committed a felony, "Why did you lie to everyone?" she asked.

Jack's brows came together as he couldn't think of an answer. Fortunately, Toothless answered for him as he continued to knead, "He lied because he didn't want to upset anyone, Pippa."

"How would he upset someone?" she asked obviously not yet understanding the biases of society.

"Becauseâ€|because grown-ups expect people to behave a certain way, and if people don't behave how grown-ups think they should, then that can make them really upset," he said struggling to put it in terms for a nine-year-old.

"â€|I don't get it."

Toothless sighed and reworded his explanation, "You know in the movies how the prince and princess fall in love, get married, and live happily ever after?"

"Yeah."

"Well, that's how grown-ups expect it to happen. But sometimes in real life two princes or two princesses fall in love."

"Is that bad?" she asked.

Toothless stopped kneading in order to turn his body and look down at her before asking sincerely, "Do ****you**** think it's bad?"

Pippa looked down at the table for a moment in thought and then glanced up at Cupcake, who was listening to the conversation as well.

Finally she answered slowly, "Noâ€|because my mom and dad said that love is love and it doesn't matter what other people say. Like some kids at school say that Cupcake isn't really my sister because she's adopted, but I love her like a sisterâ€| So to me she ****is**** my real sister." Cupcake cracked a smile at Pippa's kind words and Pippa smiled back at her.

A corner of Toothless's lips upturned at the little girl's mature understanding and he returned to kneading the bread as he said, "Your parents were really smart people then." Pippa beamed up at him for his recognition of her parents.

Jack stood in shock for a moment that that conversation had actually transpired. Toothless was surprisingly good at talking to kids. He turned around as well to finish chopping the vegetables and it wasn't

long before Hiccup emerged from the hallway ruffling a hand through his damp hair.

"Hey Hic," Toothless said as he rolled the dough into a ball and plopped it into a bowl, "Could you take care of the laundry and stuff? I have to run an errand and want to be back before traffic picks up."

"Yeah, sure," Hiccup replied.

Toothless put some oil in the bowl and covered it with a towel before striding out of the kitchen, kissing the side of Hiccup's head as he left. They had gradually become more openly affectionate with one another, and it made Hiccup almost giddy when they showed how much they cared about him throughout the day.

However, Jack couldn't help but frown a little as he left. He wasn't sure if it was just his imagination, but it seemed that Toothless had a lot of errands to do lately.

"What's up?" Hiccup asked him as he noticed Jack had stopped cutting the vegetables and was just standing there staring at the cupboard.

Jack snapped out of his thoughts and quickly laughed it off, "Oh, nothing. Just spaced out for a second."

"Alright, I'll go get to this then," Hiccup said unexcitedly before turning to go gather the laundry, trying to grab Toothless's towel before he found out they got jizz all over the thing he dries his face with.

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The rest of the day passed by fairly uneventfully. They finished their work around the house and relaxed a little before their shift. Toothless was home by then and lounged with Hiccup on the bed while Jack left to go play with the kids for a bit before they had to go to sleep. His energy level had definitely gone up since the weather had warmed a little. But for the first time in many years, he could admit that he would actually miss the snow.

Fortunately, there would always be other games to play with the youngsters in the off-season. He still looked forward to swimming or hiking or playing baseball with them again.

After playing dragons and dinosaurs with Jamie and Claude, Anna came out to gather them up to prepare for bedtime. It usually took them a good hour and a half to do their routine. While she bathed several of the younger kids, Jack helped the older ones change into their pajamas and fed them yogurt before they all ran in for Anna to read them a story or several. Most of the few books they owned were for the kids. But it pleased Jack to know that they liked hearing the old fairy tales and legends over the newer, much shorter stories of now.

Jack walked back into their bedroom to change into his work uniform and walked in on Hiccup facing Toothless while kneeling over his lap

and kissing him heatedly. His fingers were tangled up in Toothless's hair and he didn't even flinch or pay any attention that someone had walked in on them.

"Geez Hic, are you powered from nuclear fusion or something?" he asked mocking Hiccup's heightened sex drive.

Without pausing from kissing Toothless, Hiccup raised one hand behind him, middle finger extended, to silently flip Jack off.

Jack laughed and walked over to smack him on the ass as he said, "Come on, get off of Chomper. We have to be upstairs in five minutes."

"What did you call me?" Toothless asked after breaking the kiss and turning his head to look at Jack.

"You heard me," Jack replied smirking at him and letting him consider the reference for a second.

Toothless grinned and pushed Hiccup off him so he could stand up in front of Jack. He smirked and gently took hold of his chin as he said quietly, "Oh you know you like it, baby."

Jack jabbed him in the ribs and Toothless hopped away laughing while holding the spot Jack had bruised. Hiccup stood up laughing at the exchange as well. The thought of Toothless getting aggressive with Jack was strangely stirring, but he would never tell them that he secretly wanted to watch the two of them go at it sometime.

They all changed for work and walked upstairs into the club. The night was amusing, but really long since it was hard for them to keep their hands off one another after the unspoken promise that all three of them could mess around after work. It was rare that they all got together, especially since Jack hadn't been in the mood for several months. But now the thought excited him and he couldn't wait for work to be over. Bunny eventually caught Jack and Toothless out back with their tongues down each other's throats and, after getting over the shock of catching them behaving so indecently, he yelled at them to stop screwing around and get back to work. Hiccup was glad Bunny didn't catch him, his face would have carried a deep blush for the rest of the night if he had.

Finally, it was early morning and they were almost finished cleaning up the club. Jack was tired, but he could summon some energy if he saw Hiccup naked again. Hiccup and Jack finished their tasks and poked their heads into the kitchen to check up on Toothless. He was standing in front of the sink still rinsing off dishes to load into the washing unit.

"You guys go on ahead, I'll be done here in a couple minutes," he said as he loaded stacks of plates into the washer and closed the door.

He didn't have to tell them twice. Jack and Hiccup turned on their heels and briskly strode out of the club. As they walked out the door, they felt the heavy chill in the air as it was still the tail end of winter, but it was bearable enough to walk around the building and into the basement. Jack wrapped an arm behind Hiccup's back and held him against his side as they walked to keep him warm. Hiccup

smiled over at him and slipped his hand into Jack's back pocket to lovingly hold one side of his rear.

They walked down the metal stairs and Jack let go of Hiccup so he could find his keys to unlock the door. Hiccup wrapped an arm around him instead and leaned his head on his shoulder as he struggled to find the right key in the low glow of the light. They needed to replace the bulb.

But something caught Hiccup's eye that caused him to turn his head. He saw a large shadow underneath the metal staircase that didn't look natural. He left Jack's side to walk around to the side of the staircase to peer around. It was a personâ€|

He heard Jack say something to him, but it didn't register as he was too focused on finding out who was there. He reached in his pocket to take out his cell phone and held it out in front of him in order to utilize the glow as a flashlight. He could see his breath hanging in the cold air as he inched around the staircase to kneel down underneath it.

"Heyâ€|are you ok?" he asked hesitantly as the person wasn't moving, but remained huddled in a ball in what seemed to be an attempt at protecting himself or herself from the cold.

"Heyâ€|" he said again as he reached out to shake the person's shoulder.

The figure stirred against the agitation and slowly lifted a head up and squinted from the light of Hiccup's phone.

"Snotlout?" Hiccup asked surprised. He was hard to make out in the low light, but it was definitely him. Except that his face had strange shadows cast over it and seemed misshapen. After waking up, his body immediately started shivering uncontrollably and Hiccup knew that he wasn't there as a trick. He looked like he was experiencing early stages of hypothermia.

"Come on," he said gently as he reached out a hand to guide him out from behind the staircase. Snotlout didn't take his hand, but instead struggled on his own to move out from under the staircase as he wasn't as thin as Hiccup was.

As Hiccup emerged he saw Jack's eyes were wide with shock, but after seeing the condition that Snotlout was in, he consented to let him inside and finished unlocking the door.

After they walked inside they helped Snotlout into the kitchen and sat him down at the kitchen table. He leaned back on the bench into the table and continued shivering violently. Jack went over to boil some water for tea and turn on the oven to heat the room up more quickly. Everyone else in the house had already gone to bed, so fortunately they wouldn't disturb anyone.

"What are you doing here?" Hiccup asked obviously confused since he was one along with Dagur to kidnap him and Toothless last summer. But from the looks of him, he wasn't there to do them harm. It looked like more harm had befallen him instead. His hair was dirty and matted from what he could only assume was blood. His nose appeared to be broken and face was heavily bruised and swollen from what he could

see. The swelling made his face seem chunkier than normal and the bruising had shrunken one of his eyes so it only opened into a thin slit. He had a large coat on, so the rest of his body was obscured, but Hiccup could only imagine it was also beaten as badly. Dried blood covered his chin and when he looked up at him, Hiccup couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for the guy.

"I'm so sorry," Snotlout croaked and his whole jaw trembled as he continued, "I just had nowhere else to go and this was the only place I knew about." "I'm so sorry Hiccup." And with that Hiccup saw tears well up in his eyes and fall down his cheeks. Snotlout tilted his head down to obscure his tears, but his sniffing gave his crying away anyway.

Hiccup was shocked that the boy who had bullied him for years and assisted in his near homicide was sitting in his kitchen crying and apologizing to him. But for some reason he believed him. He could tell he was sincere.

"What happened Snot-" but before he could finish his sentence, he heard the front door open and turned around to see Toothless walk in and saw his eyes immediately laser in on Snotlout.

Before Hiccup could even think about reacting, Toothless had taken two long strides over, roughly yanked Snotlout up by his coat, and shoved him face first against the wall pressing one hand into his back and the other holding the sleeves of his coat behind him. Snotlout cried out in pain as his broken nose had come into contact with the wall.

"Toothless what the hell?!" Jack yelled at him, careful to keep his voice low enough to not wake anyone up.

But Toothless didn't answer him. Instead he held Snotlout's sleeves and used his free hand to search through each of his pockets. He pulled out a wallet and phone from his front pockets, which Toothless pocketed himself and continued rummaging through his coat and other pockets.

"Toothless!" Jack yelled at him again but instantly quieted when Toothless pulled out a switchblade from one of the coat pockets.

He then pulled him back so he could turn him around and slam his back against the wall with a hand against his chest, which caused Snotlout to wince again. Wordlessly Toothless unzipped his coat and dug through searching the inner pockets, after which he pulled out a packet of cigarettes, which he tossed over to Hiccup, and then a very small bag of white powder, which he pocketed himself.

Satisfied that he had found most things of importance, he released his hold on the battered boy and pulled out Snotlout's cell phone from his own pocket.

"What's your password," he asked turning it on. Snotlout obediently told him and he unlocked his phone. "What are you doing here?" he asked tonelessly.

"I had no place else to go," Snotlout repeated his voicing shaking and cracking from the cold and from crying.

"So why bring a knife?" he asked in a deeper tone than usual as he continued clicking his thumb against the screen of the phone and flicking the knife open with his other hand.

"Becauseâ€¦you know how it is on the streets," he said fear entering his voice a little bit as he eyed his own knife being held in the taller boy's hand.

Toothless looked up at him and a corner of his mouth creeped up a little as he casually replied, "Nah, not sure I do. Why don't you tell me about it?"

"Look!" Snotlout said more loudly, "Dagur kicked me out and I don't know anyone else outside of his group other than you guys!"

Toothless peered at him doubtfully. "You don't have family or an old school friend to turn to?"

"No! Why the fuck do you think I joined up with him in the first place!? I ran away three years ago and haven't seen my dad since," he said angrily while biting back tears.

"Why'd you run away?"

"Toothless, come on! Let him at least warm up first before you question him!" Jack said getting angry at his lack of compassion.

Toothless shot him a glare that caused him to shut up as he had never seen him look at him like quite like that beforeâ€¦

He turned his gaze back to Snotlout waiting for an answer. Seeing as he had no other option Snotlout replied in a quiet voice while avoiding everyone's eyes, "My dad was a violent drunk and would beat me up whenever he drank. I couldn't take it anymore so I ran away from homeâ€¦"

Hiccup all of a sudden felt terrible for him. After so many years of beating on him in grade school, he had really been suffering the same treatment as Hiccup, but from his own fatherâ€¦

"Why did Dagur kick you out?" Toothless resumed questioning him as he grazed his thumb over the screen. He seemed to be going through Snotlout's text messages.

"Because... I couldn't pass his test."

Toothless raised an eyebrow up at him as a signal to elaborate.

Snotlout slid his back down the wall and buried his face into his knees as he replied in a muffled voice, "He told me my final test was to kill some random kid on the street. He couldn't have been more than fourteenâ€¦I wouldn't do itâ€¦so Dagur beat me up instead and said if he saw me again, he'd kill me." and he started to sob into his knees.

Jack felt his throat constrict at the thought. It was difficult enough to watch the normally threatening menace of a guy huddled

pathetically on the ground in front of them crying. But what was worse was that he couldn't even believe how sick Dagur actually was to make killing someone into a test. What kind of test does that anyway?

Toothless peered down at him expressionless and Snotlout looked back up at him, tears still brimming over his lower lid. Toothless beckoned at him with a finger to stand up.

"Off with it," he said gesturing to the coat.

"Toothless that's enough!" Jack said. He didn't know what insanity had possessed Toothless, but he wasn't going to stand for his treatment of someone who was clearly in need of their help.

Toothless turned his head to look at him again and said calmly, "Get him a blanket, he'll be warmer that way anyway."

Jack frowned and complied only because he knew that Toothless was right. It was better to treat hypothermia by removing one's previous layers and warming up under a blanket or clean clothing.

Snotlout obediently removed his coat and Toothless slowly reached up to pull down the collar and sleeve of his orange T-shirt in order to examine his shoulder. Snotlout squeezed his eyes shut as he did so not really sure of what he was doing or what he was going to do to him.

"You were never an actual member," he said matter-of-factly after seeing the absence of scarring.

"No! I only hung around with Dagur. I didn't even realize how fucking crazy everyone was until recently!" he said desperately trying to make Toothless believe him.

Toothless smirked at the comment and Jack returned with the blanket. Hiccup snapped out of his shock and went to go prepare the tea for him.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked curiously as he raised an eyebrow at him.

"Look, I'm sorry for bringing you and Hiccup to Pitch. I'm really, really, really sorry. I had no idea what was going to happen, I was just doing what Dagur told me to do. Justâ€¦ pleaseâ€¦ don't hurt me," he said as more tears spilled out from his eyes.

Hiccup saw Toothless's expression soften a little at the boy's fear. But he continued to question him as Hiccup handed Snotlout the tea.

"What do you know about Pitch?"

"Other than he's batshit crazy? Not much," Snotlout replied before gingerly sipping the hot water.

"You know what he does for a living?"

"Yeah, of course."

"And where he lives?"

"Relatively. It was dark last time I went there," Snotlout said in reference to the night he brought Hiccup and Toothless there.

"What about Benedikt?"

"Just that he's the only person I've seen Dagur listen to. And that you're brothers."

"And me?"

"Just..." he paused nervous about admitting the truth to him but Toothless bore his penetrating stare into him in such a way that made him afraid to lie, "All I know is what Dagur told me. That you didn't do anything to deserve your status. That you're the pet whore..." Then he grimaced expectant of receiving a blow for insulting him.

"Alright," Toothless said tonelessly effectively ending the conversation. He seemed satisfied with his answers as he turned away from him and said, "You can stay on the couch tonight. But I'm keeping an eye on you." Then he pocketed the knife and walked over to one of the benches before kneeling down alongside it. After he stood back up he leaned one knee on the bench and pushed all of his body weight down on it. Hiccup heard a loud crack and he realized that Toothless had placed Snotlout's phone under the leg of the heavy wooden bench before crushing it in half. He picked up the crushed bits and pulled apart the pieces before throwing them in the trash.

Jack opened his mouth to object again, but Toothless pointed at him and said harshly, "Look, don't argue with me. Just go to bed and I'll see you two in the morning." Then he walked into the living room and dragged one of the couches in front of the door, clearly blocking any chance of Snotlout escaping.

Jack pursed his lips and stalked off to the bedroom angry at Toothless for treating him like a disobedient child, Hiccup followed him about half-way, but stopped to gather some blankets out of the hall closet. He pulled them out and walked into the living room, which was dark now save for a very small lamp. Hiccup saw Toothless still in his work clothes sitting on the couch by the door with his knees pulled up into his chest and his arms hanging limply over them as he focused his gaze on Snotlout, who was sitting awkwardly on the couch across from him.

Hiccup gave half the blankets to Snotlout and told him, "Just get some rest, we'll take care of your injuries tomorrow." Then he walked over to give the blankets to Toothless, who didn't move from his position or even give any recognition that Hiccup was there. He just kept his heavy-lidded stare fixated on Snotlout, who fidgeted from being watched so closely. Hiccup hesitantly laid the blankets on the couch next to him and turned to head back to bed. He had never seen Toothless act this way and it was honestly creeping him out a little

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Toothless held his position and stared intently at Snotlout while he slept. Something wasn't adding up to him. Despite there being a decent chance that Snotlout's story was trueâ€¦ It was way too convenient. Him just showing up at The Guardians of all places right after Luka had left the message for Esteban. But it was also highly probable that Esteban hadn't even received the message yet and, what more, there was a very low chance that the two groups were connected in history or correspondence. But stillâ€¦ He couldn't allow Snotlout to leave the basement if Dagur really did have a vengeance for him. It was one thing for Benedikt to keep him quiet in regards to Luka, but another thing entirely to protect someone like Snotlout. He wouldn't do it, and Luka couldn't have anyone risk the safety of his homeâ€¦

* * *

><p>Wooooo what's going on? :3

24. Chapter 24

Kapitel 24

Luka climbed the dirty cement stairs to exit the metro and emerged after many long years in El Barrio. He didn't think he'd have to come back here again after he left, but he had an issue to settle if he ever wanted to ease his conscience.

He pulled the collar of his black, wool coat up and tugged the dark cotton hat over his ears and forehead to obscure most of his face. His dark hair pressed against his cheeks from the pressure of the hat, keeping them warm against the lingering bite of winter. After fidgeting with his clothes, he started making his way through the neighborhood. He kept his head down and stared at the sidewalk as he walked. Fortunately no one would really recognize him because he had grown a lot since he had last found himself down here. And with his current state of dress, he actually was thankful for once for his androgynous appearance. It would make it more difficult to pinpoint his identity. He tucked his hands into his pockets and focused on counting the cracks in the sidewalk while he walked. Despite not looking around much he still noticed the neighborhood hadn't changed much. Most of the buildings were more rundown than in other parts of the city, some sporting the same cracked windows and unkempt gardens from years back. But at the same time, there was a vitality to everything. A richness that was difficult to explain and couldn't be purchased. The residents were familiar with one another and had formed a strong community that other more self-important neighborhoods could never achieve.

He casually slipped down an alleyway and noiselessly jogged until he reached a tall chain link fence. As quickly and quietly as he could, he jumped and scaled the fence before dropping down into a small courtyard behind a series of businesses. He knew the backdoor might be open during business hours and he could sneak in without drawing much attention to himself.

He moved around a row of dumpsters and found the door he needed. After turning the handle and finding the deadbolt locked, he moved off to the side of the building and waited for someone to emerge to

throw out trash. In the meantime he figured he might as well have a cigarette so he wouldn't stand out to anyone glancing out a window. He pulled out a wrapper and the small tin of tobacco from his pocket and sprinkled a good amount into the flimsy wrapper. After rolling and twisting it between his fingers, he brought out a lighter to ignite the one end. Finishing the process, he leaned back into the cement block wall and leisurely puffed on the burning tobacco.

He threw his third cigarette butt down on the ground and crushed it along with the dozens that had been previously abandoned there. He had been standing in that spot for over a half hour now. If someone didn't come out soon, he would have to go back. He didn't want to slip in through a window or walk in the front door because he needed to avoid drawing attention to himself.

Fortunately, a few minutes later he heard the door handle turn and he saw a person walk out with a large bag of trash. He quickly slid around the back of the building so he could catch the door to go slip inside before it closed and the person spotted him. He found himself in the backroom and immediately hid inside the walk-in freezer before the person reentered the building.

Several minutes later, he was sure the person was gone and he walked out of the icy freezer, across the backroom, and into the hallway at the rear of the restaurant only to run into the very person he was looking for.

Manuela's eyes widened when she saw him and she nearly dropped the tray she carrying. "Dios Mio, what the ****hell**** are you doing here?!" she asked him clearly still angry.

"I need you to give this letter to Esteban," he said keeping his expression stoic as he held out an envelope.

Manuela glanced at it and drew her eyebrows together as she looked back up at him, "Why don't you just give it to him yourself?"

"Because I don't remember what he looks like or how to find him," he admitted honestly.

"No, it's because you're a fucking coward," she said as her blood started to boil.

Luka sighed and lowered the letter before saying quietly, "No lo matÃ©, Manuela."

"Bullshit. You might as ****well**** have!" she said adding more venom to her voice but keeping it quiet so as not to draw attention. "Because that's what you do. Can't handle situations yourself so you run home and cry to papa so he can take care of you." Her eyes ran up and down his form as she scowled and concluded in Spanish, [Nothing but a spineless son of a whore.]

Toothless grit his teeth and resisted the anger that was searing the backs of his eyes.

"Believe what you want but that's not what happened," he said tensely.

"Well you're the ****last**** person I'd believe. And I don't care. I finally got my life back together after what you did and I don't want to get myself tangled up in your shit anymore. So just get out!" she said before taking a cup off her tray and chucking it at his chest.

The cup was plastic and harmlessly bounced off. "Did you just throw a cup at me?" he asked suddenly bemused by her feeble attempt at aggression.

"I'll throw more than that at you puta if you don't get out ****now****," she said more threateningly.

He frowned at her insult of him and held out the letter again, "Take this and I'll go. Read it if you want, but I'll know if he doesn't get it."

She snatched the letter from him and maintained her glare while waiting for him to leave. He pivoted wordlessly and exited through the backroom and out the door he came in.

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Toothless snapped back to reality when he noticed morning's light start to stream in through the small window next to the basement door. He hadn't slept an ounce that night and was still sitting in the same position he had settled in, but it was because he couldn't stop his mind's endless ravings.

Before everyone started to wake up, he decided to lay down some ground rules with Snotlout. Even though he had only been asleep for maybe five hours, Toothless needed to wake him. He got up off his couch and dragged it back into its normal position. Then remembering that he was still in his clothes from last night, he walked down the hall and into his bedroom. He smiled a little at the sight of Jack and Hiccup. Hiccup was lying on his side and Jack had his arm draped across Hiccup's face as he unconsciously was taking advantage of the extra space on the bed to sprawl out. Careful not to wake either of them, which was pretty easy considering their stone-like unconsciousness, Toothless changed out of his clothes and pulled on a pair of grey jeans and a black T-shirt. Then he exited his bedroom to return to the living room, where he walked next to Snotlout and shook his shoulder.

Snotlout released a loud snore, but didn't move or show any signs of awareness. Toothless sighed completely baffled to how everyone he lived with could still exist and be such heavy sleepers. Not wanting to mess around, he walked behind the couch and lifted it so that it leaned forward.

Naturally waking after the sudden change in gravity, Snotlout flailed slightly to save himself and Toothless put the couch back down.

"What the-!" he started to say but paused after he quickly realized his unfamiliar surroundings while also remembering what had occurred the previous night.

Toothless walked back around and leaned in front of him so they could be more at eye level. Snotlout still had to look up in order to meet

his eyes though. They held the same piercing green stare that was watching him as he fell asleep a few hours ago and he couldn't help but feel his heart beat faster from the anxiety that was building in his chest.

Toothless studied his expression for a moment and then eventually spoke. "I decided you can stay here for the time being, but I'm going to establish ground rules that you must agree to follow."

"Ok." Snotlout said but was extremely unsure of what he was agreeing to.

Toothless held up his thumb as he started numbering them off, "First, you are not to leave this basement for **any** reason until I say otherwise. You understand personally how dangerous Dagur can be and I will not let you risk attracting him here."

Snotlout nodded in agreement. He was too afraid to leave anyway.

Toothless raised his index finger and continued, "Second, you will not speak to anyone here about anything you may know regarding Pitch, Benedikt, Dagur or others they are connected to."

"I already told you everything I know, I swear!" Snotlout objected.

Toothless pursed his lips and studied his face for a moment. Eventually he said, "We'll see about that. But you do agree to not speak of anything to anyone, yes?"

"Yes." Snotlout said assuredly.

"Third, everyone will no longer refer to you as Snotlout. You are to say that you wish to be called Scott," he continued holding up the next finger.

"How did you know my real name?" Snotlout asked slowly.

"Fourth," Toothless said ignoring him completely. "You will refrain from asking me stupid questions."

Snotlout closed his mouth and waited for him to continue.

"And finally, you will work for your keep around here. Do whatever Bunny tells you to do as long as you remain in the basement. Any extraneous jobs you will hand off to me."

"Who's Bunny?" he asked confused whether this was an actual person.

"He'll be the one who will walk out in about twenty minutes asking me who the hell you are."

"Ok" That description meant nothing to Snotlout.

Toothless continued, "Stick to those and you should be good. But remember," he said as he burrowed his stare into Snotlout's, "If **anything** you do, whether it be intentional or unintentional, puts **anyone** in this house at risk, then I will not hesitate to get rid

of you. Are we clear?"

"Yes" Snotlout said a little fearfully. He felt suddenly more vulnerable with Luka than with Dagur. It had to be his eyes. He had the freakiest eyes he's ever seen on a person and he almost felt violated whenever Luka looked at him.

But he did have something he had been meaning to ask Luka that he was afraid to bring up the night before. "Can I ask you one thing?" he asked hesitantly.

"Is it stupid?" Toothless asked cynically as one side of his mouth upturned a little.

"No," Snotlout said his eyebrows furrowing from Luka's patronizing attitude.

"You can ask. I may not answer though," he replied maintaining his smirk and sitting down on the corner of the coffee table across from Snotlout before leaning his elbows onto his knees.

Snotlout hesitated for a moment after trying to gauge Luka's expression, but he was as unreadable as before. Finally he asked quietly, "How come Dagur hates you so much?" After hanging around Dagur for so long, Snotlout realized he had an almost irrational loathing for Luka and Snotlout never fully understood why.

Toothless's smirk faded and he remained motionless as he thought of an appropriate answer. Eventually he concluded, "Because Dagur's hopelessly envious. He wants what others have, but lacks the ability to obtain it himself." And with that, he ended the conversation and stood up to walk into the kitchen, leaving Snotlout with an unfulfilled answer.

He started the coffee pot and turned on the oven broiler to begin making toast for the kids' breakfast. He cut the loaf of bread into slices and laid them out on a pan to cook in the oven. While waiting for them, he added cream to his coffee and slowly started to drink it.

Snotlout got up and, still unsure of where he stood in regards to how Luka felt about him, he walked into the kitchen. He was absolutely starving since he hadn't had any food in a while. Toothless pulled out the pan to flip the slices while glancing over at Snotlout's approach as he did so.

"I" he hesitated as he was not sure whether this fell under the 'stupid questions' category, "Could I have something to eat? I haven't had anything for over a day"

Toothless silently reached across the counter to grab a banana from the fruit bowl and tossed it over his shoulder at Snotlout. Snotlout caught the measly breakfast disappointed.

"You'll get more when you actually put in some work," Toothless stated keeping his back to Snotlout. Snotlout accepted the food without complaint and went to go sit at the table.

Shortly after, a muscular man walked in with long, greying hair and

tattoos running down his arms. He took one look at Snotlout's disfigured face and said, "Toothless! What's going on here? Who the hell is this?" he asked gesturing to Snotlout. That must be Bunny.

"Old friend of mine. He ran into a bit of trouble with Dagur's gang," he replied nonchalantly while spreading peanut butter on the toast.

Actually Snotlout recognized the man. He was the one that had beaten him up when they were messing with Hiccup last summer. He couldn't forget the tattoos coupled with his voice. Snotlout was surprised that he didn't recognize him; although, his face was difficult to recognize in its current state. And it all happened so fast that Bunny may never have gotten a clear visual on his face to begin with.

"I suppose that means you want to stay here for bit?" Bunny asked looking over at Snotlout.

"Y- yeah," Snotlout replied, worried that he would be kicked out again.

Bunny sighed and said, "Fine. But where is he gonna sleep?" he asked directing the question at Toothless.

"That I don't know. We've already shoved three people in my tiny ass room. Maybe he can stay in your bedroom or in the living room," he said more as a declaration than a suggestion.

Bunny's face turned sour at the prospect of having to share his room with a strange, purple-faced kid. But his compassionate side gave in and he replied, "I'll think about it. You might have to settle for the floor or the couch for a while though," he said looking back over to Snotlout. "What's your name anyway?" he asked.

"Sn- Scott," he said after almost forgetting to use his real name. He hadn't used it in over three years so it was going to be difficult for him to get reaccustomed to it.

"Alright Scott. When Anna wakes up or if Toothless finishes what he's doing before then, they can tend to yeh face. But Toothless," he said turning his attention back to the raven-haired boy, who was busy cutting up some apples, "Other than the normal stuff. I'm going to need you or whoever to help me start tending to the garden."

"Mhm," he replied flatly so that Bunny would go. Bunny turned to head out the front door and Toothless grabbed a stack of plates to set the table and lay out the food.

"Who's this all for?" Snotlout asked curiously.

Toothless chose to ignore him as he was finished answering questions. He laid out a piece of toast on each plate along with a few slices of apples. Then he poured each place a glass of juice.

As he predicted, he soon heard the pattering of small feet in the hallway and several of the older kids emerged awake and ready to start the day. They walked into the kitchen but stopped when they spotted Snotlout. He was obviously a bit frightening in appearance

and they were hesitant to approach him. Toothless noted their hesitation and calmly explained, "Don't worry, this is my friend, Scott. He's going to be staying with us for a while. But Scott," he said turning to look at him, "Would you mind getting up so the kids can eat breakfast?"

"Oh! Uhâ€|yeah sure," Snotlout said realizing he was in the way and standing up to go walk to the other side of the kitchen.

"What happened to your face?" Jamie asked uncertainly.

"Iâ€|uh.." Snotlout stuttered not really sure what to tell a group of little kids.

Fortunately, Toothless recovered for him. "He ran out in the street yesterday and was hit by a car," he smoothly fabricated.

"You didn't look both ways?!" Pippa asked astonished that a grown-up could have forgotten that rule.

"No Pippa, he didn't. But you wouldn't make such a stupid mistake now, would you?" he asked looking down at the little girl and raising an eyebrow.

"NO! And you really should remember to look next time, Mr. Scott," she counseled before walking over to sit down at the table with her siblings.

"I willâ€|" Snotlout said while glaring over at Toothless. Toothless smirked at him and turned around to finish washing the dishes he previously created.

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"You know he's not telling us something, right?" Jack said in a low voice staring up into the ceiling as Hiccup turned off their alarm. Jack had no problems waking up this early after the memories of last night came washing back.

Hiccup exhaled slowly and replied simply, "I know." He trusted Toothless more than anyone and knew that he was naturally distrustful of Snotlout since he had been involved with Dagur. And because Toothless and Dagur had a complicated history, Toothless obviously harbored ill feelings towards anyone associated with him.

"Well I'm sick of him holding out on us. I'm going to go talk to him," Jack said getting up and heading toward the door without bothering to change or put on a shirt.

"Jack! Here, wait, hang on," Hiccup said hurriedly getting up to follow him.

He followed Jack through the hall and stopped next him while staring into the kitchen. Toothless was washing dishes at the sink and Hiccup noticed he had changed his clothes. Snotlout was standing awkwardly across the room from him while some of the kids were sitting at the

table eating. But Hiccup was surprised to see that Toothless had definitely relaxed since last night.

So he decided to initiate the conversation. "Soâ€¦uhâ€¦how are you two doing?" he asked trying to maintain a semblance of vagueness in front of the kids.

"We're peachy," Toothless said turning around to face Snotlout while leaning against the counter. "Aren't we, Scott?"

Scott?

"Uhâ€¦yeah. Just peachyâ€¦" Snotlout replied uncertainly. Hiccup figured that they were also shrouding their true feelings in front of the kids. Snotlout still looked like crap though. His bruises appeared to have darkened and his swelling was still quite visible.

"Hey Hiccup," Toothless addressed him while resuming his dish washing, "You mind seeing if Anna is finished with the younger kids and asking if she can help patch him up?"

"Uhâ€¦yeah. No problem," Hiccup agreed. At least Toothless was showing him concern for his injuries now.

He turned to go back down the hall but glanced at Jack's face before he left. Jack's eyebrows were furrowed as he eyed Toothless suspiciously. Hiccup knew he was also a little bitter about Toothless's treatment of him the previous night. But Hiccup gave him a small smile of reassurance before walking down the hall.

He knocked softly before walking into the kids' significantly larger bedroom. Their room was the largest in the basement and in order to accommodate all of them, they were fitted with bunk beds or larger mattresses. Anna was standing by the dresser with Sophie, Ada, and Carlos and helping them put their clothes on. She looked up at Hiccup as he walked in.

"Uh, hey Anna. A friend of ours was hurt last night and needs your help if you've got time?" he asked unsure of how to explain it casually but not sound too urgent.

Anna's eyebrows came together in confusion and asked, "It's not Astrid is it?"

"No! No. Just someone I knew from school that we ran into," he briefly expanded.

"Ohâ€¦Yeah I'll take a look at him," she said after helping Carlos step into his pants and fastening the button. She stood up, taking all of them by the hand and walked into the kitchen with them.

Hiccup noticed Snotlout sitting on the couch in the living room while the other kids were eating their breakfasts in the kitchen. They talking and giggling like normal, so Hiccup left them to their antics and walked over to Snotlout.

"That's Anna," he said gesturing over to her. "She's going to fix you up, just let her know where you're injured. You don't have any broken

bones, do you?" he asked out of concern.

"I meanâ€¦ just my nose and maybe my finger," he said holding up his left hand. His index finger was extremely swollen and painful looking.

"Alright, it's nothing too bad, hopefully. But she'll let you know. She's good at this kind of stuff," he said encouragingly. "Where did Jack and Toothless go?" he asked remembering that they were no longer in the kitchen.

"I dunno. They went back down the hall," he grunted while gesturing to the hallway.

Hiccup smiled a little to alleviate his unease at being in a strange environment and also in a silent apology of how he was handled the previous night. He could only imagine how Snotlout felt at the moment, but he knew how he had felt when he first arrived here and it was overwhelming. But unlike Snotlout, Hiccup was treated warmly and was welcomed by everyone, even Toothless to an extent. So he could only assume how much of an outcast Snotlout felt.

But Hiccup wanted to talk to Toothless as well, so he left Snotlout in the care of Anna, who was finishing up getting the younger kids settled, and walked down the hall and into their bedroom.

As he opened the door, he immediately heard Jack arguing with Toothless.

"I'm really sick and tired of you constantly keeping stuff from me, Toothless," he said angrily as he paced impatiently in front of the raven-haired boy, who was leaning against the wardrobe frowning as his eyes followed Jack back and forth.

Toothless glanced up at Hiccup as he entered and Hiccup noted a hint of gratefulness in his expression when he saw him. But he turned his attention back to Jack and responded, "I swear, Jack. I've told you and Hiccup more about me than I've told anyone. Even my brother, and that's**really** saying something." His eyebrows came together in frustration with Jack's distrust of him.

"Then please. Explain to me why you're always sneaking around and making shit up?! I can tell you're doing it. You're acting a lot like when you first got here!" he said hotly while stopping in front of Toothless to stare into his eyes so he could appraise his honesty.

Toothless stared at him for a moment and replied slowly, "I've been honest to you about **myself**. Anything I'm not telling you is about people I'd rather separate myself away from. And it's things I just **cannot** tell you."

"Can't? Or Won't?" Jack asked stubbornly.

"Both." Toothless replied firmly.

Hiccup saw Jack grit his teeth and was afraid that he would lash out in anger, so Hiccup walked over to push Jack away by the shoulders. "Jack. You really need to calm down-

Jack pushed away from him while saying angrily, "Don't tell me what to fucking do, Hiccup."

"Look Jack," Toothless interrupted trying to draw his attention and anger away from Hiccup, "I reacted the way I did yesterday based on my own split-second judgment. It's the same judgment that makes me do weird things sometimes, but it has saved my ass more times than I can count. So I've learned to generally rely on it."

Jack calmed a little bit and looked at him curiously in hopes that he would continue.

Toothless sighed at the ground before looking back up and rephrasing, "What's the worst thing that came out of this, huh? Snotlout got a little freaked out and he lost his phone. Big deal. If his intentions weren't so innocent he could have stabbed you in the middle of the night."

Jack's eyes narrowed and after a moment he relaxed a little, "Yeah I guess you're right. But why did you have to go and break his phone anyway?"

"So he couldn't contact anyone and in case of GPS tracking."

"What?" Hiccup asked confused.

Toothless looked over at him, "You can track the location of someone's phone down or where it was the last time they sent a text or made a call. It's not that hard if you know how to do it."

Hiccup raised his eyebrows at him partly because of this disturbing realization and partly because he was surprised that Toothless knew how to do it.

Toothless noted his astonishment and elaborated while placing a finger over his lips in thought, "Now that I think about it, I'm not sure that Dagur is resourceful enough or even cares enough to do that. But again, I was reacting. And it's better I did that than the alternative."

"You realize that this only makes me even more curious about what you're not telling me," Jack said crossing his arms and pouting a little.

Toothless smirked a little and walked over to wrap his arms around Jack's lower back. "Trust me, I would tell you if it was important. But try to understand. I want to keep myself and everyone I love away from that life. It's fucked up. More than you could ever imagine. And I never want to go back to it. But," he said before lifting Jack's chin with his fingertips, "You already know me better than anyone. And I choose this life. With you and Hiccup," he finished turning his head to look at Hiccup, who smiled and moved closer to him.

"We are not making this into a group hug thing," Jack said a little humorously while pushing Toothless backwards into Hiccup.

Hiccup caught him and pulled his back against his chest. Toothless

smiled a little and squeezed Hiccup's wrist.

"You understand where I'm coming from, Jack?" Toothless asked looking up at him hopefully.

Jack chewed on the inside of his cheek for a moment before answering, "Yeahâ€¦I guess. You know I'm just insatiably curious though."

Toothless laughed a little and said, "Ok fine. I'll tell you everything once we move far, far away from here. After we leave all this shit behind for good."

Jack smiled at the thought and walked over to him again. "Deal." he said softly before kissing him gently. Toothless smiled back and Hiccup let go of his middle.

"Come on," Hiccup said to the two of them. "Anna's gotta be done treating Snotlout by now. And we've got a lot to take care of on top of dealing with him anyways."

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Despite Hiccup's and Anna's lengthy explanations about what was going on in this weird little den they called a home, Snotlout was still heavily confused by it. But he had met most of the people there and helped out with the chores that were assigned, but the day still dragged on. Mostly because he had gotten barely any sleep and his injuries made it difficult to move around.

He was glad that Hiccup seemed to forgive him at least. He was nice enough to show him around and answer his questions, unlike the other two boys. Jack wasn't nearly as generous since it seemed he didn't completely forgive him for kidnapping Hiccup and Luka. And Snotlout avoided talking to Luka since he scared the shit out of Snotlout. But he tried his best to remember to call him Toothless and himself Scott. He wasn't completely sure why they had to change their names, but he obeyed Luka without question. Snotlout knew from Dagur that Luka had been hiding out there for almost two years now. He had to be good at avoiding detection if was able to accomplish that, albeit with Dagur and Benedikt's help.

After they had finished with the chores, Jack and Hiccup changed into the semi-formal attire that Snotlout had seen them wear the day before and went upstairs. Everyone else had either gone upstairs or went to bed. But Luka stayed downstairs for what Snotlout could only assume was to watch him. He was lounging on the couch drawing in a sketchpad and Snotlout just sat on a chair awkwardly doing nothing.

Wanting to break the silence, he asked, "So Luk- Toothless. There was some money left in my walletâ€¦ Is it possible for me to buy some clothes with it?"

"Yeah I'll take care of it for you. Just leave me a list with your general sizes. I'll dig something up for you to wear," he replied

without looking up from his sketchpad.

"Thanks dude! Why'da you change your name to Toothless though?" he asked leaning back in the chair.

Toothless glanced up at him and smirked slightly indicating that Snotlout had asked him a stupid question.

Snotlout frowned and rephrased, "Fine. But why do we have to change our names anyway?"

Toothless sighed and laid his sketchpad off to the side before sitting up to look at Snotlout. "Because if anyone in here talks about you, other people won't immediately know who you are."

"But Anna and the kids still call you Luka!" he added. That part wasn't making sense to him.

He leaned his elbows onto his knees and folded his hands in front of him before saying, "Yeah. That was my mistake in letting them do that. I let it slide for sentimental reasons, but it backfired. I'll have to see if I can at least get Anna to not do it."

Snotlout frowned a little wondering what he meant. But the reasoning of why made sense to him. If Hiccup mentioned his nickname outside and Dagur overheard it, then he would immediately know that Hiccup knew where he was. And it could get Hiccup into trouble, which Snotlout wouldn't want to see happen after he's been so nice to him. He'll have to do more to persuade Hiccup to call him Scott again!

It wasn't long before he felt himself drift off to sleep. Granted, it was a shallow sleep since the lights were still on and he also constantly felt as though Luka's eyes were fixated on him, watching him closely. It put him in a state of unease. But he awoke several hours later when he heard the front door open. He heard Jack and Hiccup laughing and walking in from their long night at work. But they quieted when they entered the room and Snotlout pretended to be asleep so as not to draw attention back to him. He just wanted to be left alone and out of Luka's line of sight.

He heard Jack laugh softly and Snotlout opened one eye a sliver to see what was going on. Luka appeared to have actually fallen asleep on the couch with his sketchpad laying on top of his lap. At least he wasn't staring at him anymore. He watched as Jack noiselessly walked over to Luka and bent down to kiss him gently on the lips. Luka stirred and sat up rubbing his face with one of his hands. Jack quietly laughed before whispering, "Come on. He's asleep. Just come to bed already." Luka groaned a little and stood up only to have Jack wrap an arm around his waist and walk with him down the hall with Hiccup following behind, turning out the lights as they left.

Snotlout couldn't believe it. That son of a bitch was actually gay. Despite knowing Dagur's account of his history, he had taken it with a grain of salt. He never would have guessed that someone as intimidating and freaky as him would really be a flaming homo.

He smirked to himself at the thought. It was at least comforting enough to quell his fear of the guy a little bit. And who would have

thought Jackson Frost bent that way too? Manâ€|the last thing he would have predicted was seeing those two together. He relaxed into the chair, knowing he could sleep peacefully since those creepy luminescent eyes were no longer watching him and also knowing he at least had some leverage against himâ€|

* * *

><p>Oh muh goodness...
>What's gonna happen? I wonder...
>Leave a comment if you have an idea! I like to know whether my ideas are predictable or not :3

25. Chapter 25

Kapitel 25

Snotlout was at long last beginning to understand the routine the Guardians seemed to rigorously follow, even if it meant he had to wake up excruciatingly early. Bunny was the ringleader and he organized the madness of running the club upstairs combined with providing a stable environment for eight young children. Snotlout wasn't a big fan of kids, but he admired how hard the tireless Australian guy worked for them. To say Snotlout didn't grow up in the most nurturing of homes was an understatement. But he would be a liar if he didn't admit that he envied the kids a little bit that people who weren't family were so willing to raise them.

Snotlout was even surprised to see how well Luka took care of them. It was like comparing night and day seeing the way Luka behaved towards Snotlout and the way he acted with the kids and other residents. With others he was gentle and attentive, but with Snotlout his eyes became daggers and he would always talk down to him. It was demeaning, more so than when he had to take orders from Dagur. At least Dagur wasn't some entitled long-haired fagwipe.

"You know, you actually need to use soap when you wash dishes," he heard Luka criticize over his shoulder.

"Yeah. I do know that. **Thanks**." Snotlout grumbled in frustration due to his endless monitoring. He added more soap to the sponge and continued scrubbing the dirty plates and silverware. Snotlout and Luka were put in charge of cleaning up breakfast after the kids had gone to school, but he had learned that it was previously just Luka's job before he had moved in. The black-haired weirdo seemed to assign Snotlout tasks with him whenever possible in order to, as far as Snotlout could tell, pester the crap out of him.

He heard Luka snort in amusement before walking across the kitchen to wipe off the table. They fell back into their usual silence as they continued to work. Snotlout no longer had an interest in talking to him, since Luka would either refuse to answer every other question Snotlout had or treat him like a complete idiot.

He finished washing the dishes and moved on to drying them off. Luka walked over and picked up the dishes as he finished drying them and put them away. As he finished the last one, Luka interjected, "After this I'm going to help Jack work on things upstairs. Make sure you actually help Hiccup clean the house this time."

Snotlout handed him the last plate and turned to walk out of the kitchen and get the hell away from him. As he did so he mumbled, "Whatever. Have fun pegging your boy-"

He stopped mid-sentence as Luka had appeared alongside Snotlout and held out an arm in front of him to block his exit. Snotlout inhaled sharply in surprise and turned to face Luka while backing into the fridge in attempts to put some distance between them.

But Luka leaned into the fridge to further restrict his movements and, despite Snotlout being much broader, he suddenly felt small in comparison to taller male's overbearing nature.

"Now listen," Luka said in a voice so low Snotlout had to strain to hear him, "I have put up with you and your snide comments for over a week now and, quite frankly, I find it cute that you think you can insult me. **But**-" he moved his face so close to Snotlout's that their noses were nearly touching. Snotlout felt the full intensity of his eyes penetrating through him as he continued, "if you wish to continue staying here, I suggest you quit trying to get under my skin."

Luka stood up straight and smirked at Snotlout before reaching out to roughly pat his cheek a couple times as he said, "Don't be dumb." And he turned to walk out of the kitchen.

Snotlout scowled and rubbed his cheek from the slight stinging he had left behind. He had just assumed that Luka never heard him as he had never reacted before. But then again, nothing seemed to get past the sneaky bastard. He heard the front door open before Luka had reached it and Snotlout saw Hiccup emerge into the entryway. Hiccup smiled at Luka and Snotlout saw Luka lean over to kiss the side of his head lightly before leaving the basement.

"Hey Scott," Hiccup said holding a much kinder expression in his eyes as he walked over, "You ready? I figured you and Toothless would be done here by now."

"Yup. Ready as I'll ever be," Snotlout replied disdainfully. He was never in the mood to clean, but that seemed to be all he did now. Although, he appreciated being paired with Hiccup over the others. At least Hiccup was nice to him.

They began the daily cleaning regime, which Snotlout found completely unnecessary. But Hiccup explained that because they weren't living in a standard home, it needed more attention to stay put together. The fact that there were fifteen people crowded in one space didn't help either. Every day they would scrub one of the bathrooms until it was immaculate, clean the floor, dust two other rooms, and do a couple loads of laundry. In addition, Bunny would give them other odd jobs to do on top of that.

They began the day with cleaning Anna's bathroom and Snotlout was busy concentrating on getting any grime or early signs of mold out of the cracks and crannies in the tile floor. He was still frustrated with Luka's patronizing treatment of him and must have been scrubbing too furiously because Hiccup picked up on his attitude.

"What's wrong?" Hiccup asked interrupting his thoughts.

"Nothing." he replied gruffly as he increased the strength behind his scrubbing.

"Is Toothless being too mean again?" he asked a little tauntingly.

"He's a fucking asshole," Snotlout crudely remarked before leaning back on his toes to look up at Hiccup, who was standing in the bathtub scrubbing the walls.

"Have you tried just being nice to him?" Hiccup asked pausing in his work to look at Snotlout while reaching up to lightly hold onto the shower rod.

"Why should I? It's not like he's tried being nice to me," Snotlout retorted.

"That's because you keep being a smart ass to him," Hiccup argued back causing Snotlout to bite his tongue and resume his scrubbing. Hiccup continued, "Look, he didn't go out of his way to be nice to me either when I first got here. But that's just how he is. And especially with you, being friends with Dagur for so long-

"We weren't friends," Snotlout interjected firmly.

Hiccup paused for a moment but resumed what he was saying, "Either way, he doesn't trust you. So it wouldn't hurt to at least be civil."

Snotlout clenched his jaw stubbornly trying to resist Hiccup's suggestion. But it did make sense to him.

"Besides," Hiccup continued, "I don't like what you say to him either."

"Because you're like his boyfriend or whatever," he said more as a statement than a question. It was the only explanation for the way they behaved around one another.

"Yeah, something like that," Hiccup responded sourly before returning to scrub the walls of the shower.

They cleaned in silence for a several minutes, but Snotlout felt as though he might have insulted Hiccup, so he decided to break the silence with an apology, "I'm sorry for being rude to Luk-Toothlessâ€¦ I guess I don't have the best track record when it comes to being nice to people."

Snotlout heard Hiccup snort in response so he figured now would be a better time than any to continue down his long list of apologies that were due. "Andâ€¦ I'm sorry again for all the trouble I've given you. For bullying you in school, calling you names, beating you up, andâ€¦ you know."

Hiccup stopped cleaning again to look down at him. Then to Snotlout's relief, he saw him smile a little. "I already told you that I forgive you, you know."

"I knowâ€¦" Snotlout started to say again, "But I still feel bad." He

dipped the bristle brush he was using in the bucket of bleach water to clean it off before resuming his scrubbing. Then he asked in reference to his bullying, "I didn't likeâ€|turn you gay, did I?"

He expected Hiccup to perhaps be a little offended by what he said, but the last reaction he expected was for Hiccup to burst out laughing in response to the question. He looked up at him and saw him doubled over leaning one arm against the side of the shower trying to control his fit before responding in between breaths, "No offense Scottâ€| you're not exactly my type."

Snotlout never thought he would ever feel so offended being rejected by a gay guy. "What's that supposed to mean?" he asked his eyebrows coming together.

"I'm sorry," Hiccup apologized while controlling his laughter. "Someone just doesn't **turn** gay. And what I meant was that I wasn't into bulky bear-guys who looked like they wanted to kill me on a daily basis," he said referring to Snotlout when they were younger.

"Right, you like the creepy snake dudes that look like they want to kill **me**," he said obviously referring to Toothless.

"Yeah, sure, we'll go with that. Minus the creepy part," Hiccup replied before getting out of the tub to lean over and clean the bottom.

"So you are actually with Luka?" Snotlout asked since he couldn't quite pinpoint what was going on with them.

"Mhm, Jack too," Hiccup answered nonchalantly.

Snotlout's confusion only increased. "Now that's even more messed up," he said.

"Why's that?" Hiccup asked looking over his shoulder and raising an eyebrow at him.

"Well, for one thing, Jack was with that one chick in high school and now he likes dudes all of a sudden?" he said still baffled by how that even worked.

"He's still into girls. He's just bi," Hiccup calmly explained while he scrubbed.

"There's no such thing."

"Uh, yeah there is," Hiccup said before sitting on the edge of the tub and resting his elbows on his knees, letting his wet hands hang limply over them. "If you talked to him about it, I'm sure he'd clear that up for you."

"Whatever. You guys are still messed up," Snotlout said stubbornly not believing him.

"Because?"

"Because you can't be in a relationship with two people at the same time! That's insane and I'm pretty sure it's considered cheating," he

retorted.

"Not it's not," Hiccup began, "We're not sneaking around and lying to each other. Besides, why do you care?" he asked before standing back up to turn on the faucet and rinse out the tub.

"I don't." Snotlout said firmly. "I'm just saying you all are freaks."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and said, "Well, this may come as a shocker to you Scott, but I stopped caring a long time ago what you think about me. Besides" he said as his mouth morphed into a devilish smirk, "you're just jelly I get more action than you," he finished confidently.

Snotlout felt the urge to dump the bucket of water over him, but he held himself back knowing there was bleach inside. So instead he just retorted, "Go fuck yourself, Spit-Up" using one of his old nicknames for the skinny geek and went back to scrubbing. His eyebrows came back together in confusion over everything Hiccup had told him. He didn't understand one bit of it. He still didn't believe Jack was bi. You're either gay or you're straight, anyone who says they're bisexual is just too afraid to admit they're gay. And isn't having a relationship with more than one person illegal or something? "No, maybe not illegal. Otherwise cheaters would be put into jail all the time. But it didn't change the fact it was weird as hell. The final thing he couldn't fathom was Luka having feelings. Guy was so stoic all the time it was unnatural. But Snotlout could admit that he was able to understand why Dagur and others were willing and able to screw him, even if it was just to put him in his place. If Snotlout crossed his eyes just a little or looked at Luka from across a room, he could see how easily he passed for a chick. An image of Luka dressed in punk drag crossed his mind and Snotlout had to mentally punch himself for even entertaining the idea.

However the idea did leave him with a question he was curious about, "So if there's three of you. Which one of you's the girl?"

"Excuse me?" Hiccup asked a little offended. "None of us. Like... what do you even mean by that?"

"Like which one of you takes it?" he said smirking a little bit. He secretly had his bets on Luka. He watched Hiccup's face turn red a little bit; however, he was pretty sure it was from anger.

"Uh, first of all, what even possessed you to think you could ask me that? And second, it's none of your damn business." He rinsed out the bathtub one last time and stormed out past Snotlout, leaving him alone to finish.

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Hiccup left Scott to finish Anna's bathroom on his own. He would go to wash the kitchen floor, which he found easier anyway. He stalked into the kitchen and pulled out a bucket from under the sink to fill it with water and a bit of soap. While waiting for the water to fill the bucket, he settled his fuming.

He sympathized with Scott to an extent. The guy had a rough

upbringing and was influenced by Dagur for a few years, but that didn't mean he was going to stand around and be insulted by him. Scott hadn't angered Hiccup by calling him, Jack, or Toothless a girl; he was pissed that the troll seemed to find it acceptable to pry into their sex lives. Seriouslyâ€¦you don't just ask those questions to people unless maybe you're friends, which Hiccup and Scott definitely were not. And even though he didn't divulge names to Scott, Hiccup was still particularly insulted from the guy's implications that he was weak for liking anal. Shit ain't easy at first. Then he snorted to himself while wondering how well Scott would handle it. Probably not well.

About fifteen minutes later he spotted Scott round the corner out of the hallway into the kitchen. Not pausing in his washing, he asked gruffly, "Did you actually ****clean**** the bathroom?"

"Nah. I actually just decided to piss all over everything and leave." Hiccup frowned at his crude sarcasm and Scott must have seen him because he added, "Of course I cleaned it. That's why I came in here to help you."

"Well, grab the broom and start sweeping the entryway I guess," he ordered in a low voice still indicating he wasn't happy with him.

Scott frowned and left to go grab the broom out of the closet before returning to sweep up. Several more minutes passed in silence while each was distracted by their own ponderings.

Eventually Hiccup decided to interject, "Does it make you uncomfortable or something?"

"What?" Scott asked not clear on Hiccup's meaning.

"That I'm gay? Or that Jack, Toothless, and I are together?"

Scott didn't answer for a moment as he swept the dirt into the dustpan. Then he stood up straight, leaning on the broom and responded, "Not uncomfortable. I guess I just don't understand it."

"What's so hard to understand?" Hiccup asked trying to understand where he was coming from. He moved off the floor to sit down on one of the benches while watching the larger boy.

"How you can like dudes, dude. Let alone how you can like two dudes at one time. Like, girls are so hot. They're soft and got-" he made a crude grabbing motion with his hands to mimic squeezing a girl's chest.

"I don't think it's ****that**** hard to understand. You're acting as if male and female are like black and white, when it's mostly the same general body give or take a few features. I just happen to have a different preference than you. It's like-" He leisurely crossed one leg over the other and leaned back into the table as he elaborated, "It's like how you and another straight dude can have two completely different tastes in girls. Tall, short, boobs, ass, thin, curvy, whatever. So girls you find most attractive will vary from what another guy finds most attractive to the point where you don't even know how a guy could be into her. It's just your personal preference."

And mine just happen to be very different from yours." He knelt back down on the floor to continue washing as he said, "And besides that, you can have feelings for more than one person. Just like how you can love more than one family member." Hiccup was careful not to say 'parents' since he wasn't sure how Scott felt about his parents, especially his dad. But he hoped his point still remained valid.

He looked up and saw Scott making a scrunched face, which Hiccup was pretty sure meant he was thinking about what he said. After a minute he admitted, "I guess that makes a little senseâ€¦ But you're still weird."

"I can deal with that. I still think you're kind of a dick," he said grinning up at him.

Scott gave a crooked grin back at him and resumed his sweeping. Hiccup hoped that meant they had come even a little bit towards a mutual understanding of each other.

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Snotlout was glad he had spoken with Hiccup earlier. What he explained made more sense to Snotlout than before. He still didn't completely relate, but it was a little easier to understand the way Hiccup phrased it. It made him remember Tuffnut's girlfriend, who was really thin, had narrow hips, and like zero cleavage. And yet Tuffnut was totally into her. Snotlout couldn't really see why, but then again, he was a boob guy. He loved girls with curves. So he could sort of see how Hiccup was just like Tuffnut, except that he was into the dick. But yeah. Who would have thought that the quirky, awkward runt was so good at talking?

Hiccup had also given him something to think about when it came to Luka. It probably wasn't the smartest idea to bother him, given that he could easily hand Snotlout over to Dagur any time he wanted. Snotlout had some doubt that Dagur would actually kill him; however, he didn't doubt that he would injure him severely again. And if it weren't for Hiccup and Jack, he might have died that night from hypothermia. So he was perfectly satisfied with staying as far away from the guy as possible. If that meant getting on Luka's good side, he'd have to deal with it.

Currently, he was lounging on the couch in the living room as Hiccup and he had completed all the chores in the basement. Hiccup had since gone upstairs to go to work and the kids had all gone to bed, but because Snotlout wasn't allowed to leave the basement, he had no choice but to hang out alone. It sucked that they didn't at least have a television to keep him busy. The only things there were books, and Snotlout hated reading.

He decided to slouch down further into the cushions and close his eyes. At least sleeping was something to keep him busyâ€¦

His nap didn't last long, however. His attention perked up when he heard someone unlock the metal door and watched as Luka entered, thumbing through some mail. He pulled out a letter and laid the rest on the small table next to the door. Snotlout watched as he stood in the entryway and ripped open the letter and pulled it out to read it.

His eyes quickly scanned over it and Snotlout heard him exhale in response to what he read. But he had trouble reading the expression on his face.

"S'up?" he asked curiously.

Luka glanced over at him before responding, "Nothing. I just got a letter saying I'm eligible to receive my GED."

"You never graduated high school?" Snotlout asked surprised. He didn't either, but he wouldn't have expected the same out of someone like Luka.

"Well, now I did," he said waving the letter before pocketing it.

"Ohâ€|congratulations then," he said trying to sound sincere.

Luka raised an eyebrow at his response and then simply said, "Thanks," before removing his shoes and going to walk down the hallway.

Snotlout sighed and decided to follow him, partially out of boredom and partially because he figured he should follow through. Luka paused at his bedroom door and turned his head to look at Snotlout as he approached him.

"Hey dudeâ€|" he started to say and then hesitated not sure how to phrase it. He wasn't that skilled at forming apologies so he simply stated, "I'm sorry for making fun of you and all. Hiccup explained stuff to me and I guess I understand a little better now."

Luka studied his face for a moment before opening the door to his room. "Come on in," he said to Snotlout before going in his room. Snotlout hesitated at first, since he was never allowed in his room before. But he accepted the invitation and walked inside.

The first thing he noticed was the wardrobe. Snotlout wasn't an aficionado of furniture, but he had to admit it was awesome looking. It was a tall, black wooded, and intricately carved piece that looked more expensive than the rest of the furniture in the house, which was heavily mismatched and looked to have been scavenged. The other peculiar thing he spotted was the bed, which was larger, but he knew that Luka shared this room with Hiccup and Jack.

"You guys share a bed? That's so gay," he said chuckling but then abruptly stopped realizing he might have insulted Luka.

"You really are a quick one aren't ya?" Luka responded sardonically while throwing him his typical patronizing look. "I thought you said Hiccup explained everything to you," he added before opening the wardrobe and rummaging through it.

"He didâ€| I just wasn't thinking," he responded apologetically. He had trouble remembering to watch his mouth around Luka.

"Well, I was about to head out," he said as he pulled out a dress shirt and blazer, "But, since you haven't stepped outside in over a week, did you want to come with?" he asked glancing over at Snotlout.

"What? Really? What about Dagur?" he asked concerned.

"I know where Dagur typically goes. Sun is almost down and as long as you keep your head down and wear something a little off-color, you shouldn't stand out."

"Well, what would I wear?" he asked uncertainly. He only had the clothes Luka had bought for him and they didn't look new when he got them. However, Hiccup had asked North to tailor them how Snotlout wanted, which was really cool of the guy even though he had never met him. But he knew Dagur would recognize his old coat if they happened to come across him.

"Here," Luka said before pulling out another, larger dress shirt and a leather jacket. "I got that for you the other day. The jacket is Hiccup's. But it's a little big on him so it should fit you fine."

Snotlout took the clothes from him and wondered whether Hiccup wouldn't care that he used his coat. But he figured Luka knew him best and accepted the clothing. "Where are we going?" he asked next.

"Just someplace in central. Should be busy enough that you won't stand out," he explained before slipping off his white T-shirt and turning around to pick up the dress shirt he previously picked out.

Snotlout's eyes instantly widened when he saw Luka's back. The scarring on it was more extensive and intricate than he had ever seen on anyone, including Dagur. Dagur had explained to him that the scar patterns he had were symbolic of his rank in the gang. And he had given Snotlout the impression that he was pretty high up there in terms of rank. But Luka's had to be ten times greater than his.

Luka turned around and Snotlout thought he saw him smirk ever so slightly when he caught his reaction to his scarring. But he raised an eyebrow at him again and asked, "Well? Are you going to go change or not?"

Snotlout snapped back to attention and replied, "Oh, right. I'll be right back." He turned to go into Bunny's room where he had lately been sleeping on a mattress that they pushed under Bunny's bed during the day. Bunny had long since gone upstairs to run the club and wouldn't be back down until after it closed. But before he had gone out the door, he heard Luka call from behind him, "Don't forget to put on that pair of black pants I got for you too."

Snotlout went into his temporary room and did as he was told. He figured the clothes Luka chose were better to disguise him anyway since they were nothing like what he would normally wear. When he was finished he left to find Luka in the living room and saw that he had changed into a full suit that was tailored to fit him well. He wrapped a violet scarf around his neck and tucked it into the coat before looking up at Snotlout.

"Ready?" he asked. Snotlout nodded in response before grabbing a cotton hat to protect his head and left with him out the door.

He spent most of the trip in silence following Luka through the streets. He noticed that Luka took a bit of an unorthodox route instead of following the shortest path into downtown. But Snotlout was mostly focused on keeping his head down and avoiding eye contact with people. He wasn't sure what had him so paranoid, but he couldn't help it. Perhaps never leaving the basement was having an impact on his psyche.

When they got a little closer into the bustling city, he quickened his pace to walk next to Luka and asked, "Were you already planning on asking me to come with you or did you just ask because I apologized?" He was wondering because it seemed weird to him that Luka had gone out of his way the other day to buy him a dress shirt just for the occasion.

He saw Luka's eyes glance at him sideways before he smiled a little and replied, "Both. I was hoping you would be more cooperative by now, Hiccup definitely helped that. And, yes, I made preparations ahead of time in case you agreed to come."

"But why ask me? Why not ask Hiccup or Jack?" he asked because it still wasn't adding up completely.

"Because," Luka said his face falling into its usual expressionless state and his voice dropping to a much quieter level, "You already agreed to not ask me stupid questions and not to talk to anyone about anything regarding Die Alptraubande."

"The what?"

"The Nightmare Gang. La Pandilla de Pesadillas. Whatever you want to call it. I think the names are unoriginal, but I didn't come up with them. Either way, I know I can trust you to stay silent, yes?" he asked trying to incite a confirmation from Snotlout.

"Yeahâ€¦I swear. But I thought you wanted to run away from all that?" he asked unclear of Luka's motivations. Dagur had made it sound as if he ran away like a scared little child.

"I did," he said before sharply rounding a corner, "But there's some shit I still need to take care of."

Snotlout quickly scurried to keep up with him before asking concerned, "Will this get me in trouble with Dagur?"

"No," Luka responded nonchalantly, "If anything it'll give you a little more security from him."

"How's that?" Snotlout asked.

"Because they'll know you're working for me," he said smoothly before quickening his pace a little.

Wait, what? He's working for Luka now? Bastard didn't even pay him! He hurried up to catch up with him again and pondered for a minute what Luka had said. He wasn't sure if he wanted to work for the long-haired freak, butâ€¦ if it'll keep him safe from Dagur then he figured it was worth a shot.

Before Snotlout could ask him any additional questions, Luka turned to stop in front of a building. The door was a royal red and there was a rug leading up to it with decorative plants on either side. The whole street they were on seemed to be lit up with classier restaurants and establishments that Snotlout knew he could never afford on his own. But he followed behind Luka and tried his best to look as though he frequented these places all the time. Luka pushed open the door and walked inside with Snotlout right behind him.

They walked into what appeared to be a small foyer with the same royal red accents as the front door. In front of them was a set of mahogany double doors and a matching mahogany staircase was placed off to the right that led to an upstairs balcony. Luka walked over to the left to a man working at a desk who had the appearance and dress of a butler.

"Name please," the man asked him in a posh British accent.

"Luka Nachtschatten and guest," he replied simply.

The man leaned to look around Luka and stared at Snotlout disapprovingly. Snotlout narrowed his eyes in response and felt the need to punch the entitled look off the bastard's face.

"Welcome back, sir. Your party is waiting for you upstairs," he informed Luka with notes of boredom in his voice.

"Thank you," Luka said before turning around to walk to the staircase. Snotlout glared at the snobby old man before turning to follow Luka up the carpeted staircase that was the same royal red as the front door.

Walking up the stairs and onto the balcony, he was able to view the room that was previously blocked off to him in the foyer. The royal red carpeting extended into that room as well and the walls were the rich color of cream and adorned with intricate carvings and mahogany moldings. The ceiling was intricately carved as well, showing the age of the building as well as its relative worth. The main parlor included a small bar, a pool table, and had comfortable looking couches and lounge chairs scattered throughout along with tables. There were several windows lining one side of the room that would normally let in a fantastic amount of light if it weren't so dark outside. From what Snotlout could tell, there was a small courtyard outside. In the parlor stood several groups of men in circles holding glasses of wine and chatting lightly. Snotlout could tell from their appearances that they had a decent amount of money. They paused in their conversation and glanced up at Luka and Snotlout as they crossed the balcony.

They only had to walk several paces before the hallway concealed them and they were out of the rich men's view. Snotlout felt better that way, he felt an overwhelming amount of judgment from everyone in the building.

Luka turned a corner to follow the hallway down to the end and walked up to a mahogany door. He gently knocked on it and only a moment passed before a fairly young man opened the door. He was dressed in a suit as well with a striking green tie and smiled warmly at the sight of Luka.

"Luka! I am overjoyed to finally meet you after all these years! My father spoke very highly of you. Come in, come in," he said in a rolling accent and moving aside to let Luka pass. Snotlout hesitated, but the man nodded to him as well encouraging him to enter.

Snotlout walked in to the small room, which was adorned with coral-colored walls and mahogany accents. There were two leather sofas and a coffee table situated between them with a lamp in the corner that emitted a warm light throughout the room. A stone fireplace stood on the far side, whose embers were burning lightly.

"So I take it you're Esteban's son?" Luka asked referring to the man's much younger age. He couldn't have been much older than Luka after all.

"Yes, yes. You are correct in that assumption. I carry the same name as my father and am taking over his role in the company," he briefly explained. He then turned his attention back to Snotlout, "And who might your partner be?" he asked.

"His name is Scott," Luka answered for Snotlout, "But he's commonly referred to as Snotlout within the group."

"Ah. Well, I will refer to you as Scott here then. It is a pleasure," he said charmingly and held out a hand, which Snotlout accepted and shook.

He turned back to Luka and gestured for him to sit down, which they both did. Snotlout remained by the door feeling as though he wasn't an actual part of the meeting. And he felt even more lost when Esteban asked Luka a question in what he could only assume was Spanish and Luka agreed to it.

Snotlout stood watching the two of them talk but not really understanding any of it. Esteban's Spanish flowed beautifully and was so charming that he probably could have convinced Snotlout to agree to anything if he asked him. Snotlout was also shocked that Luka was able to talk back to him. But granted, Snotlout could tell that he wasn't as good at speaking it as Esteban was. He would often struggle to find a word or pause before speaking. Occasionally in their conversation Snotlout would pick out a word, but he still had no idea what they were talking about. So he just decided to casually lean against the door and wait for them to finish.

...

[So why not work with my brother then?] Luka asked monotonously while lounging back into the sofa. It was a really comfortable couch.

[He is much too busy and, besides, you are a prodigy! No one has ever done more than you in my quadrant. Without you, the police have been absolutely relentless.]

[You compliment me too much. I only worked with your dad for a year.]

[I apologize, but I promise you that I am being completely honest when I do so.]

[Fine. But no one in the group wants to see me again in the neighborhood. Not after what they think happened.]

[Yes, I already know. It was clever of you to contact me through Manuela by the way. She is no longer involved and is not being monitored anymore. Howeverâ€¦] he said before lighting up a cigar to smoke. He held it out to Luka, who shook his head at the offer and he continued, [She is still obviously upset with what happened to her fiancÃ©e. But I know full well it's not your fault. Pitch was desperately looking for an excuse to get rid of him for quite a while. And besides, he was a hot-tempered idiot. He should have known better than to hurt you of all people,] he finished chuckling a little.

Luka didn't answer him after that and just continued watching him and patiently waited for him to continue. Esteban took a drag on the cigar and held it in for a few seconds before gently exhaling the thick smoke.

After noticing Luka's lack of contribution he continued, [Don't worry about the dealers in the neighborhood. I'll take care of them and convince them otherwise if you can deal with the police again for me.]

[Why should I help you?]

Esteban studied him carefully for a moment and then said, [I can wire you whatever amount you ask for.]

[I don't want your money.]

Esteban maintained his charming smile as he pondered a more suitable trade. Smoke curled off the end of his cigar as he held it casually off to the side. Then he said, [How about we sweeten the deal then? You help me increase business and I'll improve your reputation and future career.]

Luka scoffed at him and asked, [And how are you going to do that?]

[It won't be the easiest challenge, but it is possible. My father is still incredibly influential after all. He liked you a lot and would not mind bringing up your skills in negotiations with former colleagues. I have my ever expanding group of younger connections as well. If anything it would land you a comfortable job in the business sector. But if that is not to your fancy, then you'd be hired privately to do what you were already doing. However instead of helping, you could sabotage your father's enterprise.]

Luka's mouth drew up into a smirk at the idea. But he knew it wasn't as simple as Esteban was presenting it to be. There were too many X-factors involved, and Esteban was one of them.

[What makes you so willing to betray my father?] he asked curiously.

[I wouldn't call it betrayal,] Esteban said casually before bringing the cigar back to his lips and inhaling. As he exhaled he continued, [It's simply business. You working for your father restricted the growth of my family's company. So I would just like to propose a

bargain and gain you as an asset instead. You were trained under the best in the business after all. Nobody is more valuable than you right now.]

[You're trying to flatter me again.]

[I promise you I'm not. I'm only stating the facts. And the truth of the matter is that I sought you out because I want you to work for me.]

[You understand that I cannot do so freely. That if I were to work for you, the only thing you would have is my word.]

[Absolutely. But I think we can build up enough trust between the two of us for your word to be worth more than a formal contract,] Esteban concluded smiling broadly. [But I will give you time of course to consider my offer. I will still appease your reputation with my dealers in the neighborhood. Hopefully once I do that, you will have decided you can trust me to follow through in whatever you ask of me.]

With that, Esteban stood up and extended his hand to Luka. Luka stood as well and accepted his hand to shake it firmly. He found Esteban's offer tantalizing, but he doubted that he'd follow through. The guy was still relatively young and, despite his natural charm, he didn't have direct control over his father's colleagues. Esteban Sr. might be able to sway them, but it would still be a huge gamble that would ultimately drag Luka back into the world he had tried to get away from. The only reason he met with Esteban in the first place was because he had a soft spot for the west side of the city and wanted to atone for his father's sins that contributed to its squalor.

They made their farewells and Luka left the building with Snotlout following behind.

â€|

Despite his efforts, Snotlout couldn't get Luka to answer any of his questions until they had walked a half-hour's distance away from the private club. It was the middle of the night at this point and Luka was leading Snotlout through less populated areas that obscured them more easily in the shadows.

"Can you ****please**** just tell me what that was about?" he asked. His curiosity was killing him and he had a million questions to ask. But if Luka would just answer a couple of them, he would be satisfied with just that. After all, he was apparently working for him now.

Luka sighed at long last and admitted, "It's a really long story, Snotlout. But I needed to meet with him to try and make up for something that happened several years ago."

"What happened?"

Luka looked over at him as they walked and replied in a low voice, "I don't really want to talk about it. It was a misunderstanding that ruined my reputation in my old quadrant."

"Woah. Woah. Woah." he said before stopping in the middle of the

vacant park they were passing through and forcing Luka to turn around and face him. "***You** were in charge of a whole quadrant? But Dagur said you were nothing but a-

"Dagur's an idiot if you haven't noticed by now," he responded calmly, cutting off what Snotlout was saying before turning and continuing towards home.

Snotlout ran to catch up with him and walked a little behind in silence for a while. Everything he was experiencing was slowly changing his previous conception of Luka, which had been loosely based on the things Dagur had told him. The guy was the only one who knew Luka personally when Snotlout had hung around with him, Dagur's other followers were in similar positions as Snotlout. The majority of Dagur's rants about Luka were usually directed at his undeserved entitlement for being Pitch's bastard child. The rest were graphic descriptions of the joy Dagur got out of hearing him scream. His overly sadistic nature was enough to even make Snotlout sick to his stomach. The guy was just on a whole different level from your normal, ethically sane person.

But from what he had put together from hanging around him for so long, he knew Dagur dealt to a sector on the South side and that Benedikt had given him several portions of the East side in exchange for keeping quiet about Luka's location. But to control a whole quadrant? That was something Snotlout only knew Benedikt did.

"Hey wait up!" he called to him since he had further increased his pace. But no matter how hard he tried to keep up with him, Luka kept himself several paces in front of Snotlout. Snotlout figured it was so he could avoid answering any additional questions.

Soon they arrived back at The Guardians and Snotlout followed Luka down the metal staircase and waited for him to unlock the basement door. He clicked the lock and looked over at Snotlout before saying quietly, "You did promise me that you wouldn't say anything. And I expect you to be careful that you don't, alright?"

"Yeah. I may not be all that smart, but I've learned how to keep my mouth shut. However," he said reevaluating his options. "If you get any money out of this, would you cut me in on it?"

Luka stared at him intensely for a moment and snorted out of humor before responding, "I knew you spent too much time around Dagur for him to not rub off on you."

"That wasn't Dagur. That was me living alone on the streets for several years," he said firmly. He hated being compared to Dagur.

"Sure. Well, I can't promise you anything because I'm not sure if anything is going to happen. But if you keep quiet, I'll make it worth your while later."

"How?"

Luka smirked at him and replied, "We'll just see what happens." And with that he opened the door. They walked in and removed their shoes and coats. Snotlout figured it was late enough that everyone had come back from the club by now. And he was tired as hell. Since he had

been waking up freakishly early, he started getting tired much earlier as well.

"I'm going to bed," he said before dragging his feet down the hall. He didn't know what Luka meant, but he figured that he couldn't have had control over a whole quadrant without having mad hookups. And he at least seemed more upstanding than Dagur at keeping his promises. He'd just have to be happy working for him and see what happens.

...

Toothless was absolutely exhausted after that whole affair, but he knew he wouldn't be able to settle his mind enough to sleep. So he walked into his bedroom and noticed Hiccup was already passed out in bed. Jack must have still been finishing some things up in the club. He changed out of his suit and put on a pair of pajamas and a T-shirt before returning to the kitchen. He made himself some tea before going to relax on the couch. He wasn't able to make a tea like Sandy could, but he figured the act of drinking it sometimes relaxed him enough so he could sleep. He kept only one lamp on to provide a subtle light as he sat and tried to relax.

He battled with himself on what he wanted to do. He didn't want to get tangled up in that mess again, but at the same time, the thought of bringing down his father was extremely tempting. And as they walked home, he calculated it to be entirely possible. There was a moderate chance that he could pull it off as long as a couple things fell into place for him. He figured he could get it done in under a decade if everything went as he expected it to. Sooner, if he was lucky.

And he also knew his time was running up at the Guardians. He knew that Pitch would need him eventually, his replacement, Jeremiah, wasn't as good. The only reason he had been able to hide out in one place for so long was because Benedikt had stayed behind and convinced Pitch he needed time for things to settle down and wait for certain people to phase out of power before Luka could come back. That time had to be approaching if Esteban had gained control over his previous quadrant and Benedikt had made the connections he said he did. Shitâ€¦

He put the tea down on the table and dropped his head into his hands. He didn't want to leaveâ€¦ For the first time in so long he was happy. Really, really happy. And if he went back then he wouldn't be able to see Hiccup or Jack again. And the thought of losing them made him feel like his heart was being ripped out of his chest. He couldn't imagine what it would feel like to actually happenâ€¦

Toothless leaned back into the cushions of the couch and looked at the ceiling. No. He couldn't break down over this. Esteban was offering him a possible way out and he had to figure out a solution to make it workâ€¦

The tea must have worked because he woke up a few minutes later to the front door opening. He had dozed off while sitting up, but still leaning back into the cushions. As he opened his eyes, he saw Jack walk in. At the sight of him, Jack grinned as he took off his shoes and walked over.

"What are you doing out here?" he asked bemused by Toothless's wakefulness.

"Couldn't sleep," he said as he yawned widely.

Jack grinned and replied, "Yeah, well I'm not tired yet either," as he perched himself on top of Toothless placing both hands on his neck and pulling him up into a kiss.

Toothless's eyes widened at the sudden escalation of events. He placed his hands on Jack's hips and pulled away from the kiss so he could look at him and ask, "What? Were you expecting something tonight?"

"Kind of," he said holding his lopsided grin, "Hiccup has been a giant tease all night and the little bastard went off to bed leaving me to finish his share of the work."

Toothless grinned and let his head fall back into the cushion. He wasn't sure if he was entirely in the mood either after everything that happened. But he sympathized with Jack; Hiccup loved to tease the pants of the white-haired boy. Unfortunately, he occasionally didn't follow through, which made Toothless understand Jack's frustration. But to give Jack an answer he said as he gently stroked his sides, "I meanâ€¦I like need to take a shower and shit. I've been running around all d-"

Jack interrupted him by pulling him back into a bruising kiss and grinding himself down into Toothless's lap trying to convince him. He felt Jack's tongue swipe across his lower lip and he opened his mouth more to deepen the kiss. He felt a little bit of heat gather in his pelvis from Jack's friction and he reflexively pushed himself up into the white-haired boy as his thoughts vehemently battled against his body. Jack pulled back slightly, leaning his forehead and nose against Toothless's and Toothless felt his breath ghost across his lips as he muttered, "I could take one with youâ€¦"

Damn he was good.

* * *

><p>I think we all know where this is going...

So what do you all think? Should just Toothless and Jack have some fun,

or should they wake up Hic too? ;D

26. Chapter 26

Hahaha alright the vote is in!

I read your wonderful comments.

And the only thought that went through my head was,

Why don't we have both? *cue maracas*

(lol, if you don't live in the US, it's from an Old El Paso commercial)

* * *

><p>Kapitel 26

...

[Removed due to FF's ratings policy]

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If you are ok with reading, follow link to Archive of Our Own page

**(without spaces): archive of our own (dot_org)
****/works/2626043/chapters/8854645**

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* * *

><p>Jack relaxed his limbs and scoot over so Toothless could lay down alongside him. Hiccup smirked a little as he watched Jack come down from his high. He lay on his back and was staring doe-eyed into the ceiling while his chest gradually slowed its rapid undulations.<p>

"You okay?" Hiccup asked him laughing lightly.

"Yeahâ€|" he gasped while keeping his gaze fixated on the ceiling. He looked over as Toothless lay down next to him and asked accusingly, "You totally meant to do that, didn't you?"

"Do what?" Toothless asked innocently.

"Fuck with Hiccup so he finished early," he said narrowing his eyes.

Toothless didn't respond, but instead snorted and grinned up at the ceiling.

Jack slowly sat up while saying "I just didn't realize howâ€|TSCH" he grimaced after he pulled himself into a sitting position and immediately held his weight up on his hands before lowering himself gingerly back down onto his back. "Shitâ€|"

"I didn't hurt you did I?" Hiccup asked concerned for his pain.

Jack winced but grinned into it as he reassured him, "No, you were great. If anything, I hurt myself. Or **this** bastard," he said looking sharply over to Toothless, "got a little carried away."

Toothless laughed at the statement and leaned on one side to face him and said, "Hey. You persuaded me into this by asking me to fuck you until you couldn't walk. Besides," he said looking down at his own shoulder, "You weren't exactly a sweet, little cherub towards me either."

Hiccup leaned up on one elbow to see what he was talking about. Toothless's neck and top of his shoulders were littered with red bruises and bite marks. He smiled at how sexy it looked but then felt a little jealousy lick at his heart a bit.

"How come you never get like that with me?" he asked a little concerned that Toothless still saw him as too innocent.

Toothless shrugged his shoulders and responded, "You just never mentioned you were into that. I meanâ€¦if you are then have at me. I don't mind. But don't feel like you have to. I like being with you as you are, Hic."

Jack looked back over at Hiccup and flashed him his lopsided grin. "Here. Come here, Hiccup," he said reaching over to pull Hiccup into him. Hiccup smiled at the gesture and moved closer into Jack's embrace.

"Ah!" he yelped as Jack bit down harder than usual on his neck. Hiccup shoved him away rubbing his sore and retorted, "Don't try it now! We're not even doing anything."

Jack chuckled and replied, "Ok, I'm sorry. But I still want you to come here. I promise I won't bite you." Hiccup eyed him suspiciously at first, but then moved over to squeeze the white-haired boy against him. "I'm glad I woke you up," he mumbled into Hiccup's hair.

Hiccup smiled and softly replied, "Me too."

Jack kissed the side of his head and turned to lie on his back while pulling Toothless into a kiss as well. "You definitely owe me one for that you know."

Toothless, assuming what he meant, smiled halfheartedly and replied a little strained, "I'm trying my best, Jack. But it's just really difficult toâ€¦"

"Hey, hey," Jack said gently as he turned to lovingly stroke a piece of his hair, "I didn't necessarily mean that. I just meant in general. And besides...I still enjoyed it."

Toothless smiled at his words and leaned in to kiss him again, relieved that Jack wasn't putting pressure on him. He was trying his best because he wanted to be fair for the two of them, but he couldn't stop the memories that flashed through his mind whenever they touched him like that. But at least Jack and Hiccup were understanding about it. He kissed Jack deeply one last time before rolling onto his stomach to fall asleep. He was exhausted after the day and knew he would have to wake up in just a few hours and needed all the sleep he could get.

Jack turned to pull Hiccup back against him and nuzzled into his auburn hair breathing in the boy's comforting scent as he drifted off to sleep as well. Hopefully he wouldn't be too sore tomorrow morningâ€¦

â€¦

...

A soft knock on their door woke Toothless up earlier than he anticipated. He was hoping to at least sleep in half an hour later than usual. But he swung his legs out from under the covers and stood up cracking his back as he did so. Quickly remembering that they had all gone to sleep without clothes on, he pulled on his discarded pair of pajama pants and made a mental note to pull the covers up over Hiccup and Jack. Then he walked over to answer the door just as the person knocked a little louder.

He opened the door to see Anna standing there. He watched her eyes widen as they traced up his bare chest and then saw a small blush spread over her cheeks as she stammered, "I...uhâ€¦I'm sorry to wake you up. But there's someone here to see you."

"Who?" he asked suspicious of who would visit him this early let alone knew where he lived. Then his eyes widened as he realized who it was. He quickly pushed past Anna, letting the bedroom door close behind him and walked through the vacant basement into the living room only to see his brother relaxing back into their couch.

Benedikt flashed his amber eyes onto Toothless as he walked in, who was instantly worried that something was wrong for Benedikt to have visited him so suddenly after nearly six months of total silence. But it made sense for him to come at this time of day at least. The sun had barely risen at this point; however, it was late enough for the night owls to have gone to sleep and the working class to be just waking up. Although, a million thoughts raced through his mind involving the reason for Benedikt's impromptu visit. He didn't know what to expect, but least of all he wasn't expecting his brother to burst into laughter at the sight of him.

Was ist mit dir, man? Toothless asked his brows coming together in response to his brother's unanticipated greeting.

[What the hell happened to you, man?] he asked trying to stifle his deep, rolling laughter as he stood up to greet him.

Toothless followed Benedikt's gaze and angled his head to stare down at his shoulder only to see that the bruises he had incurred from the previous night had considerably darkened to a deep magenta color. They usually never left so many marks, but Jack and he were practically carnivorous the night before. Toothless couldn't even see most of it, but he assumed the rest of his neck and the bite marks were just as prominent. He smirked in understanding and brushed his hair to fan over his shoulder and neck in an attempt at modesty. That must have been why Anna had blushed as well. He heard her walk back into the kitchen behind him, presumably to study as she sometimes did in the morning, but he also knew she was interested in what was going on.

Still grinning at him, Benedikt walked forward and pulled Toothless into a hug, to which Toothless readily accepted. He missed his brother terribly, but found it comforting that despite their time apart, they could still behave like they've only been separated a day.

[You look good,] Benedikt murmured in his ear as he tightly held his brother against him longer than normal. [Better, actually, than when

I last saw you.]

[Because of the bite marks on my neck?] he asked sarcastically while resting his chin on Benedikt's shoulder.

Benedikt let out a deep laugh and pulled away from him to study his face as he responded, [Noâ€¦ It's your eyes. They're not empty anymore. They're more intense than I've ever seen them now that I think about it.]

Toothless let out a small hiss as a cynical response to Benedikt's claim. He understood that Benedikt knew him better than almost anyone, but he doubted even his brother could register his overall condition just from looking at his eyes for a minute.

[Butâ€¦you know. It's also good to see itty baby Zahnlos has finally got someone to screw.] he added chuckling after calling him by his nickname and ruffling Toothless's hair. Toothless grinned in response to his teasing and knocked his brother's arm away in retaliation.

His face grew more serious as he asked, "Aber im Ernst. Warum bist du hier?"

However, Benedikt maintained his cheerful expression as he answered, [No need to be so serious. I'm here because you don't have to hide anymore.]

[What do you mean?] Toothless asked raising an eyebrow skeptically.

[I mean that everything's falling into place like you and I predicted. If you came back now, no one would question it. I-]

[Bene.] Toothless interrupted him, [I said to give it until at least next September. It's too early to know if you hold enough control even toâ€¦]

[I only said you can come back,] he said firmly burrowing his amber stare into Toothless's toxic green one. [It's different now. You're older and stronger. You can handle yourself better and you can even work like you used to so that no one knows your face.]

[You mean after I handled myself so well last July, right?] he asked anger threading into his words. [He MARKED Hiccup! And then threatened to kill him if I didn't let him mark my entire back and suck him offâ€¦For fuck's sake Bene. God fucking knows what he would have made me do the next day!]

[Lukaâ€¦you don't understand.]

Toothless looked at him completely dumbfounded. [What the hell am I supposed to understand!? You want me to come back so he can continue to fâ€¦"]

â€¦]

Anna was completely taken aback at the change in disposition of the two males in the living room. She had no idea who the blonde was, but

she knew they must be related based on their appearances and behavior as well as the fact that Luka was speaking to him in German. But their conversation had started off so friendly and loving only to turn into Luka yelling at the blonde guy. She really hoped the kids wouldn't wake up because of him. However, she was more worried about Luka. It was extremely rare to see him get this angry.

She felt awkward witnessing their argument, but would have felt even more awkward to leave the kitchen and walk behind them, so she remained where she was and pretended to study. Fortunately, it wasn't long before the blonde male seemed to calm Luka down. She continued to sit at the kitchen table and overhear their conversation, despite not understanding any of it.

"Willst du dann lieber hier bleiben?" Benedikt asked in a low voice.

"Ja. Ich kann hier alles machen, so lange du mir gibst was ich brauche."

"Okay, das kann ich. Aber ich vermisse dich," he responded looking up at Luka with a much sadder expression.

Anna saw Luka soften as well before he replied softly, "Ich will immer bei dir sein, Bene. Das weißt du schon. Aber ich bin zum ersten Mal glücklich, seit Mutter gestorben ist..."

The heater kicked on and Anna lost track of their conversation. But she looked up over her books to see Benedikt say something to Luka, who smiled and nodded to him before pulling him into another hug. He said one more thing to Luka before going into the kitchen with him to acknowledge Anna.

"I'm...ehm, very sorry to barge in on you like this," he said with a bit of an accent as he rubbed the back of his head apologetically. "My name is Benedikt and I am Luka's brother," he finished reaching a hand out to Anna, who stood up and shook it. She looked up more closely into his face and noted he was extremely handsome and held a kind expression in his eyes. She wasn't surprised to learn he was Luka's brother. In fact, she assumed Luka would look more like him if his eyes could capture the same warmth as his did.

"Nice to meet you," she replied simply as she was too enraptured by his face.

Benedikt gently smiled at her and turned to face Luka before saying, "I'll see you soon then, ok?"

Luka nodded and Benedikt pulled his head forward so he could quickly kiss his forehead before turning to walk out of the basement. Luka watched him go and stayed silent for a moment. After he left, Anna finally found her voice and interrupted, "How come you never mentioned you had a brother?"

"Hm?" Luka asked turning to look at her as he took a moment to gather his thoughts. "Oh. It's a long story Anna. I guess I just missed him too much to talk about it."

She saw his longing expression melt away into the blank stare he retreated into when he was defensive. She knew that stare all too

well as he had sported it tirelessly for an entire year. She also knew for that very reason that it was fruitless to try and persuade the matter further, so she tried to change the subject.

"Soâ€¦I hope you got Jack just as good then," she said raising her eyebrows while looking up at Luka's neck and shoulder.

His attention snapped back to the conversation and he started to ask, "How did youâ€¦oh." He trailed off after assuming an answer to his own question.

She giggled a little behind her hand as she answered for him anyway, "You guys may have a brick wall, but your bathroom is right next to my bedroom. And you and Jack are reallyâ€¦oh my god, are you actually blushing?"

"No."

"You are! Oh my god, Luka!" she squealed as she reached up to pull his hand away from his face. She had never seen him embarrassed before and wasn't about to let the moment pass without getting a good look at him. As she pulled his arm away she saw a bashful grin stretching across his face while a faint rouge color tinted his pale cheeks.

"Enough, Anna. Cut it out," he complained still smiling and pushing her away from him. "I'm going to get dressed," he declared before turning to leave the room.

Anna's smile faded a little when she saw the cream-colored fractal across his back as he walked away. It was rare she ever fully saw it as he never walked around shirtless. But it always brought her back to when she had found him covered in blood. That night was one of the worst nights of her life, because she couldn't help but imagine the horror that Luka had gone through. And from what little she knew about his past, she suspected it was a horror he had to have gone through regularly before he arrived at the Guardians. Now after the sudden appearance of Benedikt, she could only hope that his beautiful blonde-haired brother had nothing to do with Luka's pain.

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Hiccup couldn't stop thinking of that night. It had been about a week now and he'd still feel himself blush and his blood simmer whenever he thought about it. Jack was so fucking hotâ€¦and that combined with Toothless gave him one of the craziest orgasms of his life. If only they could do it againâ€¦

But Toothless seemed to have grown distant after that night and Hiccup couldn't figure out why. Even Jack had noticed. He wasn't able to seduce him like he used to be able to and Toothless would often zone out when Hiccup would talk to him. He also would disappear more often. Hiccup barely saw him and when he did, it was only for a few hours in the morning or at work. At first, he was worried that he was off with someone else, but then realized that was ridiculous.

Toothless would never cheat on him and, besides, he wasn't exactly the best at making first impressions or socializing at all for that matter.

So Hiccup grew more attentive after he pushed that thought out of his mind. He also noticed Scott was disappearing more often as well. He still remained in the basement most of the time, but Hiccup would notice that they left together once in a while, which made him wonder why he all of a sudden wanted to hang out with Scott and not him or Jack.

Hiccup really hoped above all else that Toothless wasn't doing anything illegal. He knew that Toothless wanted to leave the city with Hiccup, Jack, and Benedikt. He wanted to escape Pitch and get as far away from him as humanly possible. But he wondered to what lengths he would go to make that happen.

"Where you going?" Hiccup asked sleepily as he walked out into the living room to see Toothless tying his shoes. It was still early morning, but Bunny had already left to take the kids to school and Scott was cleaning up the dishes from when the kids had previously eaten breakfast.

"Just to the store," he replied simply, his vibrant green eyes glancing up at Hiccup through his curtain of hair. He stood up from the couch and put on a zip-up sweatshirt, tucking his hands into the pockets before turning to walk towards the front door. Thankfully, spring had finally arrived and the weather wasn't as bone chilling as before.

"Toothless, hang on a second," Hiccup said wanting him to stay. Toothless turned to look at him raising an eyebrow as he waited for Hiccup to finish his thought. Hiccup stuttered, not really sure how to bring it up. "You've been going out a lot all of a sudden and it seems like you're not telling me something."

One corner of Toothless's mouth curved upwards in sympathy and he walked over to Hiccup before pulling him into a comforting embrace. "Don't worry Hic, everything's ok. Benedikt just informed me that I don't have to hide anymore."

"What?" Hiccup asked surprised pulling back a little to look at his face.

"Yeah. He's been slowly tying up loose ends for me. So it's ok, really," he said and Hiccup saw the sincerity in his eyes.

"But what about Pitch?" he asked still unsure for his safety.

"Fuck him. I'm done hiding from him," he said releasing Hiccup from his arms and turning to resume his previous quest.

But that wasn't enough to quell Hiccup's concern. "I really think you just need to go to the police about this." It was enough to stop Toothless about halfway to the door and he turned to look at Hiccup again. Hiccup quickly let the slurry of words fall out of his mouth before Toothless could respond, "I know it's really hard for you to talk about and that you're worried about your brother. But Pitch doesn't deserve to be free, Toothless. And you're the only one who can-"

"Hiccup," Toothless interrupted him firmly as his stare grew rapidly more intense, "I told you before I can't do it. It's pointless. So just drop it."

"But I think you've got enough of a case to-"

"Hiccup!" he suddenly yelled making Hiccup take a step backwards. "I told you before and I won't say it again! It. Won't. Work. ALRIGHT? So get that dumb ass idea out of your head and just fucking DROP it already!"

Hiccup bit his lip as tears nipped the backs of his eyes from the raven-haired boy, who was normally so caring towards him, suddenly yelling at him and calling him stupid. Luka saw the expression on his face, but instead of comforting him, turned to storm out the front door.

"LUKA!" Hiccup heard Jack yell from behind him as Toothless turned the knob. He hesitated for a split second but disappeared out the metal door without a word. A tear ran down Hiccup's cheek as the door fell shut.

Jack took several steps towards the door to chase after him, but paused and turned to Hiccup, eyes softening after seeing the hurt on his face. "Hey, Hic. It's alright, just come here," he said softly before pulling the choking up freckled boy into him. Hiccup wrapped his arms around Jack's back and buried his face into his shoulder as the rest of his tears escaped the lip of his lids. "It's alright," Jack murmured to him rubbing his hands up and down his back gently as Hiccup's tears silently soaked into his shoulder, "He was just being an asshole. You didn't do anything wrong."

Hiccup sniffed already knowing that, but it didn't help the hurt that the unwarranted anger Toothless blasted at him caused. He was just worried about him. Wanted everything to be okayâ€¦

"Hey," Jack said gently, pushing Hiccup back a little so his crystal blue eyes could connect with Hiccup's dark green orbs, "I'm going to go bring him back. Even if I have to knock him out and drag him. He can't just yell at you and fucking run off like that."

Hiccup sniffed again not really wanting to face Toothless if he was still angry, but before he could stop him, Jack strode out the door not even bothering to put on shoes or a jacket.

Hiccup sighed and moved over to collapse on one of the chairs in the kitchen. Why did Toothless get so mad at him? All he did was try and help himâ€¦ He buried his face into his hands and tried to stop the flow of tears that refreshed itself every time he thought about the infuriated look Toothless gave him.

"I wouldn't want to go to the police either you know," Hiccup heard Scott say quietly from within the kitchen. Hiccup had forgotten he was even there.

"What do you mean?" he asked looking up, his voice raspy from crying.

"The police don't do shit. They only help you if you're rich or

important enough," he grumbled. "One time, a friend of Tuffnut's was shot and the police did absolutely nothing about it. Said there were no witnesses and therefore nothing they could do." He walked over into the living room to sit across from Hiccup as he continued, "But that's such bullshit. If they actually tried they might have found **something**."

Hiccup snorted in response to his bias. Scott hasn't exactly been on the right side of the law since he was a child and probably would have had more negative experiences with the police than positive. "Toothless is just afraid to talk to people," he explained logically. "But he **has** to have enough information to nail his father—Or at least lock him up in an asylum," he finished cynically.

"You really think so?" Scott asked.

"I do. And Dagur would probably be even easier," he added. The hurt he had felt had slowly melted away as he realized that Toothless was just too afraid to talk to the police. Or maybe he still felt inexplicable loyalty to his father and didn't have it in him to throw the man in jail. Either way, Hiccup's gears were turning.

He looked back up at Scott and asked, "Do you think you can still remember where Pitch lives?"

Scott's eyebrows came together in confusion as he responded slowly, "I mean—maybe. It was a long time ago and dark when Dagur showed me the way. I didn't really get a good look at anything—Why?"

"Because—blood definitely ran off my hip and into the stone floor last time I was there. And Toothless was dripping blood—It should still be there if it set into the stone—If we could just get some evidence that there is human blood in his basement or better yet find any cocaine in the house, then we can find some evidence to back up my story to tell the police."

"We?" Scott inquired.

"Wouldn't you want to help me? It's the least you could do after bringing us there in the first place," Hiccup said, guilt tripping him big time. Hiccup knew that he did feel sincerely sorry about what had happened to him at Pitch's house. Hiccup never told him the full story about what happened to Toothless, though.

Scott didn't answer for a moment. Instead he pursed his lips and stared through Hiccup as he considered his decision. After awhile, he said in a low voice, "Ok. I'll try and help you. But we'll have to leave at dawn before the sun rises. And Lu- Toothless will have to already be gone. I've never seen a bastard sleep so lightly."

Hiccup nodded, suddenly feeling invigorated with adrenaline. He was going to clear Toothless's name. He was going to give him the life he wanted. They could all leave to start their new life together anew—He had to help him.

* * *

><p>Oh noess Hiccup, what are you thinking about getting yourself into...

****But man, that scene up top took awhile.****

****Let me know your thoughts! I always find it weird to write such a sultry scene and it's hard to tell if it reads well to other people.****

27. Chapter 27

Kapitel 27

Jack returned shortly after; however, Toothless wasn't with him. He threw open the metal door and slouched in panting and clearly frustrated. He paced back and forth while bantering on for fifteen minutes about how ironic it was for someone so freakishly tall to be able to disappear so easily. Hiccup vaguely listened to his complaints but wasn't really focusing on them. Overall he felt better, but that didn't mean he wasn't still upset for how Toothless treated him. Thoughts wondering whether Toothless was avoiding him because he was mad kept creeping into his mind. He tried his best to carry on through the rest of the day to try and stop dwelling on it.

Eventually Toothless did come back for his shift at work, but he avoided eye contact or conversations with Hiccup and Jack for the entire night. Even when he took his break, Hiccup attempted to find him, but he wasn't out back smoking like he had expected. The whole situation was not helping Hiccup's work ethic any either. He was messing up orders and forgetting his tables constantly. It didn't even phase him when a girl noticed his distress and tried to cheer him up. Hiccup appreciated the kindness, but it wasn't from the person he needed at the moment. If it weren't the weekend, then Jack might have had more opportunity to goof around and make him laugh as well, but they were swamped all night.

It wasn't until all the customers and employees had vacated and the only ones left to finish closing up were Jack, Toothless, Bunny, and Sandy. Anything regarding money was always the responsibility of the elder two. The boys on the other hand finished doing the final check and straightening up before having to power everything down. Hiccup was busy checking the balcony seating area when he suddenly felt someone hug him from behind. He recognized who it was right away and melted into him almost immediately.

"I'm really sorry, Hiccup. I was a complete ass and I shouldn't have gotten so mad at you," Toothless's low voice breathed into Hiccup's hair.

Hiccup had been dying for him to say that all night. He had so much tension inside of him that it didn't seem right for it to dissolve so quickly from such a simple apology. It almost seemed like an innate flaw for him to be so forgiving. But it was impossible for Hiccup to stay angry with him.

He turned around and buried his face into Toothless's neck and breathed in the scent of his hair. He didn't know what to say, however. All he wanted was to wrap his arms around the raven-haired boy and be comforted by him. They stood there for a long minute, just soaking up the other's sincerity.

Finally, Toothless spoke again, "Justâ€¦I just want you to understand that I can't do it. It's not a simple matter of being brave and seeking justice. I justâ€¦can't go through with it. Alright?"

"Yeahâ€¦alright. I'm sorry too. I won't pressure you again, I-"

Toothless stopped him by gently caressing Hiccup's chin and guiding it up to look in his eyes. Hiccup was pleased to see him smiling kindly at him again and that he wasn't mad at him like he originally thought. "You don't have to be sorry just because I'm sorry, Hic. You didn't do anything," he said reassuringly.

Hiccup smiled ever so slightly as well. Toothless did have a gift of putting whatever he was feeling aside for the sake of Hiccup or Jack. But, Hiccup couldn't help but notice that his eyes didn't match his smile. They seemed tooâ€¦focused.

Toothless leaned forward and kissed him gently before adding, "Come on, let's head in then, yeah?"

Hiccup nodded and allowed Toothless to lead him by the hand down the spiral staircase and out the front door of the club with Jack and the others. After they changed and collapsed into bed, Hiccup didn't really want to lay next to Toothless. He forgave him for yelling at him earlier, but he couldn't help but still feel distant from him. He chose instead to lay his head next to Jack's and wrap an arm across his porcelain waist.

Turning his head ever so slightly, he could see Toothless had opted to lay on his stomach like he often did. Hiccup wondered if he felt the awkwardness between them as he did, but figured he might feel more up to talking to him tomorrowâ€¦if he stuck around long enough. But at the same time, Hiccup was able to reason Toothless's unwarranted anger earlier. It had taken all of his willpower to talk to Jack and Hiccup about what he had gone through. And they were people that loved him unconditionally. Hiccup couldn't imagine talking to emotionless strangers about it and have to possibly go to court and do it again in front of lawyers whose job it would be to call him a liar. That would be unbelievably difficult on so many levels. So it wasn't as much of a surprise to Hiccup anymore for Toothless to have gotten so defensive and lashed out at him. Although, he did appreciate the apology nonetheless.

However, that didn't stop Hiccup from wanting to help him. He cared about him too much to not fight for the life they both wanted. If Toothless couldn't do it, then he would do everything in his power to do it in his place.

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Snotlout wasn't really sure why he had agreed to Hiccup's request to show him the way to Pitch's house. But he was pretty sure that Hiccup had almost given up on it. It had been a couple weeks and the

opportunity to sneak out without Luka noticing hadn't presented itself and Hiccup hadn't mentioned anything about it either. But it was probably for the best.

Snotlout had been spending more time with Luka lately and he was quickly realizing that he was a fuck ton more than the bratty, pretty-boy that Dagur always made him out to be. He had been going with him to meet up with Benedikt fairly regularly and, although Snotlout never understood what they were talking about, since they annoyingly reverted into German whenever Luka had something important to say, Snotlout could still tell that he was passing along information of some kind.

A couple weeks ago, Benedikt had Snotlout help him sneak a bunch of computer equipment into the crawlspace under the club's stage. And Luka would often shut himself in there for hours at a time, sometimes sneaking out at night to go in there. This then resulted in him dumping his extra chores on Snotlout, who was less than happy to do them but agreed to on the sole basis that Luka had saved him from Dagur. He wasn't happy to be in his debt, but it at least meant that Snotlout could leave the basement when he wanted. It was actually the first time they went out together to meet Benedikt.

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"So, if you and Benedikt are brothers and he's basically the boss of Dagur, what does that make you?" Snotlout asked as he trudged through the woods with Luka on the way to meet Benedikt. Snotlout had no idea where they were going; however, they were headed north and Luka decided to take a shortcut through the nature reserve next to the hospital. Technically, no one was allowed in at sundown, but it was fairly easy to sneak in with Luka's help. He apparently was familiar with the area. But with the ever diminishing light, it was getting more and more difficult to see him, especially since Luka was dressed entirely in black.

Luka sighed in response to Snotlout's nagging curiosity, but he answered his question anyway as he stepped over a log, "Benedikt isn't Dagur's boss, he just answers to him."

"Well, why does he have to answer to him?" Snotlout asked. He was growing ever more curious about the weird dynamics that were going on and the more time he spent with Luka, the more he was able to get out of him. But he still had the gut feeling that Luka only told him what he deemed acceptable for Snotlout to know if he was going to continue hanging around. He would still frequently leave questions unanswered or ignore him.

But the conversation was at least going well this time around, because Luka continued, "Because if he doesn't, then he won't get his product."

Snotlout knew by 'product' he meant cocaine. Since Benedikt was Pitch's son, he had a lot of influence in the dealings and distribution of the drug, despite him only being twenty years old. Snotlout knew that Dagur would get a certain amount every month, which he would keep well hidden and locked away in order to distribute to his own customers and dealers in a southern section of the city.

"But how come he doesn't answer to you then too?" Snotlout repeated.

"He will."

Snotlout wasn't sure what he meant by that. Dagur would rather shoot himself in the foot than listen to Luka. He hated the guy that much. But then again—Luka was hauntingly persuasive at times and seemed to know almost too much about people. Like how he somehow knew Snotlout's real name without ever really meeting him.

They continued walking in silence once they saw the lights of the hospital through the trees. Snotlout followed Luka as he banked right to head around the far perimeter of the hospital and in the direction of the river. After they hopped a road barrier and carefully made their way down the hill, they crossed a road and an empty parking lot before arriving at an abandoned building at the edge of the river. Snotlout could tell it used to be industrial in nature, but couldn't tell what it was used for specifically. It just seemed to have fallen into disarray from disuse and the property was never sold. There was very little light here as it had since grown completely dark, save for the glow the hospital produced in the far distance behind them. Snotlout felt wary all of a sudden to be there. They were alone and everything was uncharacteristically quiet.

He stood behind Luka as he stopped in front of the heavy metal door and pulled out a key to unlock it. Snotlout raised an eyebrow at the fact he had a key, but quickly pushed it out of his mind because he was getting used to the idea that Luka knew a lot more than he did. After he opened the door, he ushered Snotlout inside and closed it quietly behind them.

Luka pulled out the flashlight he had strapped under his belt and flicked it on. The inside of the building was completely vacant, as if everything had been removed before the original owners abandoned it. The floor was completely cement and the windows were placed high in the walls, making it impossible for anyone to climb in.

Snotlout continued following Luka as he walked to the far side of the building and knocked on another metal door before opening it himself. To Snotlout's surprise he heard voices escape from within and recognized them instantly.

"What the fucking hell is this Benedikt?!"

Snotlout followed Luka and stood next to him in the doorway to see Dagur and Benedikt in the room beyond the door. There was a lantern hanging from the ceiling and cast an eerie glow on the rest of the room as it gently swung back and forth, casting swiveling shadows on the two people in the room. Dagur seemed to have been arguing with Benedikt before they walked in, since his face was contorted in that look of anger and frustration that Snotlout recognized all too well.

Snotlout then glanced up at Luka's face to see him smirking condescendingly at Dagur. His eyes almost luminescent despite the low lighting.

"I told you, I gave your sections to someone else. I don't need you anymore."

"To hell you are! We had a deal!" Dagur yelled at Benedikt, his face ruddy from his rage.

"Ya, and you broke that deal last summer and a few other times I just learned," Benedikt replied calmly, his height making him all the more intimidating as he towered over Dagur.

Dagur jerked his head to look at Luka with a deep scowl on his face. His eyes flickered behind him and noticed Snotlout standing there as well. "So what now? You're taking my territory and now you've taken in that useless oaf?"

Snotlout grit his teeth at Dagur. He wanted nothing more than to pound his face in but knew he couldn't take him. Dagur was way too good of a fighter.

Snotlout looked back over at Luka as he heard him reply, "He's actually been pretty helpful. You should really think more carefully before you throw out the few assets you have, Dagur."

"At least I don't earn my living by sucking on my daddy's cock and offering my ass up to anyone who wants it!" he yelled as his anger escalated. Snotlout knew he was trying to provoke Luka, but didn't know why that would be a smart idea given that he was clearly outnumbered.

Luka frowned and replied calmly, "I was a child."

"Right, you were a little cuter back then I think. Screamed like a girl every time I drilled into you."

Snotlout glared at Dagur. He was so revolting. Snotlout hadn't even thought about it, but Dagur was at least five years older than Luka. And Luka was only a young teenager during the time in which Dagur gleefully describes raping him. It gave him an even sicker feeling in the pit of his stomach to picture a barely pubescent child being taken advantage of by Dagur, who was terrifying as it was, let alone the other men who were apparently there as well.

A thick silence fell over them as Dagur waited for Luka to react, but he didn't. Snotlout looked up at Luka and was surprised to see his face was entirely expressionless, except that his eyes burned with a dangerous fire that made Snotlout step aside a little.

Benedikt interrupted, "You would do well to not insult my brother, Dagur. Just accept the amount I gave you and get out. I did not come here to talk to you."

Dagur responded angrily, "I will NOT be treated as if I were-"

"Nothing." Luka interrupted in a low voice, but loud enough for Dagur to stop and glare at him. "You're nothing to us. You've done nothing to deserve what you have and it can, therefore, be just as easily taken away. You don't understand how to play this game, Dagur."

Dagur clenched his jaw and turned furiously towards Benedikt quickly reaching into the back of his pants and in the time it took Snotlout

to blink, Dagur cried out and was hunched over clutching at his leg. Snotlout saw Luka's body relax from the stance he had taken in less than a heartbeat, and Snotlout looked over more closely to see Dagur clutching at a knife that had buried itself deep into his upper thigh, blood slowly starting to soak through his pants.

Luka briskly strode over to him and, using the advantage of Dagur's limp leg, shoved him down to the ground, causing Dagur to let out a loud cry of pain as his body hit the floor and the ricochet wiggled the knife in its wound. Luka leaned a knee onto his side before pulling his head up by the hair to talk pleasantly into his ear.

"So I understand you're not that bright, but I'm going to spell it out for you. Touch my brother or anyone I care about and I cut off your dick. I'm**also**," He jerked Dagur's head up higher, causing him to deeply grimace as he continued to clutch his leg in attempts to stem the bleeding. "really tired of you talking so much. You're becoming a concern. And you should already know what happens to chatty people, yes?"

Dagur nodded his head urgently trying to convince Luka to get off of him.

"Good." He reached behind Dagur and pulled a knife out of his back pocket before getting off of him. He then reached up to unhook the lantern from the ceiling and put a hand on Benedikt's shoulder to guide him towards the door. "Lass uns nach dem alten Haus gehen. Er kann sich selbst ins Krankenhaus schleppen."

Benedikt took one last look at Dagur lying on the floor before allowing himself to be guided by Luka. Snotlout only stood by the door in shock. Despite his hatred for Dagur, it didn't feel right to leave him lying there.

"Snotlout! Snotlout, please!" Dagur pleaded his eyes stricken with pain as he struggled to crawl towards him.

Snotlout heard Benedikt and Luka open the front door of the building and he suddenly felt the weight of the decision press down on him. Without saying a word, he quickly turned and ran across the cement floor to catch up.

"You're not just going to leave him there are you?!" he yelled as he caught up to them outside.

Without turning to face him Luka responded, "The hospital isn't far and he's got his cell on him. Either way, he'll make it."

That at least made Snotlout feel a little better that they weren't just leaving him there to die. "But why did you have to go and do that?" he asked following behind the two as they quickly walked.

"I wasn't about to let him hurt my brother."

"But!" Snotlout understood why he had thrown the knife. But he didn't understand what was going on. Why Dagur was there in the first place. What deal they had made or why they had to leave him behind.

Luka stopped walking and turned around to face Snotlout. Benedikt

paused a couple paces ahead as well once he realized Luka had stopped. Luka continued as he burrowed his stare into Snotlout, which was still as penetrating as ever despite the low light. "He'll be fine, Snotlout. Which is more than he deserves to be completely honest. But you're free to go back to him if you want. Or you can come with me."

He stood there patiently waiting for Snotlout to give him his answer. If he went back to Dagur, then he could relieve his conscious about abandoning an injured person, but then he would also revert back to a life of being treated like shit and being forced to obey Dagur. He knew Dagur wouldn't be grateful for his help or appreciate him any more afterwards. It wasn't the type of person he was. Or if he went with Luka, then he could go back to living at The Guardians and being around people who actually seemed to like him. But—Luka had just graduated from creepy to actually scaring Snotlout. He didn't think that Luka would actually hurt him, but now Snotlout knew he was dangerous. No one just throws a knife and lands a target from fifteen feet away like that.

But overall, the decision was obvious. "I'll follow you," he said assuredly.

Luka wordlessly turned around and continued walking down the empty street with Benedikt. Snotlout followed closely behind.

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After that had all happened a week ago, Snotlout felt good about his decision to go with Luka. He had learned that Luka was right about Dagur. He was fine, but Snotlout was happy that he no longer had to fear him. Now he could go outside freely and whenever he wanted. He also knew he had protection just by being with the freaky bastard. Occasionally he would run into a member on the street, but he noticed they would quickly turn away from him. At first he thought it was coincidence, but after the third time he knew that they were avoiding him.

Snotlout had grown accustomed to waking up early as he had to do so every morning. But he liked to take some time once in a while to stare at the ceiling and roam through his thoughts like this. Bunny was still asleep in his bed and Snotlout was lying on the mattress on the floor. During the day, he made it and pushed it under Bunny's bed to keep it out of the way. So far, it hasn't been a problem for either of them to share a room, even if Bunny wasn't happy about it at first.

Snotlout's ears perked when he heard someone quietly open his bedroom door. He turned his head to see Hiccup standing there and once they made eye contact he beckoned for Snotlout to come out. Snotlout's eyebrows came together as Hiccup never got up this early. Could it be—?

He rolled off this mattress and hastily pulled the sheets up before pushing it under Bunny's bed. Then he pulled on a change of clothes and walked out into the living room to see Hiccup standing there. It was still quite early as normally Snotlout wouldn't get up for another hour.

"What's up?" he asked pulling his eyebrows together.

"Toothless got up and left about half an hour ago. I left a note for Jack saying that you were coming with me to my dad's shop to move some furniture. Are you ready?" he asked, his expression dead serious.

Snotlout knew what he meant and just wanted to make sure he was committed. "Are you really sure you want to do this? I meanâ€¦| Lu-Toothless might just want to handle it his own way." He trusted Luka's judgment, because the guy was wicked smart. Snotlout saw how easily he could predict people's actions and whatever he did every day on those computers completely baffled Snotlout. It just looked like computer jargon to him.

"I'm sure," Hiccup responded. "If you and I could testify for him, then he'll be better off than if he just let Pitch exist freely."

"Who said anything about me testifying?" Snotlout asked growing worried. It was bad enough he had agreed to help Hiccup find Pitch's house. It would be unheard of for him to testify after giving Luka his word to not say anything.

Hiccup backtracked after seeing Snotlout's reaction, "Ok never mind. I'll just talk to the police. But I still need your help to find the house."

Snotlout bit his lip as he felt nervous from going against what Luka had forbidden him to do. But he also felt indebted to Hiccup. And besides, they were just going to go peek in the window. Nothing bad would come of that. And the police would either dismiss their story or be able to take the rest from there. Either way, it was out of Snotlout's hands.

"Alright. Let's go."

...

...

Hiccup followed Snotlout through the dark, silent streets of the city. It was very early morning and it was that odd limbo of time where the people who stayed up all night were going to bed and those waking up for work haven't left their homes yet. So it was strange to be walking around a normally busy city where next to nobody was around. Like the Twilight Zone.

But Snotlout had been right in saying that he couldn't remember the way that well. He led them both north, but then Hiccup followed him around aimlessly as he searched for a landmark that he recognized. Hiccup was wondering if they were even in the relative area. He couldn't remember anything himself, either. All he remembered was escaping with Benedikt and running, running like hell. Where he was or what was around him was just not important at the time. He was too overwhelmed with the strange concoction of adrenaline from how terrified he was and the intense remorse he felt from witnessing Toothless's torture. Hiccup grit his teeth and clenched his eyes to bite back the tears that were threatening to emerge. The memory of Toothless sobbing endlessly as he hung bleeding from the ceiling was just too overwhelming for Hiccup. He had never seen Toothless cry

like that and he would do anything if it meant saving his raven-haired boy from ever going through such suffering again.

Then suddenly Hiccup saw Snotlout transition into a light jog. Hiccup's attention flew back into focus and he hurried to catch up with him.

"Do you know where we are now?" he asked after catching up next to him.

"Yeah, we're not too far away. It's further back in the neighborhood up there," he responded pointing up ahead.

Hiccup followed the direction of his finger to see a gated neighborhood up ahead. The street lamps had gone out due to the sun just starting to rise, but Hiccup didn't know how they were going to get in without the cameras at the gate seeing them. He would rather not leave around evidence that he was about to break and enter someone's house.

But luckily Snotlout seemed to have the same idea and didn't go to the gate, but instead led him off to the side to circle the wall that surrounded the community. When they had walked further back, the trees started to thicken around them and the houses were placed further apart. Snotlout stopped near a stump left over from a tree that had been growing too close to the wall. He walked a few paces back and broke out into a run and, using the stump as leverage, jumped up the wall so he could clamber over it. Hiccup had to admit he was a little impressed with the stocky boy's agility. He only hoped his own clumsiness wouldn't cause him to break somethingâ€|

Following Snotlout's lead, he walked back a few paces and ran as fast as his legs could pump before launching himself up the wall. He grabbed onto the ledge and was suddenly thankful that he had gained more muscle than a year ago, since even now he was struggling to pull his body up the high stone wall.

But he succeeded and then as quietly as he could, dropped down from the wall. The first thing he noticed was that the houses wereâ€|beautiful. They all seemed to have been built during the Victorian era and most were three stories at least. Hiccup could see most still had the original chimneys and some even had towers. Wherever they wereâ€|Hiccup could tell the inhabitants were wealthy.

Snotlout motioned for Hiccup to follow him and together they walked across several streets before Snotlout stopped behind a large sedan that was parked in the street.

"That's the house," he said in a voice barely louder than a whisper as he gestured over the large car to the home across the street.

Hiccup leaned around the van to peer at it, and like the others, it was beautiful. It had a porch and a spire roof overhanging the balcony on the second floor. Paneling was inlaid in complimentary designs across the sides of the building, with an abundance of paneled glass and diamond picture windows letting light into the many rooms the large house contained. A stained glass oval window looked

out from the smaller third floor and Hiccup could only imagine the stunning view from up there.

"This was Toothless's home?" he exclaimed amazed. "Does Benedikt still live here?" he asked.

"Yeah I think so. But he has several other apartments around the city he sometimes stays in I think."

Hiccup was having trouble believing it. This was where Toothless lived—so Toothless and Benedikt have money. A **lot** of money from the looks of it. Or—at least Pitch does. But despite all that, Toothless admitted himself he was happier living in their musty old basement than he ever was here.

"Alright, let's go in," Hiccup said as he made to move around the car, but was stopped by Snotlout holding onto his arm.

"Now hang on. I said I would take you to his house. I never said I was going to break into it," Snotlout said his eyes wide.

"Fine, you stay here then and wait. I'll go in by myself," he said trying to move again, but Snotlout kept his grip on his arm.

"Wait. Are you sure about this? What if you're caught?" he asked showing obvious concern for the auburn-haired boy.

Hiccup was touched that Snotlout actually cared for his safety now, but they were running out of time. Pitch could even waking up right now for all he knows. So he replied, "If I don't come out, then you call the police. But I won't be long, I just need to snap a couple pictures and maybe dig around the basement a little."

Snotlout bit his lip before he let go of Hiccup's arm, "Okay—just be really careful. Put everything back just like you found it."

Hiccup nodded and then hunching down he quietly jogged around the car and to the side of the house to find the basement windows. He got down on his stomach to peer through the dirty glass into the basement. It appeared he was looking into the second room, as there were more boxes and items as well as the staircase. That meant that the coal chute was on the other side—

He ran quietly around to the other side of the house and found the row of bushes that obscured the unused coal chute. He crawled behind them and as carefully as he could, opened the creaking metal. He didn't think to bring any oil with him like Benedikt had, and the winter was not kind to the metal. It gave a couple loud creaks before he had opened it. Hiccup winced in response to the creaks and waiting a minute to make sure that he didn't hear any movement to indicate he had alerted someone.

After he deemed it safe to proceed, he eased his body into the chute and slid down before thudding against the inner metal door. He felt around trying to find a way to open it, before he discovered a simple latch. Lifting it, he pushed the metal door open and slid into the basement.

The memories of that night came washing back stronger than ever after

the dank, mildewy odor reached his nostrils. In front of him stood the pole he was tied to and to his left was the wall where Toothless was restrained and... He bit his lip trying to push the imagery out of his mind so he could focus on his current mission.

Drawing out his phone he turned on the camera light and scanned the cement floor for any signs of blood. He looked where he was lying, but there was none. He scanned all over where Toothless was standing, but couldn't find anything.

Hiccup swore under his breath. He was really hoping that he would at least find a droplet. But it seemed that Pitch had cleaned everything up after he realized they had escaped. Regardless, he took pictures of where they were tied up just in case. But there had to be something elseâ€¦ He moved quietly to the door that led into the second room of the basement. Pushing it slowly afraid it would creak, he opened it to move into the other room.

The other room just appeared to be a typical unfinished basement. The floor was still cement and a lot of things were stored somewhat haphazardly around the room. There was a table on one side that held various boxes and items on top and below it, a china cabinet with antique plates and dinnerware, a bookshelf with various books, as well as picture frames scattered about. Hiccup heard no noise from upstairs, so he got to work.

He bypassed the china cabinet and started working on the boxes on the table. As quietly as he could, he dug through them looking for anything incriminating. But all he found was what seemed like junk. An old jewelry box, wooden figurines, an old bible, some other random books, movie tickets, random tools, yarn, empty picture framesâ€¦ nothing strange or indicative of drug dealing of any kind.

He moved on to the bookcase. It was large and ornate, but mostly was filled with old books. Some classics, some paperbacks, and an array of magazines. But some leather-bound spines caught his eye on the bottom shelf. They were not shaped like normal books, and after he gently pulled them out and blew off the dust, he realized they were photo albums.

Hiccup took them and walked over to sit on the floor next to the staircase. There was a little bit of light leaking down from upstairs and the light through the small window had also grown a bit brighter as well. Carefully, he turned the pages and looked through it.

To his surprise, it looked like an average photo album. There were pictures of Toothless and his brother packing their suitcases and sleeping in the car before it progressed to where it looked like they went on vacation. Pitch was in the pictures with them, posing with his hands on their shoulders and smiling broadly as they stood next to an ocean, or various monuments, or what looked like the Mayan pyramids. They looked like a normal familyâ€¦ Toothless also didn't appear miserable like Hiccup would have thought, but neither was he giving the smile that made Hiccup melt. He mostly looked like a moody teenager that was pretending to be superior to merry picture taking. It was kind of cute, actually. Especially since he was younger and shorter in the photos.

Hiccup moved on to the next one and when he opened it, he was

surprised to see a stunning photo of Toothless's mother. As he flipped through the pages, he saw her and a significantly younger Pitch taking pictures of themselves like excited young lovers. Hiccup had to admit that Pitch was better looking back in the day when he wasn't quite as sallow looking. But they looked happy together. As he moved on he saw pictures of her wearing an engagement ring; however, he noticed there were no wedding photos.

It skipped ahead to baby pictures of Toothless and Benedikt. Hiccup smiled a little when he saw them as infants and toddlers. But then it jumped all of a sudden to when they had moved in with Pitch. And then it was all photos of Toothless. Some were just close-ups of his face and others were him just doing the most mundane of activities. Toothless lounging on the couch drawing, Toothless working on a computer, Toothless swimming in a pool, Toothless asleep. Hiccup found it a bit odd that Pitch would take such boring pictures of him, including when he didn't even seem to notice he was being photographed. There were more pictures of just him and Pitch and then the album ended.

Hiccup was ready to give up. He couldn't seem to find anything in this basement, and even though the second photo album was peculiar, it wasn't illegal. He was about to close the album when he noticed an envelope tucked between the pages. He pulled it out and opened it to see a handful of polaroids. After pulling them out he had to resist not cursing, gasping, and choking all at once.

They were pictures of Toothless posing for Pitch. He had his underwear on in some, but in others he was completely nude. Hiccup had to bite his tongue, he didn't want to see these. This was child pornography, Toothless wasn't even fully mature. And yet—oh gods.

He shoved them back into the envelope. He had to take these. He wouldn't show them to the police, but for Toothless's sake, he had to burn them.

He pushed the albums back into their respective positions and made to stand up and go to the door. But then he heard voices. Quickly he looked behind him and crawled under the staircase to hide, hoping that they wouldn't come downstairs.

After listening for a moment, he realized Pitch was talking to someone through the speaker on his phone.

"Yes, I need to breach the account," Pitch ordered a little frazzled.

Then the person through the phone answered, and Hiccup could tell from the accent it was Benedikt, "I will try my best. But Jeremiah just got on a flight to El Salvador and won't be able to contact me for another six hours."

"Well what about Luka?"

"I mean—I could possibly convince him to do it. But he will need some more equipment. A new laptop at the very least."

"Fine. Just get it to him."

"You know he may not do it. He is not exactly happy with you at the moment."

Pitch sighed in frustration and answered, "Yes I am well aware of that and I have apologized. Tell him he can stay where he is and I'll give him whatever he wants. But make sure he understands that I need him. Things have been much more difficult to handle since he's been gone."

"Okay, I will tell him that."

"Good." And with that he hung up the phone.

Hiccup heard him rummage around in the room upstairs and waited patiently for him to leave. After several minutes he heard the whistle of a teapot. After additional movements, presumably to make himself a cup of tea, he heard Pitch retreat into a further area of the house.

After he was sure that Pitch was far enough away, Hiccup scrambled out from under the stairs and over to the coal chute. Doing his best to close the hatch behind him while squeezing the sides with his knees, he crawled up the chute and pulled himself onto the bushes. Then he jogged back across the street to meet up with Snotlout.

"What took you so long?!" Snotlout asked clearly stricken with worry.

"I'm sorry. Pitch came into the kitchen and I had to wait for him to leave before I could escape," he said panting a little from the rush he felt of successfully breaking into someone's home.

"Well? Did you find anything?"

Hiccup shook his head and said, "No. But I did overhear Pitch talking to Benedikt and we have to go to the police right away. It looks like they're going to try and recruit Toothless again."

"But if you have no evidence. How are you going to get them to listen to you?"

"I might have some," Hiccup said in reference to the photos. He didn't want to show them to the police, but he also didn't want Toothless to get wrapped up under Pitch again. And they were a surefire way to at the very least get a restraining order for Toothless. "I'll tell them what I know about the kidnapping and see what they say. The worst they can say is there is nothing they can do."

Snotlout pursed his lips but agreed to follow Hiccup to the station.

...

Gods it seems like he has been in there forever. Snotlout waited impatiently on a bench down the block a little from the station. He didn't want to go in, mostly because he hasn't exactly been on the right side of the law over the years and was afraid there was some outstanding charges against him. There might not be, but he wasn't a

fan of police stations anyway. He figured that he would just let Hiccup do the talking and that way he wouldn't get in worse trouble with Luka. It was already bad enough that he showed Hiccup where Pitch lived.

It seemed as if almost an hour had gone by and Snotlout was growing impatient. When would they be done already? He didn't know how long Luka would be out and it would be easier to not have to lie to him. It was impossible anyway. Those creepy eyes always saw right through him.

Finally he saw Hiccup emerge onto the sidewalk and from the look on his face, it didn't seem like it had been a failure.

As he approached him he answered the question before Snotlout even asked, "It went fine. I told them I had several crimes to report and first I went to one guy, who then passed me off to the private investigator. I told him everything that had happened to me and Toothless and told him where Pitch lived. He then thanked me and said they would look into it and contact me if they found anything."

Snotlout was skeptical of that response, "You realize they might never actually look into it, right?"

Hiccup frowned at his pessimism and started walking with him in the direction of The Guardians before replying, "You don't know that. Besides, I had some convincing evidence."

"I thought you said you didn't find anything."

"I didn't," Hiccup answered quickly, "But my testimony was pretty explicit and they said they have had some complaints in the neighborhood before about strange noises and such."

That did nothing to ease Snotlout's skepticism. His thoughts drifted off to whether this was a good decision after all. He knew that Luka would never testify. He wasn't exactly innocent in this whole situation either. And testifying would also put Benedikt at risk as well. Snotlout started fearing that perhaps they had made the wrong decision. This whole idea of Hiccup's might get Pitch, Benedikt, and Luka all thrown in jail. The legal system isn't forgiving. He might have to talk to Luka about this after all. Snotlout trusted he would be able to fix it. Hopefully he wouldn't be too mad at him for bringing Hiccup thereâ€|

They had been walking for almost half an hour and Snotlout mentally groaned when The Guardians came into view. He would have so much work to do since they've been gone all morningâ€|and he was starving on top of that.

"You better help me finish the chores Spitup, because this was all your dumb idea," he said sarcastically. But stopped when Hiccup didn't respond.

"Hiccup?" he asked turning around. But there was nobody there.

"HICCUP?!"

* * *

><p>Egads Batman!

So this is quite possibly leading up to the most intense part of the story.

Buckle your seatbelts kiddos...

28. Chapter 28

Okay, so this chapter is intense, but nothing too graphic.

And as an author's note, I had "Half-Truism" and "Trust In You" by The Offspring playing on loop for the whole second half of this chapter. If you want some kick-ass background music, I highly suggest turning it on at the prompt.

* * *

><p>Kapitel 28

"Umph! You know, what ever happened to the adorably sheepish-mnphh" Toothless closed his eyes into the kiss as Jack pressed him into the couch cushions. Jack was antsy and there was nobody home. If Toothless didn't want to go out with him then he at least had to take his clothes offâ€| Jack broke the kiss and reached under Toothless's shirt to feel up the length of his chest.

"What ever happened to that?" Toothless asked as Jack explored his skin. Jack was at least pleased to see that the raven-haired boy's face was a little flushed and he wasn't making any efforts to stop him. But he wasn't really contributing to the mood either.

Jack leaned up so he was simply sitting atop of Toothless's pelvis, fully aware that he could still feel him through their jeans, and scratched his head trying to come up with an appropriate answer. He didn't want to make up a fib, because he wanted to be honest about himself. Finally he admitted, "I dunno. I guess I just got used to you."

Toothless remained lying across the couch, but raised an eyebrow questioningly at Jack. Jack sighed and tried to elaborate, "I meanâ€| You were so intimidating at first."

"Mmâ€|How's that then?" Toothless purred as he slid a hand under the bottom of Jack's shirt to trace lines across his stomach.

Jack smirked a little that this conversation was somehow turning him on, so he decided to continue, "Well, besides the obvious differences-" he said as he ground himself down on Toothless, encouraging him to flex his hips in response. Jack bit his lip as he felt his own pants grow a little tighter and he picked up again, "-youâ€|you should understand. I was only ever with girls. And they were always soâ€|submissive. Whereas you're the complete opposite, not to mention you're huge in comparison."

Toothless grinned brazenly and kissed up at Jack before saying, "Got that right, baby."

Jack frowned and flicked his forehead, causing Toothless to wince, before he backtracked, "Get over yourself. You know what I meant."

Toothless just smiled and reached up to undo the buttons on Jack's shirt. Taking that as permission to proceed, Jack leaned down and licked Toothless's ear before biting down the length of his neck. When Toothless finished unbuttoning Jack's shirt, he relaxed into the couch and basked in the sensations of Jack's teeth and the sound of his breathing after he returned to his ear.

"Where is everyone?" he asked sounding out of breath.

"Out," Jack muttered into his jawbone as he simultaneously ground against Toothless's crotch.

"Out where?" Toothless probed, pushing more strength behind his voice.

Jack sighed and leaned up on his hands and took pride for a moment to see that Toothless's face was a little more flushed from Jack's meanderings, but he knew that he should alleviate his worry of someone coming home. So he listed, "Bunny, Sandy, and Anna took the kids to the park while Hiccup and Snotlout went to his dad's shop."

"Snotlout went with Hiccup?" Toothless asked, his eyebrows coming together in thought.

"Yeah, you were gone and I was asleep. And he said he needed him to help him deliver something," he explained using what Hiccup wrote in his note. But he noticed that Toothless's face didn't relax so he added mockingly, "What? Are you jealous or something?"

"Get real."

"Well relax and enjoy the fact we've got the house to ourselves," he said before leaning down to capture Toothless's lips in his own. Toothless exhaled into the kiss and reached up with one hand to hold Jack's head as the speed and urgency of the kiss escalated.

Toothless then wrapped his arms underneath Jack's shirt and around the small of his back as he sat up and held him close to his chest. A sound escaped Jack's throat from the sudden change in position and the sudden craving to remove both of their pants.

Toothless kissed Jack's chin, who tilted his head back to willingly expose his neck to the raven-haired boy. He gasped as Toothless then bit down into the soft flesh. There were so many sensations going on that made it hard for Jack to concentrate. Toothless's hands roaming around his torso, his teeth, his hard—Jack whined softly. He wanted him so bad.

He pulled Toothless's face back into his and slipped his tongue into his mouth. Toothless groaned into him and Jack felt as Toothless suddenly lifted him and threw him onto the floor just as the front door slammed open.

The situation might have looked funnier from a third-person's perspective, but Jack only felt pain as his body hit the ground with a heavy thud and he groaned loudly at the impact. He leaned up to dazedly look over the coffee table while rubbing his head to see Snotlout standing in the doorway.

"Goddammit..., what the fuck Snotlout?!" he asked annoyed. His head had knocked against the table and he was pretty sure his hip was bruised from hitting the floor. Why the hell did Toothless have to throw him around all the time?

"He's gone."

Jack suddenly looked up at Snotlout when he noted the tangible panic in his voice. His eyes were wide and he was panting furiously as if he had just run a mile in three minutes.

"Who's gone?" Jack asked more urgently as he stood up to walk over to him, not even caring that his shirt was still hanging open.

But Snotlout didn't look at Jack. His eyes were fixated on Toothless the whole time as he stuttered, "Hiccup. He's gone. We- We- We-"

Then Jack suddenly saw Toothless breeze past him, not having even heard him stand up, and push Snotlout into the wall as he demanded in a livid tone, "What. did. you. ****do****."

"I-I'm sorry! He-he just wanted to help you and- and-"

Toothless slapped him across the face, knocking Snotlout out of his panic, and then reiterating slowly, "What. Happened. Snotlout."

Snotlout looked up at him and Jack actually saw tears form in the beefy guy's eyes as he answered in a single breath, "He asked me to bring him to Pitch's house, which I did because I like felt guilty about taking you and him there. He snuck in and came out with nothin', but suddenly said he needed to talk to the police right away. So we went and- and we walked home and he was behind me but then he wasn't behind me and I searched everywhere but he was gone and I don't know what happened and- URGH"

Snotlout hunched over as Toothless punched him directly in the stomach after which he said in a dangerously low voice, "You're such a ****fucking idiot****."

Toothless backed away and started nervously pacing. Jack rushed to Snotlout, who had sank to his knees clutching his stomach and struggling to breath. He placed a hand on his back, trying to keep him calm and then looked up at Toothless.

He was pacing back and forth in the living room with his hand tangled up in his hair and pulling on it obviously starting to freak out. Jack then asked, "Toothless, what the ****hell**** is going on?!"

"Them. He took him. He talked. They know. And GOD FUCKING DAMMIT," he punched the wall behind the couch, breaking through the fragile dry wall before retracting his fist from the hole and storming back to Snotlout, "I THOUGHT I told you NOT to go to the police! NOT to talk

to ANYONE!"

Jack quickly slammed himself into Toothless to stop him from kicking Snotlout on the floor, who looked like he might be starting to have a panic attack.

"I'm SORRY!" Snotlout pleaded. "You didn't tell ME that, you told HICCUP!"

Jack had to really brace himself to hold Toothless back as he continued to yell at Snotlout, "And that SHOULD have been ENOUGH! If I say something is a fucking bad idea then it's FUCKING **TERRIBLE** idea. And you HELPED him do it!"

"I thought we were fine! He said everything went fine and we were walking home and he just disappeared out of nowhere!"

Jack felt Toothless's body relax a little before he asked more calmly, "How long ago did you notice he was gone?"

"Only like fifteen or thirty minutes ago, I swear!" Toothless said as he pleaded with his eyes.

Thinking he had calmed down enough, Jack relaxed his grip on Toothless, but Toothless used that to shove him aside and punch Snotlout in the top of the head, causing him to collapse on the ground cradling his skull. Jack went back over to him to make sure he was going to be ok and then turned to yell at Toothless. "Toothless! Explain to me what the fuck is happen-"

He stopped when he saw Toothless crouched on the floor in the dimmer light of the hallway as he haphazardly was agitating his finger around the carpet and muttering unintelligibly to himself. Jack peered more intently at him and it looked like Toothless was drawing or writing symbols only he could see.

Great. He had finally snapped.

Jack turned his attention back to Snotlout and tried to encourage him to sit up. Pulling him up and holding his shoulders against the wall he tried to get his attention again, "Snotlout! Oi! Do you have any idea where Hiccup is?"

He shook him a little and Snotlout blinked disoriented at him before rubbing his head and responding slowly, "No...he was just gone. All of a sudden."

Jack sighed. This wasn't getting them anywhere and they needed to find Hiccup as soon as possible. It wasn't too late yet. He pressed his brows together and struggled to keep his mind focused. It was growing harder and harder to restrain the worry and panic that was creeping into his brain. But he needed a plan. He needed answers. He knew nothing about Pitch's gang or how to find them. But Toothless did.

He turned to press Toothless for answers, not caring whether he wanted to share them or not, but saw that he had vanished. Clearly he didn't go out the front door so he must have just gone to their room. He cursed to himself. Help. They needed help. Bunny.

He reached into his pocket to grab his cellphone and frantically searched through it to find Bunny's number. Such a simple task suddenly seemed to take forever since the panic was setting in and he was finding it impossible to think clearly or remember how to use the little device.

Then he heard footsteps come up the hallway and he turned desperate for Toothless's help. But paused when he saw him striding briskly towards them holding a bat and with a dead-set expression on his face.

"Toothlessâ€¦|what are you doing?" he asked hesitantly.

"Fixing the problem," he stated simply as he strode past Jack and Snotlout, and walked to the front door. Jack turned to argue with him, but saw something sticking out the back of his pants. Was that a gunâ€¦|?

"Toothless!" he shouted as he stood up, but Toothless ignored him and left out the front door without a word. "LUKA!" Jack made to follow him, but remembered the phone in his hand. He bent back down to Snotlout and shoved the phone into his palm and ordered, "Take this. Call Bunny, call everyone, tell them to come home as fast as they can."

And then he left running out the door and up the metal steps. He looked around frantically as he felt the pleasant breeze of the spring day, but he didn't see Toothless anywhere. How the fuck does he disappear so fast?

He turned and ran down the alley around the back of the club into the small courtyard that the neighboring businesses used. He could at least use North's car to try and catch up with himâ€¦|

But then he heard an engine roar and before he could put together what was going on, Jack had to run off to the side to avoid North's large, black sedan that flew towards him, down the alleyway, before turning right onto the street and zooming off, tires grinding on the pavement as it left.

Jack stood frozen for a second. Toothless just stole North's car. Where did he even get the keys to his car? Jack quickly searched his pockets to find that his keys were missing. Fucking son of a bitch.

He ran back down the alley and banged on the metal door until Snotlout opened it to let him in. Jack quickly grabbed the phone out of his hand and walked inside.

"Bunny?!"

"Jack! What the hell is goin' on? Snot-"

"Hiccup's gone. Luka fucking snapped. Ran off with North's car. Need you here **now**."

"Be there in fifteen," he responded simply before hanging up.

â€¦|

Snotlout watched as Jack slid his back down the wall before burying his head in his hands. He looked as though he was on the brink of his sanity and was rapidly losing hope. Snotlout pressed his lips firmly together. He needed to fix this—it was all his fault.

He stood motionless and racked his brain. Where would they have taken him? He didn't even know who **they** were. Was it Pitch? Dagur? No—Luka would have said something about them. Or would he?

Snotlout mentally groaned. This was hopeless. He knew only what Luka told him and it wasn't much. But—Dagur. Dagur might know. He didn't even know if Dagur would help—but he was Snotlout's only hope.

"Give me the phone," he demanded to Jack, who looked up at Snotlout in surprise and Snotlout noticed his the blue in his eyes had started to glaze over. But he obediently handed the cell phone up to Snotlout who took it and punched in the number he had long ago memorized and held it up to his ear.

He waited. The pauses between rings seemed to last forever. Would he even answer an unknown number? He might. It was his private phone. Only a few knew the number. Or would he—?

"Hello?" a voice asked on the other end. Snotlout never would have thought he would have ever been so relieved to hear Dagur's voice in his life.

"Dagur, it's me," he said simply and pulled the phone away to turn in on speaker. Jack's eyes widened when he realized with whom Snotlout was speaking.

"What do you want?" he asked, the tone changing drastically to one of hateful spite.

"Hiccup snuck into Pitch's house and confronted the police. Now he's gone. Where is he?"

"How the hell would I know?" he asked sounding a little too enthused with the news. "Why don't you just ask your new slave master? I'm sure he knows."

"He's gone. I need your help," Snotlout said. He didn't believe that Dagur knew nothing. He was just toying with him.

"What's in it for me?" Dagur asked and Snotlout could almost feel the sneer he was making through the phone.

"Dagur!" Jack yelled grabbing the phone from Snotlout. "If you don't fucking tell us where he is I'm going to—"

"Threatening me over the phone isn't going to work, Frost. And besides, you and I both know—"

Snotlout's thoughts faded out as Dagur mocked Jack over the phone. Snotlout knew that Jack could threaten Dagur all he wanted, but that wasn't going to make him talk. What could Snotlout give him? He had no money—nothing he—

But then he remembered something Luka had told him when he had first arrived at The Guardians.

"Because Dagur is hopelessly envious. He wants what others have, but lacks the ability to obtain it himself."

Luka's voice echoed in his mind and then that statement suddenly made more sense to him. He snatched the phone out of Jack's hand in the middle of their argument and said, "You can have me."

"What?" Jack said astonished.

Snotlout carefully formed his sentences as he continued, "If you help us save Hiccup, then you have me. I'll betray Luka. I'll follow you. I'll do whatever you ask. No questions asked."

"Snotloutâ€|" Jack murmured, shocked by Snotlout's sudden self-sacrifice.

Dagur was silent for an agonizingly long moment and Snotlout could feel himself sweating profusely from the anxiety. Finally he answered, "Fine. If I help you find the geek, you'll come back to me. You'll be my right-hand."

"Yes," Snotlout confirmed.

"Now I may be wrong, because there are several places I have heard about where they take people. They're all outside the city. Easy to hide. Easy to dump a body." Snotlout struggled to swallow past the lump in his throat, the reality of the situation quickly sinking in. Dagur continued, "And they alternate between them to avoid suspicion. But he is most probably at the old, abandoned electric plant on the northeast edge of the city. Off of highway 59 you'll see a dirt path in the woods after the telephone poles stop. You can drive a car down it and it will take you to the old building."

"Thank you," Snotlout said, grateful to Dagur for the first time in his life, and he hung up the phone.

"You didn't have to do that," Jack muttered softly.

Snotlout looked at him with the most serious expression he had ever used and responded, "Yes I did. It's my fault this happened and I would rather follow Dagur than live with myself knowing I didn't try to save him."

Jack looked up at Snotlout in surprise at his noble words. And then Snotlout saw his eyes glaze back over as he bite his lip and looked down at the carpet. Snotlout didn't really know how to comfort him. He figured that Jack was still feeling the hopelessness set in, since they had to wait for Bunny to come back with a car that he somehow had to borrow from someone on short notice. The situation was looking bleaker and bleaker.

Snotlout only hoped that Luka could somehow handle itâ€|

...

...

(AN: cue "Trust in You" and/or "Half-Truism")

Luka raced down the highway not even paying attention to his speed. He didn't care. He was stuck in the most intense form of tunnel vision he had ever experienced. All that mattered was that he reached Hiccup in time. He had approximately twenty to thirty minutes, depending on how long Hiccup could keep talking. Hiccup would have to be strong. He was always thorough. Always extracted information. Always covered his tracks so no one found the bodiesâ€¦Luka could only hope that Hiccup was able to stall long enoughâ€¦

He swerved off the highway and roughly drove the black sedan over the uneven grassy field along the highway and into the forest. It wasn't the entrance, but if he came in from the northernmost side through the woods, then he would more easily encroach unnoticed.

He jumped out of the car grabbing the bat and shoving the pistol back under the waistband of his pants. Quickly he checked to make sure the car was decently concealed before taking off and running as fast as he could through the forest.

18 minutes

Luka was running so fast he couldn't even feel his legs. He didn't even pay attention to the scratches he was incurring from the branches and thorns as he ran by. Leaping over a log, he winced as a sharp branch scratched his cheek, but he didn't care. He swerved and flew as fast as possible so he could sooner carry himself to the electric plant. Fortunately, there was a fairly strong breeze, so the noise of the leaves and branches swaying would block out much of the noise of him sprinting through the forest.

He was getting closeâ€¦Luka slowed his pace and became more aware of the sounds of sticks cracking under his feet as he moved. He didn't know if there was anyone standing outside, but he had to be careful just in case. He couldn't risk any of the precious minutes he had by fighting carelessly or alerting too many people to his arrival. If he knew he was coming, Hiccup wouldn't make itâ€¦

He hunched over and skirted through the trees until he came to the edge of the woods. He pressed his back into a large oak and peered sideways around the edge to get a view of the building. The abandoned red brick electric plant withstood the tests of time and weathered on through the misused years. On the other side, there were the old power units, but on the side he was facing, Luka had a clear view of the building. He couldn't see anyone in his line of sight; however, he couldn't be sure there was no one there.

Leaning down gracefully, he picked up a medium-sized rock and leaned around to chuck it at a tree about ten feet away from where he stood obscured. The sound clacked loudly off the trunk and he waited. As he suspected, a figure emerged from a blind spot around the entrance of the building and slowly walked towards Luka.

The raven-haired boy slid back against the tree, clutching the bat in his hand and listening intently to carefully follow the sounds of footsteps in the grass as the person approached. They walked past his tree and he moved correspondingly around the trunk so he stayed out

of his line sight.

When the person's back was completely to him, he moved out from his hiding spot and swung as hard as could at the pressure point on the person's back.

The man let out a loud grunt and fell to the ground, completely knocked out. Luka quickly went to work. He dropped the bat and dragged the unconscious figure into the bushes, pulling out a few zip ties from his pocket and securing his hands around a small tree in case he woke up.

Luka frowned as he recognized him. He was called Hookfang and he was one of them who had... He shook the thought out of his head. It wasn't important now.

He grabbed the bat before standing up and sprinted in a crouched run across the grass to the side of the building. Quickly falling down onto his hands and stomach, he peered in the small window that let light into the basement. It was empty. Luka figured that Hiccup wouldn't have been brought down there, but Luka needed to be thorough. As for how many people were guarding the building, he wasn't concerned. Usually only a few came as backup so as to keep it quiet and to not rouse suspicion from others.

But he still had to find a way in. The front door was no good and there was no other door that wasn't barricaded. Pressing himself against the brick wall, he moved around the corner until he found what he needed. A tree.

Luka secured the bat under his belt and ran in a silent sprint up to the tree and jumped to latch onto the lowest branch. He pulled himself up using only his arms and clambered up a few more branches before he was crouched on the branch just above the second floor.

There was a window hanging below him. The glass had long since been broken out, but it was too far away for him to easily crawl into.

Luka let himself drop until he was hanging from the branch and then kicked his legs forward to rock his body until he was swinging back and forth like a pendulum. He had to judge this correctly while being as quiet as possible

On the forward swing he released his hold on the branch and dropped feet first through the window and fell forward onto his hands in a crouching position. He had made what seemed to him to be a loud thud, so he waited motionlessly as he listened for anyone approaching to investigate the unknown sound. But luckily, the floor was made of cement and muffled what could have been a much louder collision. The room he fell into was spacious and contained various bits of unused machinery, tables, and benches; some having been covered in white sheets and a thick layer of dust.

****10 minutes****

Voices. He heard two male voices. They were approaching the room he was in; however, they were speaking casually, completely unaware that anyone had entered through the window. Luka traversed the room and

pressed his back against the side of the door concealing himself in the shadow. He gripped the bat tightly in one hand, feeling the warmth the friction and adrenaline were causing, and stood poised. The two males approached the room and walked past unawares.

Luka repeated his actions from before and moved into the spacious hall behind the two of them before swinging the bat with all his strength to slam into the taller one's spine. He dropped to the ground; however, the other man jumped and started to turn around in astonishment.

Using his brief moment of hesitation, Luka gripped either end of the bat and threw it over the man's head and hugged him against his chest, pressing the wood into his throat, pinching off his windpipe.

The man struggled violently against him; however, he was much shorter than Luka and unable to break away from him as Luka pressed him against his chest and pulled the bat in and up, raising the man a couple inches off the ground, his toes barely gracing the floor.

****5 minutes****

Soon, Luka felt him go limp as his brain had been starved of oxygen. He dragged the two into the room he had entered in and restrained their hands against a piece of heavy machinery. He knew the asphyxiated man would start breathing again momentarily, so Luka pulled off the cotton hat the other was wearing and wadded it up into the man's mouth. Then he pulled out a bandana from his pocket and tied it around the back of the man's head to prevent him from spitting the hat out and yelling for help. They were likely the only two on this floor, if there were any others left at all.

Good. Hiccup had to be nearby. The building wasn't that large. He stood up, tucking the bat under his belt.

But then he heard a scream down the hall that wrenched his heart out of his chest. Hiccup's scream.

â€|

...

Hiccup blinked slowly. His eyelids felt so heavyâ€| He took a breath through his nostrils but it hitched as he broke into a violent cough. His lungs burned and an unpleasant taste permeated his mouth.

Painâ€| Why did his limbs hurt so much? He tried to stand and realized he couldn't moveâ€| trapped. Hiccup opened his eyes and, after he couldn't recognize his surroundings, looked around frantically. The room he was in was bare, cement, but there were windows. This wasn't Pitch's basement. The sunlight shone in and the smell of dust hung heavy in the air.

Hiccup looked down to discern what was holding him back. His whole body was restrained to a chair with ropes and zip ties, which was also chained and tied to a metal fixture on the wall. Old machinery of some kindâ€|

A sound to his right caused him to jump and he looked over to see a man leaning against a work table by a large lantern. He was middle-aged and of medium height with tan skin, brown eyes and hair. Why wasn't he helping him? Hiccup struggled against the ropes and ties as his situation started to become clearer to him.

"Why did you bring me here?" he asked, his voice hoarse and shaking frantically.

The man slowly uncrossed his arms and stood up straight before walking over to Hiccup and pulling out a stool from under the work bench. He sat himself down upon it and stared intently into Hiccup's eyes. He immediately felt uncomfortable being stared at in such a matter, as if the man's eyes were burrowing into the very confines of his mind. His face held no signs of emotion or thought either. His eyes justâ€|watched.

After several insanely long moments, the man replied with a hint of an accent Hiccup couldn't place, "You're here because you wanted to make trouble for my boss and myself."

"N-N-No! I promise I wasn't! I-"

The man sighed and stood up to walk back over to the table. He unrolled a leather wrap and gently extracted a long knife from it. Holding it up to the light and running his finger along the edge he explained in a calm voice, "Look boy. I have nothing against you. But we can make this easy or hard. Do not lie to me or avoid my questions. I just need to figure out what you know before I kill you."

Hiccup felt fear wrap around his throat, making it difficult for him to breathe or swallow. "You-You mean if I cooperate, you'll let me go?" He was here because he broke into Pitch's house. He stole the pictures. But he knew a lot of things about Luka and Snotlout that might be of interest to this man. If he worked for Pitch, than it shouldn't be anything he doesn't already know.

"No," the man replied matter-of-factly laying the knife on the table and walking over to sit back down on the stool. "I will kill you either way. But your level of cooperation will determine how much it will hurt."

Hiccup's eyes grew wider if it were at all possible to do so. Howâ€|Why was he here? No one saw himâ€|. The police! The police knew he talked to them. If he could stall long enough then Snotlout would run and get help. They might be able to track him downâ€|

It was his only hope.

"Whatâ€|What do you want to know?" he asked swallowing roughly.

"How much do you know about Luka?" he asked, neither his expression nor his manner of speaking changing in the slightest.

Hiccup didn't know how to answer that. It was such an open-ended question that it could have meant anything. But he had to cooperate as best he couldâ€|

"I- I mean I lived with him for almost a year," he started to explain

as he struggled to lower the pitch of his voice to a normal level, "I know his habits, he likes to draw, that he's from Germany, he doesn't like it when people ask him stupid questions-"

"I know you and him were taken to Pitch's home. You carry the marks on your hip. What did he tell you about that?"

"Th- That Benedikt is his twin brother. And Pitch is his dad and heâ€¦" he trailed off finding it difficult to repeat the words to this man, who took part in the torment of Toothless's adolescence. But despite his long pause, the man never wavered. His expression stayed exactly the same. He only sat, leaning his elbows on his lap and his chin resting on his folded hands as he waited patiently for Hiccup to proceed.

This manâ€¦ Hiccup discovered a newfound hatred for him as he thought about it. This man was one of them. One of the people Toothless wanted to escape from. One of those who hadâ€¦

"He told me everything about what you did to him," he said finding new strength to add to his voice. "He told me how his own dad forced himself on him. How you and everyone else took advantage of a helpless kid. Made him do despicable things. You're sick. And you deserve to ****rot**** in prison for what you did to him!" Hiccup had no idea where he was finding the courage to raise his voice at this man, but it felt good. If he was going to die, then he might as well try to make the stone-faced man feel the same burden that Toothless did. Make the guilt consume him.

"I never touched Luka," he responded simply.

"But you ****knew**** about it!" Hiccup yelled. "You knew what was going on and you did ****nothing**** to help him! You're just as evil as he is."

The man sat up straight and pierced his stare into Hiccup's eyes as if trying to uncover whatever secrets he held within. Then he replied, "While I do not agree with Pitch's methods, I must admit they were effective. Luka needed to grow up. He was weak."

Hiccup's jaw dropped open as he couldn't believe what he was hearing. "You're disgusting. How can you even justify doing that to a ****kid****?!" he demanded angrily.

"It was necessary. We had to break him and rebuild him into a stronger man. There was a lot worse that he will deal with and he needed to be mentally prepared to handle it."

Hiccup shook his head as if he was trying to shake the words the man uttered away from his ears like troublesome flies. He struggled against the ropes and winced as the one restricted even tighter around his leg. How could anyone do that? What the fuck was wrong with these people?

"What do you know about Luka's position?" he asked plainly, trying to probe further into Hiccup's knowledge base.

But it was an equally vague question. He could have been talking about a number of things. But Hiccup responded anyways, "He said he was treated like a whore by all of you. That Pitch was super

possessive over him."

"But what do you think he **did**?" the man reiterated.

Hiccup bit his lip. Anything he thought about Toothless's involvement in the gang was purely speculative. He didn't know if the answers he would give would be sufficient enough to keep the man questioning him.

"Iâ€¦I mean, it's not like I never suspected he was involved in dealing drugs or other illegal stuff. But he never would have been forced to do that if his mom never died!"

"And what makes you think that?"

"Becauseâ€¦because he was a kid! He was happy and...and normal. You people tortured him and made him into your **dog** to do what you asked. That's why he ran away! He hated it and wanted nothing more than to leave forever!"

The man continued to stare at Hiccup, his face completely motionless and not indicating whether Hiccup had provided a sufficient answer or not.

"What are you to Luka?" he asked monotonously.

"Iâ€¦He'sâ€¦special, to me," Hiccup replied. He didn't want to divulge that they were together. That was private. Those were his feelings. His memories. It was his own image of Toothless that he never wanted to give up.

"That isn't what I asked. I asked what you are to him," he reiterated.

Hiccup knew from the way he was asking that he already suspected. So he could think of no other choice but to come clean, "Heâ€¦loves me."

And for the first time in the last forty minutes they had been talking, Hiccup saw a flash of disappointment flit across the man's eyes. Was heâ€¦sad?

"Are you sure that is all you know?" he asked, the sadness or disappointment vanishing as fast as it had come.

"Yes! He never talked about anything he did on purpose! I don't know-"

"But you knew enough to go to the police about it," he interrupted suddenly.

Hiccup bit his tongue. "Iâ€¦I needed to help him. I wanted him to live without being afraidâ€¦"

"So where did you get these?" he asked as he pulled out several polaroids from his shirt pocket.

Hiccup's eyes widened when he realized those were the pictures of Toothless that he had given to the police. "Howâ€¦how did you get those?" he asked growing afraid. He had given them directly to the

detective. How could he have possibly discovered and stolen them so quickly?

But the man interrupted Hiccup's thoughts and reached over as a burst of pain exploded from Hiccup's hand as he heard a loud pop. Another sound reverberated through the room and Hiccup didn't even realize it was his own scream. The pain rocketed up his arm and he looked down to see his finger bone bent off in an unnatural position.

The man then stood up and glared down at Hiccup before saying, "***I** am asking **you** the questions. How did you getâ€¦" He trailed off suddenly. Hiccup's heart was racing as he observed the man's reaction. What was he doing?

He stood motionless and silent for a moment, as if waitingâ€¦ or listening? Suddenly, he darted back to the work table, grabbing his knife, and returning to Hiccup with his arm extended.

Hiccup squeezed his eyes shut and cowered as best as he could in his chair. This was itâ€¦

But thenâ€¦ sounds. So many so quickly. A loud SLAM as the metal door to the room swung open and an ear-splitting BANG as the sound of a gun fired. Hiccup winced and expected to feel new pain explode across his already aching body. But it didn'tâ€¦

"AL SUELO AHORA!" a familiar voice yelled across the room and Hiccup looked up to see Toothless standing in the doorway with a gun raised and pointing directly at the man. His eyes were burning with a look that caused unknown fear to shoot through Hiccup's chest and he looked terrified over at the man, who had since dropped his knife and was clutching his arm.

"AHORA CAESAR!" he repeated, taking a step closer to the man.

Hiccup looked back over to the man. The stone-faced man, who had shown no expression since Hiccup had woken, was suddenly smiling a little. Not moving a muscle he asked sounding almost impressed, "Quieres matarme, mijo?"

Keeping his gaze and gun pointed at the man Hiccup thought he had called Caesar, Toothless closed the door behind him and took another step closer.

"Si le haces daÃ±o, sÃ­," he said in a voice that dripped with more fury than ever before. Hiccup sat there in shock having no idea what the fuck was going on.

The man continued clutching his arm, whose blood was slowly soaking through his shirt, and smirked at Toothless before saying proudly, "Por fin, has encontrado tu fuego, mijoâ€¦"

* * *

><p>Dude.</p>

Let me know what you think! Shit is going DOWN!

Plus more comments brings promptly posted chapters...

29. Chapter 29

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Kapitel 29

It was such a fucking long day that Luka wanted nothing more than to get it over with. He got off the metro and climbed the dirty cement stairs to emerge above ground in the west side of the city. This neighborhood was more rundown than the others he visited, and as such was his least favorite place to do business in. The neighborhood grew to be in that condition mostly due to the housing developers decades ago forcing immigrant families to take up residence here, as it was the only affordable housing. As such, it was commonly referred to by the locals as El Barrio. The wealthy inhabitants moved to the northern side of the city and the housing developers built complexes that were designed to cram as many people into the projects as legally and cheaply as possible. However, the landlords weren't really preoccupied with keeping everything up to code and the neighborhood lost large sources of its income when the middle class vacated. As a result, everything was falling apart. It wasn't uncommon to see broken windows, graffiti, and abandoned vehicles scattered on the forlorn streets. It also wasn't out of the ordinary to hear gunshots after dark.

However, it was still mid-afternoon and the weather was pleasant. Any violence usually only occurred at night, so it was unlikely for Luka to find trouble. People were busy going about their day. Children playing outside, adults running to the corner store, teenagers hanging out with their groups of friends—Business was as usual during the day. And besides, no one ever bothered him when he wandered down here, even the times he came at night. Most assumed that he had to be either an undercover cop or a strung-out crack addict for him to find his face in El Barrio. The cops almost never stopped him either. Most knew who he was anyway. The inhabitants, on the other hand, were very often treated as guilty without ever having committed a crime. It made Luka sick to his stomach to think that he was immune to the legal system, and yet the harmless possessors of the product he helped distribute were not. He did his best to relocate the police raids to other neighborhoods or reduce innocent people's sentences, but it never completely shook the guilt that his family had contributed to the neighborhood's squalor.

A breeze blew down the street and whipped Luka's hair across his face as he walked. He pushed it off to the side with one hand and held it there until the wind died down. His hair was at that awkward length where it was always in the way. He had one side longer than the other while it grew out. One side had long hair messily hanging past his chin and the other came down a few inches shorter. He couldn't wait for it to go back to how he used to have it.

After walking ten minutes, he gradually approached the old arcade that served as Rey's headquarters. Rey was the person put in charge of this whole quadrant, so whatever product they distributed to him, he then distributed to his dealers and so on down the line. But because this was the most dilapidated neighborhood they distributed to, Rey was also one of the most unpleasant to do business with. It came with the territory. One had to be harsh in order to deal with the harshness of the reality many of the residents here lived in.

Luka had been having issues dealing with him due to Rey's inexplicable dislike for him. Despite Luka having redirected police crack raids to other neighborhoods, particularly Dagur's, Rey refused to believe that the young teenager had been responsible for his sudden upheaval in business. His blatant unappreciation didn't help ease the tension whenever Luka actually visited him. He had hoped that Benedikt would get around to it instead, but he was too busy. So because he had waited, he had to get more money out of Rey than usually called for. It wasn't going to be easy.

Luka pushed open the front door and brought himself to his full height in order to take up as much physical space as he possibly could. The room was filled with old arcade games, but only about two of the ten game machines in the building still worked. Their main purpose, however, was to store the product within the consoles locked away and out of view. Luka purposefully made noise as he walked in so he could alert Rey of his entrance and sure enough Rey and a few of his mates emerged from the back room.

"Teniente," Rey addressed him using the sardonic military title Luka had acquired, "¿quÃ© quieres aquÃ­?"

Luka was only average height and was still growing into his body; but despite Rey being shorter than him, Rey was big. His muscles were intimidating and he also had tattoos running from his neck and down the length of one of his arms. He was wearing a white tank and Luka could see the intricate scarring covering his other bicep and shoulder symbolizing his upper-intermediate rank.

Luka maintained a general distance from him and remained near the door as he replied, "You're late Rey. Just pay forward and you'll get your next quarter's worth." After having interacted with them as well as numerous Colombians, Mexicans, and Cubans in the group, Luka had grown accustomed to Spanish. However, he had the habit of only replying in English since he knew he wasn't that great at speaking it well enough to sound threatening.

[Of course,] he began, [come with me.] He made a gesture with his head in the direction of the back room and started walking towards it. Luka hesitated not wanting to stray far from the exit, but also didn't want to betray his anxiety, so he followed Rey to the backroom.

[You know, I haven't seen you around in awhile.] "¿QuÃ© pasÃ³?" he asked while he walked over to a metal desk off to the side. Luka watched as he knelt down and carefully turned the combination lock of the heavy safe he had obscured under the desk.

"Nothing, just been busy," he replied flatly as Rey opened the safe and reached in to pull out a large wad of cash. He thumbed through it a little and handed it over to Luka, who quickly retrieved it and took off the clip to count it. "You know you're supposed to pay in hundreds," he said seeing the combinations of bills in the wad that made it harder to count.

[My apologies, I will make sure to do that next time,] Rey said but Luka noted a ring of annoyance in his voice.

He finished counting through the cash and, as expected, it came up short. He turned to walk out of the enclosed room before dropping the

negative news. "This is the money for last month. Until you put forth for this month, you get only a fifth," he said while pocketing the cash and exiting the room.

[But then I'll be behind for the rest of the year!] Rey yelled growing angry.

"Not my problem," Luka said as he quickened his pace. He got what he came for and now needed to get out. But as he approached the front door, Rey's mates stood blocking the entrance.

[I think it ****is**** your problem,] Rey said menacingly from behind Luka. Luka turned around to face him again as Rey continued speaking, [I know you can pull strings] chingado, [get me the rest and I will make sure to make it worth your while.]

"I don't need you for anything," Luka said while doing his best attempt at staring Rey down.

Rey suddenly lurched forward and shoved Luka against the wall pinning him with one hand on his throat and the other grabbing a firm hold of his privates, which caused Luka to let out a weak cry and blow his previous facade.

[Ohh I think you do] puta. [You promise to get me the full three quarters and you can leave here with your] huevos. [Whichâ€¦], he squeezed Luka so hard that his vision started to fade and more whimpering escaped his throat, [I'm surprised you even have anything to grab onto at all down here,] he said while grinning maliciously and looking at Luka's grimacing face, which was turning a deep red from the constricting grip on his neck. The other men moved closer to stand around him and were chuckling derisively at him.

[Do we have a problem here?] a new voice asked from behind the small group of men.

Rey immediately released Luka and turned to face the visitor. "No, seÃ±or. [I was merely giving Luka the money I oweâ€¦] Rey lied politely.

[Good,] the man replied calmly in a deep, Mexican accent, [because it looked as though you were threatening my boss's son. And you know how little tolerance I have for such behavior.]

[Yes sir. I wouldn't dream of it,] Rey continued the lie knowing full well the consequences of him admitting his actions. He was hoping Caesar was in a good enough mood at the moment to look it over.

Luka was trying his absolute hardest not to hunch over and grab himself like a child needing to use the restroom, but it was really hard when his legs were threatening to give out from the aching pain that remained and had sharply spread over various nerve endings. He had a hard enough time keeping the grimace off of his face.

[Let's go Luka,] Caesar said addressing Luka, who attempted to walk normally and shoved his way through the smirking group of men. He followed Caesar out to his car, which was the old beater he used in order to not stand out in neighborhoods as depraved as this one. Luka opened the passenger door, sat inside, and buckled his seatbelt while pulling his legs up into his chest to offset the aching pain that was

still throbbing in his groin.

Caesar got in as well and started the car. [You can't let them treat you like that] mijo," he said using his personal title for Luka. It was a contraction for 'my son' in Spanish and Caesar used it as a term of personal endearment for him.

However, Luka snorted in response to his comment. Last time he checked, he didn't ****let**** anyone do anything to him. He leaned his elbow on the car windowsill to support his head in his hand before he said, "Well, no one fears me like they do you, Caesar."

Luka personally knew how absolutely terrifying Caesar could be. He had seen him kill people on several occasions without so much as batting an eye. He bent to the will of Pitch and followed whatever orders were given to him without question. Granted, he was Pitch's closest friend, so Pitch would often keep him informed of his decisions. But the thing that scared everyone the most about Caesar was how little emotion he showed, even when taking a life. Most people Luka knew either did so out of fear, anger, or perverted pleasure. But not Caesar. Caesar was as stoic as a faceless statue and never indicated feeling the smallest amount of regret or guilt afterwards. He just did what he had to do.

[That's because you fear ****them****] mijo. [I can see it clearly in your eyes before you even confront anyone,] Caesar told him while continuing to drive to the northern side of the city.

"Yeah, well, I can't really help that can I?" Toothless said cynically. He was decent at maintaining a stoic expression in front of others, but Caesar was right. The only thing he couldn't hide was his fear and his eyes were terrible at it. If he had dark brown eyes like most people, it wouldn't be as easy to see his pupils dilate from the adrenaline coursing through his system. But their vivid color alone drew people to look at them and when they noticed his enlarged pupils, they instinctively knew he was weak.

[Yes you can,] Caesar said while glancing over at him, [You have a fire in you, Luka. You just have to learn how to nurture it. Once you do that, your eyes won't matter.]

Luka sighed and turned to gaze out the window at the passing city. He knew Caesar had taken a liking to him even though he initially was just ordered by Pitch to protect him. Other than Benedikt, he was the only other person he trusted with his life. However, he was also training Luka to take over his position once he was old enough. No one expected Luka to sacrifice his life for Pitch, but they knew he would do it for Benedikt. Which was why Pitch had confidentially chosen him as his successor and Luka as his right-hand. Caesar greatly looked forward to retirement, Luka could tell. He knew the man had a family and wanted to grow old with them. The job he was in prevented him from being home for weeks at a time and drew heavily on one's emotional stability. Which was probably what forced Caesar to learn how to deaden himself so well.

"Thanks for...coming to get me, Caesar," he said in a low voice and purposefully keeping his gaze averted.

[Don't mention it,] Caesar responded, [However, you know I can't be around forever to help you] flaco," he said using another pet name

for him in reference to his thinner frame.

Luka mumbled an affirmative and they fell into silence the rest of the way home. He feared for the day when Caesar left; however, he didn't anticipate that happening until Pitch had grown old enough to retire from his official job, which would probably be another decade at least. It would be for the better anyway. Benedikt and Luka were only seventeen. There was no way in hell they could hold the amount of respect their father had. Luka could barely get by as it was ordering people with years over him to do as he said. And Benedikt would technically have to learn two jobs. How to mingle in the world of politics and how to deal with people who had no respect for the law. However, one could argue they were both two sides of the same coin.

Caesar pulled up to his house and let Luka out of the car. He nodded a goodbye to the man and walked up to Pitch's three-story Victorian home. It was built in the nicer side of town where all the bureaucrats, including his father, resided. It was considered a historical building, as it had been maintained in its original condition.

Luka walked up the wooden steps and unlocked the front door. He walked down the mahogany floored hallway and rounded a corner to find his father working in his study. He was sitting in his large green-padded chair that had intricate carvings along the dark wood of the arms and down the legs. The green lamp of his desk was turned on despite the sun streaming in through the windows of the hexagonal shaped room.

Pitch looked up from his work as Luka walked in and smiled a little in spite of his haggard appearance. "There you are, my dear. I trust Caesar found you ok?" he asked concern ringing through his posh accented voice.

"Yeah, thanks. He saved me from riding the metro for another hour," he said half truthfully as he walked over to his desk and pulled out the wad of cash he retrieved from Rey along with several letters he had been asked to deliver.

"Ahâ€¦thank you," Pitch said to him while taking the letters. "Did you find out what I needed you to?"

"His lawyer will persuade the paper to publish the article. And the media will broadcast the story to the entire metropolitan area."

"Excellent," Pitch said a little more cheerfully. "And the senator?"

"He's definitely leaning in your direction. But he'll probably be more easily enticed if PR contacts his spokesperson about the renewed contract tomorrow before the press conference."

"I seeâ€¦" Pitch muttered thoughtfully, "You can be quite clever when I need you to be. Now, would you mind being a good lad and fetching your brother for me? He's upstairs I believe and I haven't had a spare moment all afternoon."

"Sure," Luka said before turning on his heel to find Benedikt. He was

glad he was home, because he really needed him with the day he's had so far. He climbed up the two flights of stairs to where their bedrooms were. They were right across from each other, but Luka's was a little bigger.

Luka knocked on his brother's door and heard Benedikt give permission for him to enter. Despite having asked to share a room with his brother like they always had, Pitch gave them each their own bedroom. It was out of an act of generosity, but Luka really did miss sleeping in the same room as him. It saved him the feeling of loneliness.

Benedikt was relaxing on his bed studying, but put down his book when he looked up to see Luka walk in. [Luka, what's wrong?] he asked him after seeing the look on his brother's face. Unlike everyone else, it was really easy for Benedikt to read the minute differences in his brother's expressions. Either that or maybe it was some kind of fraternal intuition. At the moment though, he could tell something was bothering him.

[Nothing...I just had a really long day,] he responded back to him and walked over to gingerly sit on the edge of his bed. He didn't want to tell him that he was pretty certain his groin felt swollen and probably had significant bruising.

Benedikt gave him a half smile knowing that Luka was withholding information from him. Even though they both knew everything they said was confidential, since no one else could understand them even if they overheard, Luka had closed himself off to Benedikt in recent years and it was really difficult to get him to share anything anymore. He also developed several strange behaviors, probably as a result of spending so much time with Ceasar.

[Come here,] Benedikt said as he scooted over on the bed to make room for Luka. Luka took him up on his offer and lay down alongside him. [Who gave you shit today?] he asked his darker-haired brother knowing something had happened.

Luka frowned at his brother's immediate assumption that someone had harassed him again. But it went to show it happened so regularly that it was always a likely possibility. [I had to visit Rey to get two months' worth of revenue and he only paid me one,] Luka briefly explained to him while rubbing his thumbs against his chest.

[I see...I'll deal with him tomorrow,] Benedikt said in an attempt at easing his mind.

[No.] Luka turned his head to look at him, [I can't have you and Caesar constantly taking care of shit for me. Hardly anyone even listens to me as it is.]

Benedikt pressed his lips into a hard line after he noticed the anger and determination in his brother's eyes. [Fine,] he responded, [But if I were you, I'd arrive at his house tomorrow at nine. He'll be away from his group and you're more likely to persuade him in front of his girl. Bring a quarter of what he would normally get and tell him I'll bring the rest by with a little extra the following day if he pays up. If he doesn't, then that's all he'll get.]

Luka nodded in compliance. Luka knew that Rey didn't live in El

Barrio anymore, it was just where he did business. But his brother, as well as Pitch, were always better at persuasive and diplomatic matters than Luka was. Caesar was trying to teach him how to deal with matters both covertly and forcefully, but Luka frequently failed at being intimidating.

[Father sent me up here to get you by the way,] he said almost forgetting why he originally came.

[Alright,] Benedikt sighed and climbed over Luka to get off the bed. Before he went to leave he turned back to Luka and said, [Just hang out in here for the rest of the day. I'll be back when I'm done with whatever he needs me to do.]

Luka wished Benedikt could stay, but appreciated that he allowed him to hang out in his room despite his absence. It made him feel a little like they were back home.

After Benedikt closed the door behind him, Luka got up to cross the wooden floor and move in front of the standing mirror. He undid his pants and inspected himself. As expected, there was some swelling and a lot of dark bruising on the sensitive skin. He didn't really want to pull his pants back up as they felt too constricting for his injury. So instead, he rummaged through his brother's drawers and pulled out a pair of flannel pants. They ended up with each other's clothes so often that it never really mattered when they borrowed something.

He grabbed the laptop from Benedikt's desk and laid down on the bed to work on it in an attempt at relaxing. He needed something to take his mind off of the aching pain and memories of today. He always had a passion for computers, because his mother was a computer engineer and he wanted to be able to do the stuff she knew how to. Because of that interest and his mother, he had learned eight programming languages by the time he was twelve and took to math like a fish to water. Those who knew called him a prodigy, but Luka always just found himself to be like everyone else. He just was fortunate enough to have the mom he did and the ability to apply himself. However, it was one of the other reasons that Pitch favored him over Benedikt. He was just like his motherâ€|

Luka felt his chest sink at the thought of her. He had promised himself to stop dwelling on it a long time ago. Because whenever he did, it only made his life seem that much worse. Having a parent die is hard enough, but to leave one's country and live with Pitch was a different story entirely. Luka couldn't stop feeling that if his mother could see her son nowâ€|she would hate him. He was nothing like the son she had known. He worked for scum of the earth bureaucrats and whored himself out to random men, including his own father. This wasn't how she would have wanted him to turn outâ€|

Luka shoved the thoughts out of his mind and focused on his program. There were several lines he needed to fix and he couldn't let his mind focus on unpleasant things. But after a while he felt himself start to become uninterested in coding his program and he dozed off on the bed.

Luka awoke with a start when he heard a soft knock on the door. "Ehm, herein," he called but was surprised to see Pitch walk in and not his

brother. "Oh, sorryâ€¦ I thought you were Benedikt."

"I can tell," he chuckled lightly at Luka's accidental use of German. He walked over to the bed and sat down on the edge of it turning towards Luka and looking at him with a concerned expression. "Are you ill my dear? I couldn't help but notice you don't look well."

"No...no I'm fine. If I were sick I would tell you," he assured him. Pitch was often times a little too concerned with Luka's health.

"Why are you in your brother's room then?" Pitch asked taking notice of Luka's uncharacteristic behavior.

"I...ehm...the sun doesn't glare in as much at sundown," he said quickly fabricating a lie.

Pitch sighed deeply before he said, "Luka...I really wish you would tell me when something was bothering you." He gently placed a hand on Luka's thigh and lightly stroked it.

Luka realized he had stopped breathing for a second while watching his hand and looked back up at Pitch, who maintained a concerned expression on his face.

"I...just had a bad day. Just a lot of things piled on top of each other...stressed me out."

He felt Pitch slowly stroke further up his leg until he drew closer to personal territory. "Let me make it better thenâ€¦" he said softly before gently taking hold of Luka through his pants.

But as Pitch unintentionally put pressure on his injuries, Luka couldn't help but cry out in pain while heavily wincing and flinching away from him.

Pitch's brows came together as he saw Luka's acutely painful reaction to a simple touch and then stood up so he could forcefully yank his pants down. Luka grabbed onto his wrists to try and prevent him from doing so, but he reacted too late.

"Who did this to you?" Pitch asked his temper rising after seeing the dark discoloration of Luka's groin.

Luka didn't answer, but felt his breathing increase in speed as he looked up at Pitch with fear in his eyes.

"Was it Rey?" he demanded his eyes piercing through Luka while waiting for an answer.

"N-No...it was no one-" he started to say but Pitch recognized the lie easily and turned around to briskly stride out the door. Luka pulled up his pants and started to follow while yelling after him, "I just got in a fight with someone on the street! I swear!"

But Pitch ignored him despite Luka following him all the way down the two flights of stairs.

"Just listen to me! He didn't do anything!" Luka continued trying to

convince him.

Pitch whirled around to face him gripping his shoulders tightly and shaking him, "Listen Luka, if someone disrespects you like that then they are sending a message to ****me****. I cannot tolerate insubordination like that."

"But-"

"You are my ****son****," he emphasized. "You are an extension of myself and my future. And I cannot have ****anyone**** hurt you if they're under ****my.**CONTROL.**" He shoved Luka away from him before locking himself in his office.

"NO!" Luka yelled and pounded on the thick wooden door. He knew it was useless, however. He turned and slid his back down the door until he was sitting on the ground and had his head buried into his knees. He didn't like Rey in the slightest, but he never would have wished the misfortune that was about to befall him. He had a girlfriend and two kids– And–everyone saw him as the reason the police stopped making so many arrests. If he disappeared–

He heard his father address Caesar over the phone, and Luka didn't want to be there to hear the rest of it. He quickly stood up and fled back up the stairs to lock himself in his room. He collapsed onto the bed and buried his face into his pillow and sobbed. Because of him, Rey was going to die and he could do nothing to stop it...

* * *

><p>Okay, so I apologize for leaving on a cliffhanger and entering into a flashback...

****It was the only way I could fit this in and also explain some of what just happened so that you can understand what happens next...****

****Also! Let me just make an author's note about my use of foreign language in my writing. I just ask that you trust me as the author to not lead you astray with it. Every bit I choose not to translate is deliberate and really carefully thought out. So just know that it is nothing story altering. Usually I include it in there as cultural flavor or because the character I'm narrating from doesn't understand it either. If you choose to translate it, awesome. If you don't, then you're no worse off than before.****

****But what do you think?! Comments and Kudos are always appreciated.****

30. Chapter 30

Kapitel 30

[I said get on the ground, Caesar], Luka repeated in a low voice that was dripping with virulent rage. He knew he had made it in time. He had quickly picked the lock and broken in just as Caesar had made the decision to off Hiccup. And even though Luka had buried a bullet in his upper arm, he knew the large man was still dangerous and needed to be subdued quickly.

Luka watched carefully as Caesar didn't move. He stood absolutely still and observed Luka with an expression in his eyes that Luka had never seen him carry before. Like a mixture of admiration and disappointment all at once. It infuriated him.

[Move. Or I'll make you,] he demanded as he angled the pistol down until it was in line with Caesar's kneecap.

Caesar pulled himself out of his thoughts and conceded to Luka's demands. He slowly raised his good arm in surrender and took several steps away from the restrained boy and knelt down on the ground. His other arm was still bleeding, but the bullet was stemming the majority of it.

Luka circled cautiously behind him and walked up until he was close enough to roughly pull Caesar's arms behind him. Caesar grunted from the great amount of discomfort it put on his wound, but Luka didn't care. He felt no sympathy. He didn't feel much of anything apart from intense determination at the moment.

[This boy seems to be very fond of you] mijo," Caesar said in a raspy voice as Luka pressed the tip of gun into the middle of his back. [He also seems to believe that you have feelings for him.]

Luka didn't say anything. He neither felt the need to nor did he want to converse with Caesar directly after he was fully intent on killing Hiccup. Luka pretended as if he hadn't heard him and quickly slipped a zip-tie around his hands and pulled it tight to subdue them.

[You always have underestimated those types of motivations. I warned you before what would happen if you got too close to any- URGH] Caesar grunted as Luka shoved him face-first into the concrete floor, his body and bones creating a loud crack as they hit.

Leaning one knee onto his back and keeping the gun pressed into his spine, Luka quickly started to frisk him and extracted various items from his clothes.

[What I do is none of your business,] Luka responded in a low voice as he pulled out a small switchblade, his wallet, cellphone, several pins, and a pair of latex gloves and tossed them aside.

[It is my business if you're going to act like a child,] Caesar retorted with his cheek pressed against the cold floor.

[You just said I found that fire you wanted. Make up your mind,] Luka replied while putting more weight on his knee to dig it further into Caesar's back. Caesar's breathing became labored as he struggled against Luka's weight.

[Sure, you are no longer fearful. But you are still childish. You divulge information that is not yours to share because you are still so desperate to be comforted. I warned you this would happen. I ordered you not to form ties to anyone other than your brother-]

[I didn't tell him anything,] Luka interrupted, his voice growing more dangerous. He held Caesar to the ground and kept the gun in its place. He wasn't about to let Caesar accuse him of things he knew nothing about.

[You did. You made him pity you. Told him stories that made him feel the need to save you. You were careless and you are pathetic. That is not the way I-]

[Who are ****YOU**** to tell ****ME**** what I did?!] Luka screamed down at him.

Caesar didn't move or flinch at the sudden change in Luka's voice. Instead he only responded even more monotonously, [Were you not aware when he went to the police? You let your guard down. He knew a lot Luka. Whether you explicitly told him or whether he put it together on his own. You let him in and now he's a liability.]

â€|

Hiccup nearly jumped out of his skin when Toothless suddenly unleashed his anger on the man he had pinned to the floor. His heart was beating out of his chest, he was breaking out into a cold sweat, and the ropes and ties felt as if they were cutting into his skin. But he didn't care. His brain was frantically trying to understand what was happening around him because he was having a hard time believing that the boy in front of him was still Toothless. Hiccup had never seen him so angry, so virulent, or so violent before. For the first time ever, he was terrified of Toothless. And that mere thought made it difficult for him to breathe.

He had no clue what was going on, except that Toothless seemed to know his kidnapper and was yelling at him in another language. The man he had called Caesar appeared very calm, but was arguing with Toothless in a patronizing tone. He replied to Luka saying something that made the raven-haired boy stiffen and lean forward slightly. Caesar continued speaking and glanced over at Hiccup once before Toothless briskly shoved Caesar's head against the ground with one arm and stuck two of his fingers into Caesar's mouth hooking them against his cheek while his voice came out in a roar as he yelled threateningly in response. Despite the threat, Caesar continued and then Hiccup suddenly heard an ear-splitting scream.

Hiccup hadn't even realized he was screaming as well until he had choked after feeling the tears that had started to fall down his face. Caesar still lay on the floor, but was writhing and struggling with his hands still tied behind him as blood languidly poured out his cheek. Toothless's hand was bloodied as well after having had yanked his arm upwards and ripping through an inch of Caesar's cheek muscle. All previous stoicism from the man was gone as he desperately writhed to try and get away from Toothless. But Toothless held him fast.

Hiccup fought against his own ropes with all his strength and struggled to find his voice, but it was impossible. He couldn't talk. He couldn't breathe.

Why had he done that? He's notâ€|he's not violent. Butâ€|he was soâ€|cold now. The warmth and empathy in his eyes had vanished. His face was held in a feral snarl as he firmly held Caesar against the floor and watched him intently.

A loud SLAM caused everyone to jump in surprise and look up as the door to the room had been opened again.

"Lukaâ€¦what did you do?" Benedikt asked, his eyes wide in shock as he stood in the doorway and beheld the scene in front of him. His voice was shaking from disbelief and he stood frozen as if petrified of his own brother.

"Benedikt, lass ihn los," Toothless responded to him in a low voice while cocking his head towards Hiccup. Caesar had stopped struggling, but his breathing was labored and extremely haggard. He angled his eyes up to watch Benedikt in anticipation as Toothless was still pressing all of his weight into him to prevent him from getting up. His mouth, chin, and cheek were soaked in blood and it was continuing to drip generously onto the floor underneath him.

But Benedikt didn't move. He stood completely stunned as if he weren't even sure of what to do. Toothless switched his eyes up and a different expression flashed through them as they met Benedikt's stare.

Finally Benedikt found his voice and uttered hesitantly, "You can'tâ€¦don't-"

A loud shot rang through the room and the sound of glass shattering. Everyone flinched and ducked their heads reflexively as Toothless had fired the gun off.

"BENEDIKT!" Toothless yelled as he shoved the gun back between Caesar's shoulder blades. "I'm not fucking around! Now LET HIM GO!"

Benedikt looked as if he had been kicked in the stomach. But he complied and inched his way into the room, raising his hands and never turning his back to Toothless. Toothless's eyes remained fixated on his brother as he followed him carefully while remaining tense and ready to react at a split second's notice.

He had made it about halfway across the room when Hiccup finally was able to force air through his windpipe. "LUKA STOP!" he shouted, which caused both Toothless and Benedikt to look at him in surprise. Hiccup was panting heavily as he leaned forward in his chair and continued yelling in a desperate attempt to make Toothless hear him. He had to stop this. He loved his brother, he would never hurt anyone. "Please Luka! Don't hurt him. You're notâ€¦"

"Hiccup, shut up." Toothless demanded sharply as he gave him one of the most piercing stares Hiccup had ever experienced. Hiccup felt a lump lodge itself into his throat making it impossible to continue talking. This wasn't Toothless. Toothless would never look at him like that. Like he wasâ€¦nothing. Unimportant.

Hiccup's interjection had caused Benedikt to stop his progression across the room. He paused and looked at Toothless, who grit his teeth in response and growled at him, "Benedikt, I swear to everything we've everâ€¦"

"Bitte, denk doch mal nach, Luka. Ich verstehe, ok? Aber du darfst ihn nicht tÄ¶ten oder-"

"Oder was?" Toothless interjected as he sneered at Benedikt. "Oder ich muss wieder weglaufen?"

"Nein. Sonst alles, was wir gemacht haben, war für nichts und wieder nichts. Und du kannst nicht dann ARGH" Benedikt flinched and hunched over as something careened into his head. He rubbed his skull but not before a body collided with his and shoved him to the ground pinning him still. After what seemed like an eon, Hiccup's brain finally registered that the person who had restrained Benedikt was none other than the long-haired, muscled Australian. His wooden boomerang laid alongside him as he had Benedikt pressed into the floor in a similar hold as Toothless had with Caesar. A stream of blood crawled down the side of Benedikt's head and his eyes indicated that he was severely disoriented.

Hiccup then saw a flash of white out of the corner of his eye and looked over to see Jack bent next to him and frantically trying to untie the ropes and plastic that secured Hiccup in place.

"Jack?" Hiccup asked not really believing that they were in the room. How the hell did they get here?

But Jack seemed to not have heard him as he ripped at the cords with very little success. They were so tight Hiccup suddenly became aware that the pain had increased to a throbbing ache in most of his limbs. His situation had distracted him enough from the pain, but now he wanted nothing more than to escape his bindings and the blood to flow freely again. He had rope burn on his arms and he had lost all sensation in his legs.

"Snotlout I need a knife!" Jack called, his voice seeped in desperation. Hiccup looked back to the doorway to see Snotlout standing there, his gaze fixated on Toothless and wearing the same look of shock that Benedikt had.

Hiccup's gaze switched over to Toothless as he saw him reach into his pocket and pull out the small switchblade that Caesar had been holding. He gently tossed it over to Snotlout, who caught it and opened it before bending down and sliding it across the floor to Jack. Snotlout remained by the door facing the hallway as if guarding it in the event someone unexpected approached.

Jack retrieved the knife, which had come to a halt just out of his reach, and moved back over to kneel next to Hiccup.

"It's going to be alright, Hic. Just hang on a second..." he said as he started to saw at the cords that were wrapped around the back of the chair. There were so many restraints on Hiccup that it was difficult for him to pinpoint how to most easily release him.

Hiccup yelped as Jack moved on to cut at the ropes holding his bare arms to the chair. The ropes were already cutting into his skin and as Jack sawed at the cords, they rubbed further into his burns.

"I'm sorry There's just no easy way" Jack apologized as he focused on cutting him loose.

Hiccup suddenly felt overwhelmed with relief because it looked like he wasn't going to die after all. Jack was here. And Bunny. And Snotlout Tears pooled against his eyelids again and he choked as he tried to hold back a sob. But he failed miserably.

The tears flowed over his lids in a stream and he sniffed once as he felt himself break down. He had never felt so grateful in his life. His friends had come through for himâ€|He wasn't going toâ€|

Hiccup's breath hitched in his throat as he looked up at Toothless. He looked to have calmed down considerably, but was still poised and not relaxing his hold on Caesar any as he watched Jack cut away at Hiccup's bindings. Hiccup wasn't sure if he should have been relieved to see his face was no longer emanating the extreme fury it had previously been, because now it was completely blank. Hiccup couldn't read him at allâ€|

"Got it!" Jack cried out as he released both of Hiccup's arms and reached down to finish slicing off the last cords and ties from his legs.

Hiccup pushed the ropes off his wrists and elbows and gingerly moved as it hurt to do so. The blood was pooling back into his arms and his nerves were tingling as the greedily drank up the blood that had been restricted for so long. He lifted one hand and examined his broken finger. Caesar had snapped it as easily as one would a small twig and the bone was jutting off at a wrong angle. The knuckle had swollen to twice its normal size and as his arms were returning to normal color, his finger continued to look red and painful.

"Done." Jack said confidently as he pulled the ropes off from Hiccup's legs. "Come on, Hic," he said gently as he helped Hiccup into a standing position. However, once he stood, Hiccup cried out in pain and stumbled, requiring Jack to catch him under the arms to prevent him from falling to the ground. His legs haven't had the amount of time his arms did to regain their feeling and mobility. They felt like they weren't even his anymore.

"Here, climb on," Jack told him as he turned around and helped pull Hiccup onto his back. Hiccup clutched around his neck and Jack jumped a little to scoot Hiccup into a more secure position. But as he did so, Hiccup felt a large ache emanate out from his leg and a pained sound escaped his throat. He grimaced and looked over to the side to see Toothless in the same position as before and watching them intently with the same stoic expression.

"Come on Toothless. Pleaseâ€|.just let him go. Let's go," Hiccup said, his voice suddenly sounding very weak and the sorrow still making his breaths erratic.

"Go on out, I'll follow you in a minute," he said in a sure and steady voice.

Jack stood for a moment looking at him; however, Hiccup couldn't see his face. But he must have agreed to Toothless's demand and turned to leave with Hiccup and Snotlout out of the building. Hiccup groaned as Jack walked with him down the stairs of the abandoned building and jostled his legs. It hurt so muchâ€|

Hiccup grimaced and buried his face into the back of Jack's neck. He just wanted to get outâ€|get to the hospitalâ€|they could give him pain medicationâ€|make this go awayâ€|

Light flowed through his eyelids, causing Hiccup to open them to

notice they were outside. They were surrounded by woodlands and in front of the building stood a car, waiting for them. It was of decent size, but still would only barely fit all of them. As soon as they walked out, Hiccup saw Anna get out of the car with a worried expression on her face. Jack quickened his pace and approached alongside the car. Anna briskly opened the back door and Jack delicately lowered Hiccup so he could find the ground and set himself into the car. He struggled to support himself, holding onto Jack's shoulder and the roof of the car for support. He groaned again as he struggled to put weight on his leg. Jack looked at him with concern for his pain and touched him gently as if afraid he would break him.

But Hiccup successfully sat himself inside and immediately was followed by Jack sliding in next to him while Bunny, Anna, and Snotlout squeezed into the front seat. Hiccup started to panic a little bit.

"Where's Toothless?!" he asked, the worry evident in his voice.

"Shh..He's coming, Hic. I can see him coming out now," Jack said to him in a surprisingly calm voice. It relaxed Hiccup enough to see everyone else acting so much calmer now that they were out of immediate harm's way. But Hiccup wouldn't leave without Toothless.

A moment later, Toothless opened the car door and sat down next to Jack.

"Drive. Now," he ordered, to which Bunny complied. Whether he behaving obediently or was annoyed at Toothless for ordering him around was unclear. However, he wasn't much in an argumentative mood. He needed to get Hiccup to the hospital as quickly as possible.

Hiccup laid his head on Jack's shoulder and tried to calm himself down as Bunny drove down a narrow dirt path through the forest. The dirt road caused the going to be rough and jerky, which wasn't helping Hiccup's leg any. He was starting to get worried. It's been quite a while and he still wasn't regaining any feeling in it.

He leaned over and inspected himself and instantly felt relieved. Still wrapped around his pant leg were a series of plastic ties that were still squeezing very tightly into his muscle. Jack must have missed them in his haste.

"Jack, can I that knife?" he asked looking up at him.

Jack wordlessly rummaged in his pants pocket and pulled out the switchblade before handing it to Hiccup. After he did so, he stroked his fingertips up and down Hiccup's back as Hiccup leaned over to cut off the ties.

"Sorry Hic, I didn't realize you still had that on you," he said apologetically. At the very least, he was relieved to have Hiccup out of that place and in the car with him.

"That's alrightâ€¦I've got it," he said quietly as he struggled to slip the knife underneath the tie so he could cut upwards and avoid hurting himself.

He saw Anna turn around to look at him and give him a warm smile. "How do you feel Hiccup? Are you alright? Any injuries?" she asked obviously concerned about his health. The intensity in the car had calmed down as everyone realized they were in the clear. Hiccup was alert and uninjured and they were going to bring him to the hospital to make sure he's alright. It could have been a lot worse.

"Uhâ€|y-yeahâ€|" Hiccup said still struggling to keep his voice even. The aftereffects of adrenaline and fear and pain were still coursing through his system. He took a deep breath as he continued to gently saw at the plastic and said, "My fingerâ€|it's broken and I have some burns from the ropes being so tight. Butâ€|I'll be ok- URMPH" he grunted as pulled harder at the plastic. It wasn't coming off and he decided he should just do it quickly, like a Band-Aid.

"HICCUP WAIT!" Anna suddenly yelled as he cut off the plastic that was wrapped around his leg.

Hiccup looked up at her in surprise and saw that her eyes were wide as she continued to stare at him.

"Hiccupâ€|how long were you tied up for like that?" she asked and Hiccup suddenly started to grow afraid as he noted the panic in her voice.

"I-I don't know. A few hours maybe? Why?" he asked hurriedly.

"Bunny, drive faster," she ordered, her eyes never leaving Hiccup's face, which was quickly reflecting the panic in hers. His heart started to beat faster as the fear started to set in.

"Annaâ€|what-ARGH" Hiccup started to ask, but was interrupted by a sharp pain surging through his chest. He hunched over and folded his arms across his abdomen and struggled to take deep breaths. He felt like his whole chest was being squeezed, he couldn't see, couldn't think, couldn'tâ€|

"HICCUP!"

* * *

><p>Long live the never ending cliffhangers...

Let me know your thoughts/feels in a comment!

31. Chapter 31

Good song for this chapter: Period by Chemistry (it's Japanese but whatevs)

**No idea why, I guess the music fit because it's intense and sad.
**

**So if you've got a fast-paced sad song in mind, I recommend it.
**

* * *

<p>Kapitel 31

Waiting. Why was waiting the hardest thing on this godforsaken planet? The fucking hospital didn't help matters any. The stale smell of peroxide and disease filled Jack's nostrils. It permeated everything. The waiting room, the bathroom, the corridor where the coffee machine was kept. It all reeked. And what's worse, the medical staff busied themselves as if nothing were wrong. Jack couldn't help but hate them. He couldn't help but hate everything. The stupid speckled carpeting, the stupid fern in the corner next to the stupid table that held the stupid magazines that were strewn there in a futile attempt at keeping the friends and families of patients in the intensive care unit preoccupied. Jack was having a hard time holding himself together let alone finding a suitable distraction. Not afterâ€|

Jack buried his head into his lap and tried his best to hold back any signs of grief. He couldn't break down. Not now. It would only prove to everyone how useless he was. How could he have stepped back and done nothingâ€|

â€|..

Hiccup crossed his arms against his chest and bent over his lap in the car. His hair fell forward over his face, but Jack could still hear pained sounds escaping his throat.

"_HICCUP?!" _he yelled and put his hands on his shoulders. What was wrong with him? Everything was fine just a second ago. But Hiccup didn't respond, he only gasped and continued holding his chest. Why won't he answer?

"_Jack, move," _Toothless said to him while firmly shoving him off the seat and onto the floor of the car.

Toothless quickly leaned one knee on the seat so he could reach over and pull Hiccup's legs across the width of the car, while swiftly guiding his head to rest on the cushion. Jack saw Hiccup look up into Toothless's face, his eyes wide with fear and his breaths coming erratically as he clutched his arms across his chest.

"_Tooth, time for me one minute," _he directed as he placed two fingers against the artery on Hiccup's neck. Hiccup's eyes never left him and he moved one hand to clutch onto Toothless's wrist, his mouth and throat opening and flexing as he struggled for air. He looked like a desperate fish out of water.

"_Got it. Go," _Anna responded as she watched them over the seat. She was so calm. Toothless was so calm. How the fuck were they so calm?!

Jack sat scrunched on the floor of the car and turned his head to look up at Toothless, who was leaning over Hiccup. His lips moved ever so slightly and in short bursts as if he were counting. He was counting Hiccup's pulse. But why was he counting in bursts?

Hiccup gave another gasp of pain and Jack felt himself clutching the

edge of the seat as his own heart skipped a beat before looking down at Hiccup's face. Perspiration covered his forehead, plastering his auburn hair to his face. His eyes somehow grew wider and Jack saw him grip onto Toothless's wrist even harder. Jack quickly looked back up at Toothless searching for an answer. And Jack felt time stop.

Toothless's lips weren't moving. They were parted but he only remained frozen while staring down at Hiccup as Bunny continued speeding down the highway at top speed. Toothless quickly leaned down on top of Hiccup and pressed his ear against his chest. Hiccup continued struggling to breathe and his face was pulling back into a pained grimace as tears started pooling at the corners of his eyes.

"_I'm sorry Hic," _Toothless said in a low voice as he pulled himself up and leaned his hands on top of one another and over Hiccup's breastbone. Without hesitation he pushed his weight down into Hiccup's chest and Jack heard a sickening _CRACK_ as he heard Hiccup's sternum break. Hiccup's mouth opened in a silent scream and Jack watched horrified as he fell limp.

"_TOOTHLESS!" _Jack yelled up at him and went to pull his arms away but felt someone else pull him back. He turned his head to see Snotlout and Anna holding his shoulder and arm from over the front seat.

"_I got it I got it!" _Toothless shouted and continued pushing down onto Hiccup's chest in even pulses. Jack stared at him, at Hiccup, and then turned to look at Anna. She had pulled out her cellphone and was frantically clicking a number into it before putting it up to her ear.

Jack turned back as Toothless bent back over Hiccup, pulling his dark hair over to one side so he could hold his ear above Hiccup's mouth. He waited a second and then pinched Hiccup's nose before enveloping his mouth with his own and breathing into him. Then he leaned back up and resumed pushing into Hiccup's chest.

Hiccupâ€|what's wrong? Jack bit his lip and reached out to rest a hand against Hiccup's head. He had to be okayâ€| Jack could barely make out what Anna was saying in the front seat. She was speaking medical jargon over the phone, but language wasn't processing for him. All sound came muffled to his ears as if it were passing through a thick wall. All he saw was Hiccup, limp and still in front of him. He wasn't breathing. His heart wasn't beating.

"_Fuck!" _Jack heard Bunny curse from the front seat and his head snapped up before he saw flashing blue and red lights out the rear window. They had been speeding too muchâ€|they had entered the city and Bunny was going much too fast. Jack's body leaned into the inertia as Bunny started to slow the car down.

"_JUST GO!" _Toothless yelled at him from the back seat before bending over Hiccup to breathe into him again.

"_I CAN'T! IT'S THE POLI-!" _

"_JUST PUT ON YOUR HAZARDS AND DRIVE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT WHEN WE GET THERE!" _Toothless shouted as he began pushing onto Hiccup's

chest again.

Bunny hesitated for a minute, but then Jack felt as the car lurched forward from Bunny slamming onto the accelerator again. They were almost to the hospitalâ€¦

Time couldn't have ever passed by as slowly as it did in that short car ride. Toothless continued giving Hiccup CPR up until the last second, after Bunny had swerved into the emergency drop-off. Anna must have already informed the hospital, because EMT's were waiting for them the moment they stopped the car. Toothless reached over to open the car door near Hiccup's head before ducking backwards and getting out himself. A man in a medical uniform approached with another following and Jack watched as they pulled the auburn-haired boy out and onto a stretcher. Without hesitation one continued CPR as another raised the stretcher and wheeled him into the hospital.

Jack stepped out of the car and watched him go. This had to be a dreamâ€¦he didn't feel as though he really existed. Hiccup wasn't really going to-

He felt as though a rock suddenly lodged in his throat and someone had punched him in the stomach. It was happening againâ€¦Hiccup was going to dieâ€¦

"_Lu-Luka," _he called, his voice shaking tremendously as he felt hot, thick tears roll down his cheeks. He turned to look for the raven-haired boy, but quickly found him bent over the hood of the police car as they were handcuffing his wrists behind him. "_LUKA!" _he yelled as he started to run over to him.

"_I'll be fine, Jack," _Toothless said to him as the police officers pulled him up by the shoulder and led him to the backseat of the vehicle. "_Go see Hiccup!" _he called as they pushed his head down and guided him into the seat and shut the door.

Jack felt as though his own heart had stopped. Toothless was being arrestedâ€¦Hiccup was dyingâ€¦What was he supposed to do?

He felt a hand grab his own, and he turned to see Anna holding it as she attempted to pull him in the direction of the hospital. Jack submitted, but kept his eyes on the police car as it drove off with Toothless and out onto the main street.

â€¦..

And that's how he wound up here. Waiting. That's all he could do. That's all he ever did. He sat idly by and watched the people he loved die. It happened with Sarah, it happened with his mom, now history was repeating itself once again. He was useless. Toothless had taken action immediately, but Jack did nothing. Absolutely nothingâ€¦

He felt his breath hitch as he failed to hold back a sob into his knees. They had been waiting for hours. Hiccup's dad had arrived a long time ago and was behind the ominous doors with his son. Only family was allowed back thereâ€¦Jack wasn't allowed to see him. He hadn't heard anythingâ€¦What if Hiccupâ€¦

"_Jack," _Anna said gently as he felt her place a caressing hand on

his back, "_He's going to be alright."_

Jack couldn't speak. He didn't trust his voice to work, so he just shook his head into his lap and felt as Anna just slowly stroked his back_. _Hiccup would always stroke his back when he was upsetâ€|

Jack sat up, forcing Anna to remove her hand as he did so, and wiped his eyes on his arm before gripping onto his knees. "_I'm a horrible person," _he said in barely more than a whisper. There was no one in the waiting room, save for himself, Anna, Bunny, and Snotlout as it was the middle of the night.

"_No you're not, Jack," _Anna reassured him.

"_Yes I am. I'm so unbelievably selfish. You want to know what I was thinking the whole time we were in the car?" _he asked turning his head to solemnly look at her.

She shook her head slightly and watched him with a soft expression as she waited for his answer.

"_Whenever I looked at him as he was gasping for air I thought 'You can't fucking die. Not after you promised-"_ His voice broke and he clutched his throat as he struggled to swallow past the rock that refused to leave. Jack couldn't stop thinking about Hiccup's eyes. How desperate they were as he felt his own heart stop. It made Jack think of his sister...And that made him remember that day last winter when Hiccup had cracked Jack's resolve. The first time he said he loved him... Jack inhaled and continued in the softest whisper, "_He promised that he'd never leave meâ€|"_

Anna didn't say a word, but instead wrapped an arm around his shoulders and pulled him against her side. Jack stiffened for a moment, but then accepted the compassion as it was all he had. Hiccup was gone. Toothless was gone. He was alone againâ€|

He covered his eyes with a hand as he felt a new wave of tears form. Every time his thoughts reflected on that fact, he couldn't help but feel them emerge. He leaned his head against Anna's shoulder and shook as he held back his sobs. He felt her squeeze his body against hers and he had never been more grateful or more thankful to have the comfort of another human being. But he wanted Hiccup back. He wanted Toothless with him. Why couldn't the world just give him what he wanted? Just fucking once?

The hospital was empty, save for the night staff and the few of them sitting restlessly in the waiting room. Jack didn't know how much longer it would be, but he knew he wasn't leaving until he could see him. Even if it was the last timeâ€|

As if trying to stop the negative thoughts from pervading his mind, he felt Anna shake his arm. Jack snapped back to reality and removed his hand from his eyes to look at her. But as he did so, he saw a familiar figure walking through the doors to the waiting room.

Jack stood up and almost ran to him. He quickly wrapped his arms around his neck before collapsing against the raven-haired boy. At least half of his wish was granted. Toothless was back. He was okay. He wasn't in jail. Speaking of whichâ€|

"_How did you get away?" _he asked, his voice still shaking from grief as he looked up into those beautiful emerald irises. But he froze once he saw how those eyes looked back at him. They were cold&empty. He pulled away from Toothless as if realizing he had just accidentally hugged a stranger.

Toothless stared at him for a moment and replied, "_I told you. I would handle it." _Jack looked at him blankly. He didn't know what that meant and was afraid of what Toothless meant by it. Sensing his anxiety, Toothless reiterated, "_My dad is filthy rich, Jack. So don't worry about it." _He looked over Jack's head at the somber members of their foster family in the waiting room and back at Jack before asking in a low voice, "_How is he?" _

Jack had to look off to the side as he didn't want Toothless to see his eyes glaze back over. It was difficult for him to say out loud and he felt uncomfortable crying in public.

"_Come on," _Toothless said as he motioned with his head for Jack to follow him back out the doors he came through.

"_Where are we going?" _Jack asked his voice cracking despite his efforts to steady it.

"_Just for a walk, not far," _he reassured him as he reached back to grab Jack's hand.

They walked awhile in silence. Toothless led him through the hospital, down the stairs, and outside. Jack was unsure whether he wanted to leave in case a doctor or Hiccup's dad came out with news, but Toothless was finally there. And Jack needed him.

They stopped just on the edge of the forested nature reserve that lay near the hospital. Toothless knelt down to sit on a fallen log and looked up at Jack waiting for him to join. The light was dim this far away from the illuminated hospital, but Jack could still make out the green in Toothless's eyes. He sat down next to the raven-haired boy and struggled to swallow again.

They sat there in silence for what seemed like an hour. Jack was struggling every minute of it not to break down. He had wished so long for Toothless to be there to finally comfort him, but suddenly Jack felt self-conscious around him. Toothless was so&blank. His face was completely expressionless&like before.

Jack knew this was the raven-haired boy's way of dealing with stress and grief. But it was breaking Jack's heart a second time to see him like this. He wanted the smiling, joking person he had fallen for. Not this vacant shell. And on top of that, he had no idea how Hiccup was doing. If he had made it through the surgery&

Jack finally felt himself break. He bent down into his lap, hugging his knees, and sobbed uncontrollably. He wanted Hiccup. He wanted him so bad&He wanted him to be there so he could hug him like he used to whenever Jack felt this way.

Jack felt Toothless lay a hand on his back as he continued to bawl into his knees, but that only made Jack feel worse. He could tell Toothless was holding back. He had buried the remnants of his

warmth.

"_I'm going back inside," _Jack announced, his voice husky from crying, and wiped his eyes as he stood up to stride back towards the hospital.

Toothless didn't try and stop him like Jack had hoped, instead he simply followed him in without saying a word. Jack felt a small flame of anger lick at his chest for Toothless's complete lack of compassion. He thought they were close enough to withstand tragedy together, instead it had caused a wall to erect again. He didn't care that Toothless was hurting too. He was mad that Toothless still felt the need to hide his grief, after all they'd been through together...

Jack stalked back into the waiting room and took his original place next to Anna, facing the doors to the ICU waiting for someone to exit out of them. When Toothless caught up to him, he calmly took the empty seat at the end of the row next to Jack. They had no other choice after that but to continue waiting. No one felt comfortable enough to speak to one another.

After what must have been another hour, Jack's head finally snapped up as he heard the sound he had been waiting for for hours. He heard someone turn the handle on the other side of the doors and he watched as they opened and Stoick walked through.

Instantaneously, everyone stood up anxiously awaiting whatever news Stoick was going to provide. Jack tried reading his expression to get even the slightest hint on whether the news was good or bad. But Stoick looked over at them and in only three strides, walked across the room. Jack brow came together in confusion. Stoick lookedâ€¦|furious.

As Stoick reached them, Jack's mouth dropped open as he watched Stoick's fist briskly connect with the side of Toothless's face. Toothless's head snapped to one side and he stumbled a little bit from the force. Jack and everyone else in the room gasped in surprised. As Stoick's eyes glared at Toothless holding a passionate fury in them, it seemed to upset him even more that the expression on Toothless's face remained the same despite being punched. He might as well have hit a doll.

Toothless remained still for a second from the shock of the situation, and then slowly raised his head in order to look Stoick in the eye, a red mark blooming across his cheek from where Stoick hit him.

"_I knew you were trouble from the start," _Stoick growled deeply at the raven-haired boy with the hardest expression Jack had ever seen on the man. _"I want you to leave. I don't **ever** want __you coming near my son again." _

Toothless stared at Stoick blankly and pressed his lips together. After a moment he responded simply, "_As you wish." _And Jack watched as he turned and walked off towards the exit.

"_Luka!" _he yelled after him and made to follow him, but he felt a hand firmly grasping his arm. He turned to see Stoick holding him back and Jack tried to yank his arm away, but Stoick was too

strong.

"_He's asking for you," _Stoick said in a low rumble as his eyes looked off to the side. Were they sad?

All of a sudden Jack felt more torn than he ever had in his life. He had never had to choose between Hiccup and Toothless before—but now he felt himself being pulled in both directions. If Toothless ran off without seeing Hiccup—he might retreat further into himself.

But—Jack realized that Hiccup needed him more. He'd have to find Toothless later and do what he could for him. However, Hiccup was in the most pain and Jack couldn't bear for him to suffer any more than he already had.

He followed Stoick through the halls of the intensive care unit before they stopped outside one of the doors. Stoick opened it and motioned for Jack to enter. Jack swallowed and hesitated, almost afraid of what state he would find Hiccup in. But he needed to see him—

He walked into the dimly lit room and immediately was drawn to the brunette lying on the hospital bed. He had an IV drip stuck into his arm and thick blankets covering him for warmth. He looked so weak...He was paler than usual and so still...The heart monitor beeped languidly in the background and Jack never thought he would be more thankful to hear it. But then he felt as though ice had crawled around his heart and cut into it when Hiccup's eyes met his own.

The white-haired boy hurried over and leaned over him so he could run a hand through Hiccup's auburn hair before gently caressing his cheek.

"_Jack," _Hiccup uttered weakly as he went to raise his hand to hold Jack's.

"_Shh Shh—" _Jack tried to calm him and brought his hand to Hiccup's so that he wouldn't expend any of his much needed strength.

"_Jack—I'm so sorry," _Hiccup said as tears welled up in his eyes as he looked up at Jack's face.

"_Hiccup—there's nothing you need to feel sorry for," _Jack reassured him. The powerless look in Hiccup's eyes caused the ice to burrow deeper into Jack's chest; however, he couldn't allow himself to break down in front of Hiccup. He had to be there for him like Hiccup had been for him.

"_I need you—here," _Hiccup said quietly as he struggled to scoot himself over on the narrow bed in an attempt to give Jack room. But he fell back in the pillows as his face pulled into a grimace from the movements causing him too much pain.

Wanting to save him from any additional pain, Jack said gently "_Hey—don't force yourself. I'll just—"

"_It feels so light—" _Hiccup interrupted weakly as his voice caught in his throat and fresh tears fell down his cheeks.

Jack felt as the rock in his own throat grew even larger as he understood what Hiccup meant. His eyes wandered down the blankets and scanned the impression of his form. And his eyes instantly recognized that mounds of one of Hiccup's legs ended short before the other. Jack had to bite his tongue to drive his own tears away. Hiccup's leg had been tied up for so long and so tightly that the restraints acted as a tourniquet, cutting off blood flow to his lower leg. It had been so extreme, that his tissue had started to build up acid and necrotize. After Hiccup had cut his final restraints, the blood pulled the acid straight to his heart and the sudden surge caused it to seize, which prompted his irregular heartbeat and eventual heart attack. The doctors ended up having to remove the dying parts of his leg in order to stop the acid from flushing into his heart.

Jack realized he had stopped breathing and inhaled through his nose before looking back up at Hiccup's face. He slowly laid himself across the edge of the bed, careful to avoid any of Hiccup's wires or tubes and reached up to gently hold Hiccup's face.

"_It's going to be alright, Hic. You're still here and everyone's fine, ok? The doctors can fix you up with a prosthetic and you'll be moving like you did in no time," _he was saying this for himself as much as it was for Hiccup. After seeing him like this, he couldn't be sure whether things would go back to how they used to be.

"_Where's Toothless?" _he asked as the tears continued to fall down his face.

Jack bit his cheek. So Hiccup wasn't mad at Toothless like he had thought. Hiccup was so honest that he must have come out and told Stoick what happened, and Stoick independently blamed Toothless. Hiccup also hadn't been aware when the police took Toothless away. But Jack couldn't tell the injured boy that his dad had punched Toothless and banned him from ever seeing Hiccup again.

"_Heâ€¦left," _Jack answered, those words being the first sensible ones he could come up with; however, they fell heavily after Jack realized the affect they had on Hiccup.

"_Wha..What?" _Hiccup asked feebly while looking over at him. Jack didn't know that it was possible for even more pain to pour out of his green eyes like it just had, and the expression caused the ice to drill right through him. "_Why?" _he whispered. _
>

"_Heâ€¦I think he just blamed himself for everything that happened to you. He must have thought that you wouldn't have wanted to see himâ€¦" _he said half-truthfully. He knew that Toothless did blame himself, but he had done everything possible in his power to save Hiccup. And he wouldn't have abandoned Hiccup now if Stoick hadn't banished him.

"_Bu-Butâ€¦" _Hiccup's tears increased and he struggled to speak and breathe against his broken sternum, "_Why would he leave? He..Iâ€¦" _

The heart monitor started to pick up its pace and Jack tried his best to hush him as he lie next to the broken boy. He reached up to gently

stroke his cheek and talk to him soothingly; however, it was doing nothing to calm him down. Hiccup just continued to mourn while gripping onto Jack's shirt. He was mourning the loss of his leg as well as the absence of the boy he loved. A nurse quickly strode in and hurriedly motioned for Jack to get up off the bed. He followed orders and sat up as she pulled out a syringe.

"_What are you doing?" _Hiccup asked as his glassy wide eyes turned to look up at her.

"_It'll be alright sweetheart. We just can't have you getting over-excited for a little while," _she explained gently as she injected the fluid into Hiccup's IV.

"_Nonono-" _Hiccup tried arguing and reached across to yank at the IV in his arm. The nurse quickly reached down to stop him, which was easy to do as he was so debilitated.

Hiccup looked practically frantic and it was killing Jack to watch him helplessly struggle like that.

"_Hic-Hiccup! Hey!" _he called trying to grab his attention, "_I'll go get him, alright? I'll go find him and bring him back, I promise okay?" _Jack reached out to grasp Hiccup's hand and squeezed it tightly. He felt Hiccup relax a little and squeeze his hand back, albeit very weakly. The nurse turned around wordlessly to leave as Hiccup was starting to succumb to the drug. "_I'll get him!" _Jack repeated as he stroked the back of Hiccup's hand with his thumb. Hiccup's eyes never left him as he struggled to fight against the medication, but all too quickly fell into an induced slumber.

A noise escaped Jack's throat as he finally submitted himself to the grief he had been fighting so hard to conceal. He knelt next to Hiccup's bed and rested his arms and head on the edge of it, alongside Hiccup's body as he slept. And he just sobbed uncontrollably.

Hiccup was out of the woodsâ€¦the doctors believed him entirely capable of a full recovery. But it broke his heart to see how desperate Hiccup reacted when Toothless wasn't there. Jack wanted Toothless tooâ€¦but the raven-haired boy had buried himself again. If Jack brought him in there, it would break Hiccup's heart. Butâ€¦he still made a promise.

After thirty or so minutes, Jack was able to pull himself together enough to leave the auburn-haired boy again. He leaned over to gently kiss Hiccup once on the lips and once on his forehead before turning to go find Toothless.

â€¦.

Jack hurried home with Anna and Bunny. They said Snotlout had left soon after Toothless did to make sure he was ok. And Jack was more than urgent to make sure he was ok as well. He wanted to burst into their bedroom and pull the raven-haired boy against him, telling him Hiccup was fine and to damn whatever Stoick said to hell, because none of that mattered. Hiccup needed him.

But he wasn't in their room.

In fact, he wasn't there at all.

Nothing of his was there.

Jack frantically dug through their wardrobe, pulled up the bed, and tore apart everything in their room to look for any fragment that had belonged to him. But Toothless, along with everything that was connected to him, had disappeared. Jack thought he had lost his mind, like he had dreamt the angelic raven-haired boy up this whole time. All of his clothes were missing, even from the laundry. His sketchpad and drawings had vanished, even the ones Hiccup had drawn of him. Jack abandoned the wreckage in his room and moved through the rest of the house. Toothless's books, notes, shoes, toothbrush, comb—all evidence he had ever existed had vanished. Even North's car had been returned, Jack's keys having been left in the bowl by the door where they usually went.

At last he ran out the basement, up the metal staircase, and into the empty club. It was early morning and had long ago closed, but there was still one place...

Jack tore of the paneling under the stage and crawled through it, knocking his spine against the ceiling as he hurried through. "_Luka?!_" he croaked as he crawled into the small room. But it was empty. He was so sure that he'd find him there...like he always had. It was like none of it had happened. Like he had never come to the Guardians...

Jack gave up. He collapsed helplessly to his knees in the middle of the small crawlspace before breaking down into a grief-driven panic. He leaned forward onto his hands, pulling one of the pillows to clutch against his chest, and allowed his tears to fall onto it as he frantically sucked in air in between sobs. Toothless was gone. He left. He left him. He left Hiccup

alone.

* * *

><p>Thank you for reading and, as always, leave a review as it is my encouragement to continue.

**And if you can, let me know the reactions/emotions you had while reading this one. **

**I'll need to know for future chapters. L: **

Thank you

32. Chapter 32

Again, I don't know what is up with me and Chiodos while writing this. I haven't listened to them in years.

**But...Intensity in Ten Cities really does go well with this first part. Youtube it, it's worth it. **

**Next chapter, please enjoy. **

* * *

<p>Kapitel 32

There's that old piece of wisdom saying you only miss something once it's gone, and Hiccup had thought he knew perfectly well what that meant. After all, we've all lost something at some point in our lives.

Life had always carried on for Hiccup in the same fundamental way, he had never really taken notice of it before. He just assumed it was normal and something he could keep forever. That isâ€|until it was gone.

The last thing he remembered was his face. That angelic face that had always comforted and protected him. And he had even in that final momentâ€|Those vibrant eyes held Hiccup fast, he didn't want to slip away from them. They gave him the strength to hang on despite the fact that they held the deepest fear Hiccup had ever seen in them, even with Toothless's futile attempts at cloaking it. But he knew Toothless was just as terrified when it stopped. To Hiccupâ€|time as he knew it had stopped.

He lay motionless in bed as he was unable to prevent the scene from replaying itself over and over and over in his mind. It's strange how he had gone most of his life without ever really paying attention to his heartbeat. It was invisible. He could barely feel it. But it's amazing how quickly you realize what it had felt like once it's stopped.

The pain in his chest had been absolutely crushing. As if a steel box had just plummeted onto his ribcage and refused to move. He felt as if he had been suffocating, despite the abundance of air rushing into his lungs. He didn't even feel pain when Toothless started pumping his heart for him, even though it broke his sternum. All he remembered was that was the last time he had seen the raven-haired boy's face. That was the last time he would ever see his face.

Hiccup grit his teeth as a fresh pool of tears gathered in his eyes and blurred his vision. He pressed his eyelids together and let it flow out. He had given up on holding it in a long time ago. How could he? He'd lost so much all at onceâ€|

He choked out a pitiful sound and rolled onto his side clutching his pillow against his chest as a new wave of sorrow washed over him. _Why did you have to go? _ Hiccup choked as his sobs started soaking through the fabric. _You said you loved meâ€|. You said you never wanted anything bad to happen to me. So why? Why don't you careâ€|?_

His breaths became erratic as his anguish poured out of him. He pulled his knees up to his chest and buried his face in his pillow to lessen the sounds of the pitiful whimpering escaping his throat. He felt like an abandoned child pining for his mother, but he didn't care. He didn't care about anything anymore.

_I'm sorry! _He found himself often pleading. _I didn't mean to disobey youâ€|I'll do anythingâ€| I'll do anything as long as you'll come backâ€|Pleaseâ€| I miss you so much, Toothlessâ€| Don't leave me

alone anymoreâ€|_

"_Hiccup?" _a voice said gently from behind him.

Hiccup sniffed and stopped having his tantrum; however, his breathing was still staggered and he refused to release the pillow from his hold.

He felt as Jack slowly lay on Hiccup's bed behind him and pulled him against his chest. Hiccup tried to regulate his breathing and concentrate on Jack gently stroking his hair and neck. His breath continued to hitch for another ten minutes before he felt himself capable of letting go of the pillow.

He was grateful Jack was thereâ€|Without him, Hiccup wouldn't have anyone else to turn to. His dad had him move back home so he could care for him during his recovery. Hiccup had many follow-up appointments, physical therapy, and counseling sessions to attend. However, Stoick still worked most days, leaving Hiccup alone to fester in his crushing depression. But Jack had never left him. He came over every day just to be with Hiccup and care for him, even if it just meant lying in bed with him and pulling him out of his misery.

And yet Hiccup hated it. He felt guilty for Jack coming to take care of him. To abandon The Guardians and his job just to comfort Hiccup while he cried. It was unfair. Hiccup was nothing but a burden nowâ€|he was useless.

Hiccup flipped over so he could wrap his arms around Jack and bury his face into his chest.

"_I'm sorryâ€|_"_ he whispered as the tears continued to leak out.

"_I told you, you've got nothing to be sorry for," _Jack replied in a low voice as he traced his fingers around Hiccup's back.

But Hiccup did feel sorry. He felt sorry for ruining everyone's lives. He destroyed his father financially. He let The Guardians down, causing Jack to abandon his responsibilities there and spend his days with Hiccup. He ruined his own life. Lost the ability to do everything he had previously taken for granted. He always lamented how awkward he was, but at least he could fucking move. Now he couldn't even walk anymore.

And most of allâ€|he ruined Toothless's life. Hiccup had no idea where he was or how he was doing, but he could only assume he had gone back to his family. Back to Pitch. The image of Toothless crying came to Hiccup's mind again and again. It killed him to think about Toothless being tortured and abused againâ€|and it's all Hiccup's fault. Hot tears continued to bleed from his eyes and his thoughts drifted towards the darkness again.

But Jack interrupted him. "_Did you eat yet?" _

Hiccup didn't answer for a moment, because Jack had been getting on his case about how he had been starving himself. He had lost a lot of weight, mostly muscle mass, because his appetite and activity-level were nonexistent. He never thought to eat. Even though Jack had gone

out of his way to learn how to cook Hiccup's family recipes, Hiccup didn't have the stomach to keep much down. He'd have a few bites and feel full. It just didn't give him pleasure anymore.

"_No." _

_"_Well, come on. Let's go downstairs, I'll make you something,"
_Jack replied gently as he leaned up on one arm.

Hiccup just stared at the blankets and shook his head. He didn't want to get up. He hated going downstairs. It was one of the hardest things for him and it only served to remind him that he was forever a cripple.

"_Hicâ€¦you've got to eat. And you know the doctors said you need to move arou-" _

_"_Just leave me alone." _

Hiccup felt Jack's body stiffen for a moment as he hesitated. But he slowly got off of the bed to go downstairs. Hiccup knew he was just going to make him food and bring it up. Hiccup knew Jack wouldn't actually leaveâ€¦He wasn't Toothless.

And despite hating himself for treating Jack that way, he couldn't help it. Guilt, self-hate, and despair had consumed Hiccup and his only outlets were Jack and his father. He knew it wasn't fair to them. And that cycle only caused him to hate himself even more.

Several minutes later, Jack came back through his bedroom door carrying a plate of toast with peanut butter and a cut up banana. Hiccup wasn't sure why he always cut it up for him. It's not like his jaw was broken. But then againâ€¦it reminded Hiccup of his childhood and served as a small token of comfort, despite the fact he was no longer a child.

Jack sat down next to Hiccup and leaned into the pillows. Hiccup scoot himself upright as well so that he could take the plate and eat properly.

"_Did you want to watch a movie?" _Jack asked him.

Hiccup stared at the food and simply shrugged his shoulders. They had long ago exhausted all the movies he owned and many of them he refused to watch anymore. He couldn't take watching anything with romantic interest or about anything that reminded him of Toothless, which was a surprisingly large number of movies, including his old favorites.

Jack wordlessly got up and grabbed a movie off the desk before sticking it into Hiccup's laptop and bringing it over to the bed. He climbed back on next to Hiccup and settled the device onto his lap while the movie started. It was a retro black-and-white film, one of the few that Hiccup could stand watching. It had a nonexistent plot line, but it was at least funny. Not that he ever laughed, but it still made Jack laugh. And that at least made Hiccup feel better.

He set his half-finished plate aside and sunk down into the pillows leaning his head into Jack's chest, who responded by wrapping his arm

around him and kissing the side of his head. Hiccup was only half paying attention to the movie. Mostly he just listened to Jack's laugh reverberate in his chest as he watched his favorite parts. But after the laughter died down, Hiccup could hear his heartâ€|

Tears welled up again and fell down his cheeks as the memories came back to him once again. He couldn't do anything without rememberingâ€|

Even though he knew Jack had noticed, he just ignored it and leisurely stroked Hiccup's slender arm. He had long ago given up on quelling Hiccup's anguish. He knew from personal experience that he did a lot just by being there with him as he went through it.

As the movie ended, Hiccup's tears had stopped flowing. Jack closed the laptop and turned to kiss Hiccup's forehead before saying while laughing a little, "_You really need to bathe though. I'll go draw the bath and you meet me in-"_

_"__I don't feel like it." _

Jack pursed his lips in a thoughtful manner. He was no longer affected by Hiccup's negative reactions and just expected any suggestion he made to be rejected.

"_Get in there or I'll throw you in," _he said while smirking a little.

Hiccup scowled at him. He knew Jack knew that Hiccup above all else hated being carried now. And it was easier for Jack since Hiccup had lost weight. Sensing his compliance, Jack's smirk grew and he kissed Hiccup's forehead again before disappearing into the bathroom.

Hiccup sighed and swung his legs over the edge of the bed and reached for his crutch. He hadn't been given a prosthetic yet as his leg had been still in its final stages of healing. The emergency amputation meant that they weren't able to prepare it properly and it was taking several painfully long months. But tomorrow he was scheduled for his fitting at least.

He hobbled his way down the hall and into the bathroom. Jack was bent over the tub, filling it with warm water for him. Hiccup hopped onto the tiled floor, resting his crutch against the wall before leaning over the sink to examine himself in the mirror.

He hated how he looked. He had lost enough weight that it showed in his face. His hair was disheveled and matted after not bathing for several days. And his eyes held dark circles under them from not being able to sleep. The doctors had cut him off from his pain medication after he had been asking for it for over a month longer than he actually needed it. He had grown quite dependent on it as it was helping him sleep through the night.

He reached out to grab his toothbrush, since he knew Jack would remind him otherwise. He squeezed a line of toothpaste on it and proceeded to remove the grime from his mouth. After he spit and rinsed, the tub was completely filled. Hiccup hopped over to the toilet and sat down on the seat. He pulled up his pant leg and proceeded to unwrap the bandages from his stump. The flesh wounds had

completely healed; however, he preferred to keep it covered. Even though the swelling had gone down since two months ago, the marks from his stiches were still prominent and it was something he avoided looking at.

Jack stepped and looked aside in order to give Hiccup privacy while he undressed. He knew how self-conscious Hiccup was about his body since he lost his leg. It didn't help that his hip bones protruded more now and his arms were significantly thinner than before.

Hiccup carefully lowered himself into the tub and pulled the curtain shut as he did so. After he was in, he heard Jack leave the bathroom, keeping the door open after he left. Hiccup wasn't positive why he did that. Jack said it was just because they were home alone and he didn't see the point; however, Hiccup believed that Jack was afraid to leave him alone in a tub of water. It bothered him that Jack felt the need to keep such a close watch on him whenever he was around. If Hiccup wanted to kill himself, there were easier ways to do so than drowning.

He washed his hair and body before letting himself relax fully in the warm water. He wished the bathtub were bigger so he could actually lay down. However, there was still enough room to stretch the one leg out completelyâ€¦

The water quickly grew cold and he pulled the drain before getting out to dry himself off. No sooner had he done so before he realized that Jack had left him a change of clothes. As in real clothes. As if Hiccup was going somewhere. Annoyed, he wrapped the towel around his waist, grabbed the pile and his crutch before hobbling back into his bedroom.

"_What's this for?"_ he asked dropping the clothes on the bed, the aggravation clearly ringing through his voice after he saw Jack sitting on Hiccup's bed, which had new sheets and was neatly made.

"_Relax," _Jack commanded to get Hiccup off his back before he jumped to conclusions, "_I just threw in the laundry and you were out of pajamas and sweat pants." _

Hiccup pressed his lips into a thin line before leaning the crutch against the wall and grabbing underwear from the pile. "_You can go if you want," _he said in a low voice as he sat on the bed to pull on his underwear. Even though part of him loved Jack waiting on him hand and foot, another part equally hated it. It made him feel helpless.

"_I'm not going anywhere," _Jack answered firmly.

Hiccup hesitated and abandoned the rest of the clothes to lean his face into his hands as his eyes started to heat up again. Why the hell did Jack make it so hard to be mad at him? No matter how bitter or depressive Hiccup was, Jack refused to be pushed away.

He felt as Jack gently pulled his hand away before guiding his chin to turn towards him, forcing Hiccup to look into his crystal blue eyes that only held kindness and love for him.

"_Hey," _Jack muttered softly as he placed his other hand on Hiccup's

bare waist, "_I told you, I'm not here because I feel sorry for you. I'm here because I don't want to be alone either." _

"_But you're not aloneâ€|"_ Hiccup said as he closed his eyes and choked back a sob. "_You still have Bunny and Anna and the- the kids and-" _

"_Yeah, but you're not there," _Jack interrupted. Hiccup looked back up at him and felt his vision blur over. Jack continued, "_When I'm with youâ€|it doesn't hurt as much. I would sleep here if your dad would fucking let me." _

Hiccup let out a breath of air in a silent laugh. His dad definitely liked Jack a lot and had accepted that his son and Jack were together; however, Stoick was still adamant about Jack not staying the night. He had never mentioned to his dad that he had shared a room with him.

Hiccup started a little when he felt Jack's lips press against his own. Usually Jack was very chaste around him, so much that Hiccup had forgotten how soft his lips were. And how they were always slightly chilled. Hiccup pushed back into him a little and he heard Jack inhale softly as he moved his lips against the white-haired boy's.

But after a moment, Hiccup pulled back. "_Jackâ€|I don't really want-" _

"_You don't have to do anything, Hic. Justâ€|kiss me for a minute. Please?" _Jack asked opening his eyes a little in order to look at Hiccup.

Hiccup hesitated. He knew that he didn't feel like doing anything passionate; however, Jack had been so patient with him. Hiccup figured he at least owed him that much.

He leaned back over and connected his lips with Jack's. Jack closed his eyes and raised a hand to hold the brunet's neck as he slowly moved his lips against Hiccup's. It wasn't unpleasant. In fact, it was comforting. Hiccup felt as Jack leaned into him and slowly guided him into lying on the bed. Jack lay his body alongside him, crossing his leg over Hiccup's and continued to gently kiss the brunette. Hiccup's heart fluttered a little as he felt Jack breathing against him. Kissing him wasn't chaste; but neither was it lustful. They simply were. They were together.

Hiccup felt as Jack's fingertips traced soft lines along his stomach before he gently nipped Hiccup's bottom lip. Too much. Hiccup pulled back after that and sat up to finish putting on his pants.

"_You know you're still gorgeous, right?" _Jack said as he remained lying on the bed.

"_No I'm not," _Hiccup said firmly. Jack was able to see right through him and his insecurities. But Hiccup didn't feel like sharing his body with someone when he was barely able to look at himself.

"_Yes you are, Hic," _Jack said with a serious expression. "_You're still you. And you'll get past this. You've got your fitting tomorrow

and pretty soon, you'll be able to get around like before-

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"__Yeah, well, a prosthetic isn't exactly sexy," _Hiccup mumbled negatively.

"_Are you kidding?" _Jack asked as he sat up. "_There are porn sites completely dedicated to amputees!" _

Hiccup turned his head to look at him as if he had lost his mind.

"_And you know this how, exactly?" _

"_Hey. I did my research and figured that this might be your new calling," _he replied with a slight grin.

"_Research. Huhâ€|" _Hiccup replied skeptically, suddenly annoyed at the wayward manner in which Jack used Hiccup's computer. He made a mental note to change the wifi password.

"_After all, your dad was ready to accept you as a prostitute. Being a porn-star would probably be considered a step up in his book," _Jack said as his grin crawled up into a smirk.

"_I hate you," _Hiccup chuckled as he half-heartedly shoved Jack's chest.

"_Arghh yeah baby_. _Now kick me with your stump, maybe I'll get hard," _Jack retorted and then laughed as Hiccup smacked him across the head. He chuckled and rubbed his sore temple before deciding to change his tune as he got up to walk out of the room, "_Alright. I'm going to go get the Playstation." _

As he left, Hiccup reached over to grab his shirt and slip it on, but Jack peeked his head back in and chastised, "_Now don't run away or anything," _before winking and disappearing again.

Hiccup smiled a little at the irony and pulled his t-shirt on before lying down again. Jack always managed to pull him out of his dark despair when he came over. Hiccup wished that he could live with Jack again. That he could go back to living at The Guardiansâ€|. However his dad wouldn't allow it. Stoick was convinced that Hiccup was safer at home. But he wouldn't even let Jack stay the nightâ€|. His dad had become over-protective of him since that day. Even though Hiccup was obviously working through a lot, Jack was practically a member of the family and was helping him the most. And Stoick still treated Hiccup like a porcelain dollâ€|and he hated it.

"_Jack!" _he called suddenly. "_Never mind! I'll come down!"

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"_Hey mate, how is everythin?" _Bunny asked as he walked into the kitchen to find Jack sitting at the kitchen table with his head in his arms. Bunny had been in the club prepping everything for later that evening and hadn't taken a break since five in the morning. He was much busier now that they were short three bodies, albeit, at least he didn't have to feed three extra people.

Jack didn't answer immediately, and Bunny thought he had fallen

asleep. But he raised his head after a moment and replied, "_Fine I guessâ€¦ Did you need help with anything?" _

"_Nah, I finished everythin' on my own. I work quick," _he said as he sat down next to the skinny kid. "_How's Hiccup?" _he asked trying to get at the real reason Jack was bothered.

Bunny knew from Jack that Hiccup had been in miserable spirits since he came home from the hospital. Jack went to visit him every day; however, he always seemed mentally drained when he got back.

"_Better. I made him laugh," _he said half-heartedly.

"_Well, he's makin' progress Jack. That's a good thing." _Jack nodded slowly as if only in partial agreement. Bunny continued, "_Have you tried getting him out of the house? Maybe he could-" _

_"__I know you've __**got**__ to be kidding," _Jack said looking over at him with a doubtful look on his face.

"_What?" _Bunny asked confused as to why it was such an outrageous question. "_He's been hauled up in that house for months now. It might do him good to even bring him here for a bit." _

Jack turned his body to face Bunny and asked, "_You want to know what happened last time I took him out?" _Bunny just sat still and waited for Jack to continue. "_I brought him to the movie theater thinking it'd be fine. We'd sit in the dark, watch a comedy, eat shitty popcorn, and act normal for once. But he __**broke down**__ Buns. I was just about to buy the tickets when he ran out." _Jack paused for a second as if rethinking his last words, but then added somberly, "_It took me a week to even get him out of bed after that." _

Bunny then prompted, "_Did you ask him what happened?" _

Jack looked back up at him and answered, "_Yeah. Mostly he wasn't prepared for the amount of stares he got from people once they realized his leg was missing." _

_"__Ahâ€¦"_ _Bunny confirmed his understanding.

Jack continued, "_And second, turns out we went to the theater where he went on his first date with Toothless at." _

Bunny nodded his head slowly considering his response. "_Well Jackâ€¦ I'm sure once he gets his prosthetic, he'll feel better. Even if he has a limp for a while, he'll blend in enough to not get stared at." _

_"__Yeah I know, but that's not it," _ Jack said morosely as he propped his head up with his elbow.

"_You mean the part about Toothless is bothering you," _he said more than asked.

Jack nodded and stared into the table, "_Yeahâ€¦ I mean, I miss him too. I miss him so freakin' much... But it's like I'm not even allowed to be sad about it, because Hiccup has it so much worse than I do." _Jack started counting off on his fingers as he elaborated,

"_He was kidnapped, twice. Tortured. He lost his leg. He almost died. And even though he'll never admit it to me, I know he fell for Toothless first. So on top of the turbo-mountain of shit he has to deal with, his first love never even fucking bothered to check if he was alright. Or leave a goddamn note. So __**I **__was the one who had to break the news to him. __**I **__was the one who had to see his heart shatter and also be the one to pick up the fucking pieces while he just lies there and cries." _Jack buried his head back into his arms, but not before Bunny had seen his ice-blue eyes start to glaze over. "_I'm such a terrible person for thinking thatâ€|" _he said in a low voice.

Bunny took a deep breath. He had learned the details about what went on among the three of them only after Hiccup and Toothless had left. Now he was Jack's only confidence and person he felt comfortable talking to. A few times, Jack had told him things Bunny would rather not have known, but he wouldn't have ever turned Jack away. He was like a kid brother to him.

"_You're allowed to be sad, mate. You had to go through the fear of almost losing Hiccup. And you were the one who had first discovered Toothless left. That was a lot to deal with in one dayâ€| In fact, it might even make Hiccup feel better knowing that you're dealing with some of the same stuff as he is," _he said encouragingly. Bunny didn't feel like a big relationship expert, but he still felt the need to console the boy. However Jack simply nodded into his arms and didn't reply.

"_Well I'm gonna take ya out then," _Bunny said as his hand fell on the table with a soft thud.

"_What?" _Jack asked, turning his head to look up at Bunny over his arm.

"_I mean we'll go do something fun. Ya deserve it," _he said smiling down at the white-haired kid.

"_But you work tonight," _Jack reminded him.

"_Sandy will be there and the new people we hired are experienced enough," _he explained but noticed Jack was still eyeing him skeptically. "_Come on Snowflake, you've gotta do somethin' for yourself once in a while." _

Jack stared at him for a moment, but then sighed and gave in. "_Alright, just let me go get changed first," _he said before leaving out the kitchen and out the front door.

Bunny smiled a little and stood up to go shower and change as well. The room at the end of the hall had been vacated, as Jack didn't want to sleep in there anymore. Instead, he opted to sleep in his old room up in North's flat upstairs. Bunny had to admit that he missed everyone as well. There were a lot fewer laughs and fun times without them all there. However, the manner in which Toothless had left was plain cold. To just come home and see that everything of his had vanished. Not even a token to remember him byâ€|Bunny had felt so bad for Jack when he found out.

At least Jack was moving on, and Hiccup as well. It had been almost half a year and life was falling back into a state of normalcy at the

Guardians. And Bunny would always be there to help Jack stay grounded. Hopefully he could get his mind off of Hiccup and Toothless at least for a few hours.

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The bass was really strong in the club that Bunny had taken him to. It was an interesting place, as Bunny knew all the hottest spots in town. It was a club in which many local bands and DJ's were highlighted at. However, it was still a pretty high-end place. One had to be 21 in order to be admitted. But Bunny was able to get Jack inside, despite him being underage. The Australian had a mad amount of hook-ups.

Jack was sitting at a high-top table with Bunny and absentmindedly swishing his straw around his soda. Despite getting him inside, Bunny had set the rule that he wasn't allowed to drink any alcohol. To which Jack was begrudgingly complying, but only because Bunny was paying. The DJ that was currently featured was pretty impressive. The beat he had going was solid and his improvisation was unbelievable. Jack made a note to try and get him to play at The Guardians sometimeâ€|

Jack snapped back to reality when a couple girls passed by and started talking to them. They were cute at least. One had long, auburn hair and was wearing very sultry eye makeup, while the other had black hair that was styled into long, thin braids that ran down past her shoulders. She had dyed some strips red, which added a cool affect to her style. Despite the ongoing conversation, Jack was only half listening to what they were saying. He wasn't really interested in socializing with random people on his off-days. He had to do that enough at work.

He must have missed some vital change in conversation, because all of a sudden, Bunny was leading the auburn-haired girl out onto the dance floor. He watched him suddenly disappear into the crowd and shifted his focus to the remaining girl.

"_Soâ€|did you want to dance?" _the black-haired girl asked Jack inquisitively. Her eyes were a light caramel-color and Jack had to admit that he she had a very pretty face.

"_Iâ€|uhâ€|" _Jack fumbled over his choice of words in how to politely deny her request. Normally he would have jumped on the chance; however, he didn't want to do anything to hurt Hiccup. But... dammit. He honestly didn't know how to politely turn down anyone. He looked up at her and opened his mouth as if to respond; howeverâ€|he froze.

"_I'm- I'm sorry. I've gotta go," _he said suddenly as he abandoned his drink on the table and walked around her.

Her face looked shocked from his unusual response, but Jack didn't pay it any mind. He thought he sawâ€|

That couldn't be him. His mind had only made him think he had caught a glimpse of the raven-haired boy over the girl's shoulder when he had looked up at her. Jack pushed his way through the barricade of people so he could get a little closer. He stopped behind a small group of college kids and leaned against the wall to get a better

look.

It was definitely him. He was standing with a small group of people near the bar, but the reason Jack hadn't recognized him right away was because he had altered his appearance. His hair was cut short. Now it was only a couple inches on the top of his head, gradually fading shorter along the sides. A black and red tattoo now covered his left arm, which disappeared into his sleeve and could be seen feathering above the collar onto his neck. But he looked downright classy. His clothes seemed more expensive and his friends were equally put-together.

Jack didn't recognize anyone in the group he was with. There were a couple guys, who looked a little older, and a really pretty blonde girl. It looked as though they were well-acquainted and simply enjoying their conversation together. However, anger licked at Jack's insides when the blonde moved closer to Toothless and he responded by comfortably wrapping his arm around her waist, hooking his thumb into the waistband of her black leather pants.

How could he be doing so fucking well? While all the while, Hiccup had been wasting away these past six months, Toothless was busy getting inked and screwing this other chick. Jack clenched his fists as the girl leaned up to whisper something in his ear, which caused him to smile and throw a retort at one of the other guys that Jack couldn't hear.

That was it, Jack was going to kick his ass. He hadn't known what had happened to Toothless in the time he was gone. He had assumed that he would be as miserable as when Jack had first met him. That he would have at least been able to see that Toothless had made almost as big a sacrifice as Hiccup had when he chose to leave like that.

Ignoring the looks the random group of college kids threw over at him occasionally as he stood there looking pissed off and fuming, Jack was running over ideas of how to get him alone. He didn't want to risk talking to anyone Toothless affiliated with after what had happened to Hiccup. There was no way to do it without getting all of their attention. And he didn't want to risk Toothless catching sight of him and leaving. That would be something that he would do after allâ€¦|

Fortunately, luck was on his side when Toothless excused himself and made his way over to the restroom. Jack followed him at a safe distance so as to not tip him off.

As Jack walked into the bathroom, which was surprisingly empty, Toothless was just zipping up his pants.

"_It's about time. I thought you'd never come over," _he said as he turned around and put a hand on his hip.

Jack started and paused for a minute from the abrupt confrontation and then inquired, "_You knew I was here?" _

"_Yeah Jack. You're kind of hard to miss. What with the-" _he made a gesture at his own head in reference to Jack's stark white hair color.

Jack just continued to glare at Toothless. He had never felt the

desire to hurt someone so much in his entire life. Toothless had hurt him. He had destroyed Hiccup. The memories of Hiccup's first week out of the hospital were some of the worst experiences he's had to go through. He had never felt so desperate to help another person, which made him feel even more terrible knowing there was nothing Jack could do for him.

"_You're not going to let me leave without causing a scene, are you?" _Toothless stated more than asked as he raised an eyebrow at Jack.

"_If beating your face in counts as causing a scene," _Jack growled. He grit his teeth in response to how nonchalant Toothless was being. As if he had merely borrowed money and Jack was harping on him to pay up.

Toothless exhaled slowly and then walked towards Jack, taking hold of his forearm as he pulled him out the bathroom door.

"_Where are we going?!" _he yelled at Toothless. He really didn't feel like being led around like a four-year old.

"_Shut up," _Toothless responded as they rounded a corner in the hallway. Toothless approached a set of wooden double doors and jiggled the handle before opening one and walking inside. Jack had no choice but to be pulled in after him.

Toothless had brought him to a spare room in the club that was probably just reserved for meetings or private parties. But Jack jumped when he heard Toothless click the lock behind him.

"_Alright, what do you want?" _Toothless asked in a steady voice.

"_You are the most selfish person on this god-forsaken PLANET you know THAT?!" _Jack unleashed on him.

However, Toothless only crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow as he said, "_Is that all? I figured you'd have come up with much better insults for me by now."

"_Do you even CARE about what you DID?!" _Jack continued to yell at him. He resisted approaching too close to Toothless, as Jack was now afraid that Toothless might hurt him after seeing what he did to that guy Hiccup called Caesar.

But Toothless just continued to stare blankly at Jack. His eyes were as penetrating as ever and that made Jack even more infuriated that he looking at him like that. After a long pause he asked, "_You want me to apologize? Alright, I'm sorry that I left like I did."

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"_You didn't fucking __**leave, **__Toothless. You tried to wipe away your entire existence. I came back to find __**nothing. **__You had just __**vanishedâ€¦| **__Did we seriously mean so fucking little to you that you couldn't have left a text message? Or a goddamn Post-It note?" _he fumed as he waved his arms around like a madman.

"_I thought a clean break would have been better."

_"Better for WHO, TOOTHLESS?" _Jack said as his eyes widened in response to that insane state of reasoning. "_YOU were the one to yell at ME saying that I couldn't just mess around with people and not care how it affects them. Did you even stop to THINK_-"

"_You think I made that decision lightly?" _Toothless interrupted in a low voice that made Jack hesitate. So Toothless continued, "_You're right, I was selfish. I was selfish for staying as long as I did."

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Jack took a step back a little as he lost the ability to find words that could react to that statement. He had gone over a million scenarios in his head about what he would say if he ever met Toothless again, but this wasn't one that he was expecting. Toothless was undeniably happy when he was with themâ€|

After the pause and seeing Jack's shocked expression, he elaborated, "_Hiccup got off __**lucky, **__Jack. If I hadn't found him, he would have been killed and no one would have found the body. And I __**knew **__that would have happened sooner or later to one of youâ€|I __**knew **__it. But I stayed anyway." _He continued to bury his stare into Jack as he added, "_I should have left the day after Pitch marked Hiccup._ I_ should have left before things got the way they did between us." _

Jack felt as though those words had just pierced directly through his heart. How could Toothlessâ€|regret everything they did? Everything they had?

Finally he found one of the questions he had needed to ask. "_Did you even care?" _

Toothless's eyes flashed once before he asked, "_About what?"

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"_Did you even __**care **__how he was? Or bother to fucking check to see how he was doing before you ran off?" _he asked, the fury building into his voice again.

"_I knew he was alive. And I know he's still alive." _

_"_Oh... And you suppose that's good enough then?" _Jack asked flabbergasted.

"_It's better than what would have happened if I didn't go." _

"_Yeah? You weren't __**there **__to see him after he left the hospital. I've honestly never seen someone so broken before. It took me a __**week **__to get him to eat something. Even now, he's all skin and bones, because he wakes up EVERY. FUCKING. DAY. blaming himself for everything that happened! Thinking that YOU'RE suffering right now and it's all HIS fault!" _he yelled panting as his anger had reached its critical point.

"_Well, you can tell him I'm fine and he should move on. He still has you," _Toothless responded monotonously.

"_Well you know what? It's not just Hiccup. You hurt __**me

too. **_You hurt __**Anna. **_And best of all, you hurt __**the kids**_. They all acted as if they had just lost another parent after you fucking abandoned all of us." _

And at that Jack thought he finally saw regret surge across Toothless's eyes. So he continued in an attempt to rub it in, "_Did you know that I __**still **_hear Pippa cry at night? And what's more? She and Jamie are getting into trouble at school now. And I honestly blame you for fucking everything up." _

Toothless stood motionless for a moment. He was still as a statue and just as expressionless. It made Jack want to hit him even more.

"_Is that all?" _he asked abruptly in a low voice as he reached out to unlock the door.

"_Just tell me why." _

_"_Why what?" _Toothless asked as he paused and turned his head to look at him.

"_Why it had to happen like thatâ€¦ Hiccup was just trying to __**help **_you. He was trying to do the right thingâ€¦ Why was he taken like that? _Why did you have to leave? _And_ what was the __**real **_reason you came to The Guardians in the first place?" _he asked. Everything that had ever happened between him and Toothless had replayed over and over in Jack's mind and he hadn't been able to make sense of any part of it.

Toothless dropped his arm to his side and turned to face Jack as he asked exasperated, "_You really don't get it, do you?" _

_"_Get what?" _Jack asked.

Toothless took a deep breath and placed two fingers on his temple before asking, "_Where do you think cocaine comes from, Jack?" _

The question took him aback. He wasn't expecting Toothless to give him a history quiz of all things. But he responded anyway, "_Uhâ€¦like South America or something?" _

"_Yeah. And how do you think it __**gets **_all the way up here?" _Toothless pressed.

"_How the hell should I know Toothless?! Drug lords smuggle it across the border?" _Jack asked growing annoyed.

"_Sort of. But these aren't some petty drug dealers filling their coats and sneaking across the border control. These people ship it up here by the __**boat load,**_" _he said as he emphasized certain words. His eyes more intense as he continued, "_These people have __**money**_, Jack__**. **_These people have __**power. **_These people are your doctors, lawyers, politicians, lobbyists, journalists, and executives. They control __**a lot**_. They're not the type of people who easily let valuable things go. What's most amazing-" _he laughed cynically as he added, "_they commit the heaviest crimesâ€¦and yet who are the people we're sending to jail?" _

_"_Who?" _Jack asked in a low voice, still unsure of why Toothless

was telling him this.

"_The petty addict. The poor dealer in the ghetto. People who have no power over anything whatsoever. The law attacks them like vultures, completely ignoring people like my dad who are the root of it all, because they're too protected. Around here they focus specifically on those living in the west side of the city. In Anna's old neighborhood." _

_"__Why just them?" _

"_Because they're the poorest. Many don't speak English. Because they don't have the resources to defend themselves," _he explained.

"..._So what does that have to do with anything?" _he asked confused how this connected to what had happened.

"_How do you think Caesar found out so quickly that Hiccup spoke to the police?" _he asked astonished that Jack hadn't put it together. "_It was only thirty minutes after he spoke to them that he was drugged and kidnapped. That wasn't __**coincidence**__. The detective Hiccup spoke to was a __**mole.**__ He works for __**us**__ and immediately contacted Caesar. He was __**never **__going to help Hiccup get justice for me. In fact no matter what, the case would have never made it to court." _

That at least explained how Hiccup was caught so quickly. However, he was becoming more interested in what Toothless did before he met Jack. _"So why did you come to The Guardians several years ago?" _Jack repeated the question as his brows came together.

Toothless took a deep breath as if debating whether to continuing leaking information to Jack as had been. But something in him decided to give in as he went on, "_I came not because of my dad, but other people. And Benedikt wanted to make sure I was well hidden. Although, I always knew that m__y dad would have taken me back no matter what, because he needs me. I can hack into any computer, database, or mainframe in the country. I can dig into private records and alter anything I want." _Jack's expression hardened at Toothless's confession, so Toothless elaborated, _"I started doing this because I felt bad for Anna's neighborhood. How the people who were being arrested needed __**help**__. They were addicts because of __**my family**__. Because of __**me. **__So I made a deal. I shortened their sentences and sent them into rehabilitation. I falsified their finances, their medical insurance, and whatever else was needed to make it happen. And in the end, many recovered. But it wouldn't have happened without the help of Mr. and Mrs. Toothiana." _

Jack's breathing stopped when he heard their names. "_You meanâ€|**You** worked with Anna's __**parents?**__" _he asked bewildered.

"_Sort of. I worked with a chief physician named Esteban Riojas Sr. And they worked under him. Now mind you," _Toothless said as he reached an arm out towards Jack, "_They were acting completely out of the goodness of their hearts. They knew what they were doing was illegal, but didn't agree with how the system was run. So they accepted no salary from doing so, just wishing to be reimbursed with the cost of medical supplies." _

Jack felt his heart pick up as he was slowly approaching upon a realization, "_So what happened to them?" _he asked growing frightened.

Toothless inhaled deeply and looked off to the side. In a quieter voice he confessed, "_A while ago, I was having disputes with the main dealer in the area. One dayâ€|he hurt me. And my dad shortly found out. Not surprisingly, he overreacted as he held a grudge against the guy anyway. He ordered Caesar to get rid of him. But Rey, the dealer, had been going to visit Anna's parents at the timeâ€|" _Toothless paused as if struggling to find an appropriate way to phrase what he wanted to say. Finally, he admitted, "_And Caesar doesn't leave any witnesses." _

Jack felt as though a brick had plummeted into his stomach. "_Iâ€| I thought Anna said that they were killed in a car crashâ€|" _he uttered in a low voice.

"_Wellâ€|that's just what the police report said," _Toothless said before turning his eyes to look at Jack.

Jack stood frozen, unable to believe what the raven-haired boy was saying. "_Youâ€|you __**covered up __**what that maniac __**did to them?!" **_Jack said growing frantic.

"_I had no choice. But that didn't stop the residents from suspecting what happened and blaming me for everything. So I needed to disappear for a while, bringing me to The Guardians coincidentally a little before Anna arrived. I stayed longer than I was supposed to because I felt that I owed them something." _

Jack stood frozen as his feet weren't allowing him to move. He couldn't believe that Toothless was involved with Anna's parents' death. That he protected their murderers. And heâ€| _"Noâ€|noâ€|" _Jack said distraughtly as he shoved past Toothless and pushed open the wooden doors. He needed to get away. He couldn't be near him anymore. He couldn'tâ€|he couldn't deal with thisâ€|

â€|.

"_Luka?! Where are you going?" _Anya yelled as he rushed out the exit.

"_Home." _

"_But- Hey wait!" _she called as she struggled to catch up to him in her high-heels. She hopped on the sidewalk to take them off before running the remaining distance. "_Will you at least tell me what happened?!" _she asked clearly pissed off that Luka had decided to ditch her so quickly.

"_No. Now just go home, Stormfly," _he said curtly as he continued to stalk down the street.

"_You don't have to call me that," _she said frowning up at him, "_We're not around any off the other members." _

She continued walking alongside him, her taking two steps for every one long stride of his, all the while glaring up at him.

"_Fine," _she said frustrated knowing that Luka wasn't going to talk to her now. "_I'll just see you later then." _She stopped walking with him and turned to head in the opposite direction.

Luka was thankful she decided not to be stubborn tonight. He really didn't feel like talking and might have blown up on her had she decided to pester him. He just needed to get homeâ€¦

He hadn't expected to find Jack at all that night. In fact, he had been going to 21 and over establishments in an attempt at avoiding that sort of chance encounter. Bunny must have snuck him in there. Luka knew he had seen the Australian as well after he noticed Jack was watching him.

But least of all had he expected to tell Jack as much as he did. He had promised himself that if either of them confronted him again, he would tell them enough to make them stay away. However, maybe it was for the best he confessed. It was the only way he could protect them. He had made that mistake by withholding information from Hiccup. But now he needed to make them understand. To make them ****want**** to forget himâ€¦

He saw his vision blur and quickly rubbed an arm across his eyes as he drove down his neighborhood street. He had to pull himself together. He couldn't dwell on itâ€¦dwell on themâ€¦ ****He**** needed to forget more than anythingâ€¦

Luka pulled up in front of his house and turned the key in the ignition to turn the car off. He inhaled and accepted that he had succeeded. Jack would never talk to him again. Now he'd go tell Hiccup so that Hiccup could hate him too... But it was necessary. Now they'll be happy together...without him.

Luka leaned his arms over the steering wheel and bit his tongue as his eyes were unable to hold back any longer. He was sorry...he was so incredibly sorry for everything that he'd ever caused. Everywhere he went, he only caused pain. So many people were hurt because of him... But he didn't want to hurt anyone anymore...

He had no other choice but to be alone...

Luka wiped his eyes and got out of the sleek black car his father had given him as a homecoming present. Walking up to the houseâ€¦he noticed the lights were still on. It was late, but not terribly late as he had left very early.

Unlocking the front door, Luka walked inside and dropped his keys on the table by the door. Turning, he headed up the stairs and down the hall until he found the room he was looking for.

He knocked softly on the thick wooden door and heard a faint, "_Come in," _from the other side. He opened the door and stepped into the large bedroom. It was illuminated with the soft glow of the lamps next to the four-poster bed, in which lay his father, who was relaxing against the backboard and reading a book.

"_Luka?" _he asked concerned as to why his son had interrupted him at this time of night. He wasn't even supposed to be home for several more hours.

"_I need you to redo it," _he stated firmly from the doorway.

Pitch stared at him for a moment as if trying to piece together the meaning of Luka's request. After he understood, he took off his glasses and sighed before saying, "_Lukaâ€|you know daddy's tired. And it's late, so my hands will shake-" _

He stopped talking when Luka reached down to swiftly pull his shirt over his head as he walked over to the bed. Luka saw his father's eyes trace up his form as he approached. Then he placed his hands on the edge of the bed and leaned forward until he was pressing his lips against Pitch's.

He broke the kiss after a minute and pulled back looking gently into his father's tired eyes.

"_Please?" _he asked, practically begging.

Pitch didn't say anything for a moment as he was transfixed by those brilliant green orbs. He slowly licked his lips and then conceded, "_Alrightâ€|fine. Grab my kit and clean the scalpel. I'll meet you downstairs in a few minutes."_

* * *

><p>Please leave a review and let me know what you think!

**I wrote this in one go and need to make sure it makes sense.
:)**

Also, how do you see the three boys now? Love/hate/other?

33. Chapter 33

**For this chapter, I had on Period by Chemistry. It's a Japanese band and the song was the fourth opener to FMAB. **

But I love the song and I think it fits this chapter, especially the beginning scene.

**Please enjoy :) **

Warning: Explicit language.

* * *

><p>Kapitel 33

Benedikt knew something was off the moment he walked in the front door. All the noise in the unkempt house seemed to stop the moment he entered. Benedikt closed the door with a soft click as he recognized Snotlout round the corner into the entry hallway.

"_Benedikt?" _he asked looking surprised to see him. Benedikt very rarely visited this house, and only did so if there were money issues or some other type of dispute. He had lately had a lot more important business than checking up on the intermediate dealers.

"_Where is he?" _he asked narrowing his eyes at the shorter male.

Snotlout's eyes only widened in recognition of what Benedikt was there for. He merely pointed behind him at the staircase in order to indicate that he was upstairs.

Benedikt shoved past him, ignoring the congregation of guys in the living room as he walked by. They were just in the middle of watching a game on the TV, but had silenced when they heard Benedikt's voice. But Benedikt didn't care about them. He was there for Luka. He hated feeling suspicious of his own brother, but Benedikt had become increasingly more concerned about his behavior as of late.

His concern started when he saw that Luka's back had been completely cut up again. Normally Pitch or Caesar would have had to hold him and Benedikt down to do it, memories that Benedikt preferred not to dwell on. But there was no way Pitch had the strength to restrain him now. Luka must have permitted him to do it. And that was only the beginning of Benedikt's unease.

It was too often now that Luka came home late or not at all. Anya was concerned about him too, well, she was more pissed off at him than worried about him. But that was just Anya's personality. She had told Benedikt that she had seen him hanging out with random people. Guys that weren't a part of their social circle. And Benedikt also noticed an increase in discarded liquor bottles. At first he thought they were Pitch's, but he smelled it much too frequently on Luka to be coincidence. Still, he would refuse to talk to Benedikt whenever he had tried to talk to him about it.

He walked up the old wooden stairs that turned right before reaching the second floor and stopping in the hallway. All other doors were open, exposing vacant rooms, except for one. Benedikt approached the final room and paused in front of the door. It had been rare for Benedikt to find Luka at home lately; however, Benedikt also had no idea what Luka did during the day anymore. He was slacking off on the work he needed to do and it was starting to piss Benedikt off. He needed to knock some sense into him if he could.

As quietly as Benedikt could, he opened the heavy wooden door and felt his breath stop from what he saw.

Luka was openly straddling Dagur on the bed and kissing him intensely. Benedikt heard him inhale passionately as Dagur bit down on his lower lip. Luka had removed his shirt, exposing the taut red marks of his newfound scar across his back, and had his arms wrapped around the older male's neck, loosely holding an open bottle of whiskey in one hand. Benedikt felt heat gather in his face after seeing the greedy way in which Dagur's hands travelled around Luka's back and sides, stopping only to bury themselves in his pants, which were already unfastened. Benedikt had seen enough.

He shoved open the door all the way and stormed inside, taking Dagur by surprise while Luka switched to biting at his neck and grinding down onto his lap. In fewer than two strides, Benedikt had traversed the room and shoved Luka off the man, where he fell onto the bed, spilling his liquor a little from the sudden change in position.

"_Get out." _Benedikt growled at the wide-eyed Dagur, who obediently slinked around Benedikt like a frightened dog and disappeared out of the room.

[_God Bene, you're such a buzzkill,] _Luka slurred as he took another swig of whiskey while reclining on the bed, his pants hanging loosely around his hips, exposing the waistband of his underwear.

[_What the HELL are you DOING?!] _Benedikt yelled at him.

Luka raised an eyebrow and smirked up at his brother before replying, [_Do you really need me to answer that?] _

Benedikt felt himself grow angrier from Luka's sarcasm and retorted, [_I mean, do you know what you're even doing to Stormfly?] _He had thought that his brother had more respect than to blatantly cheat on his girlfriend.

Luka bit his lip and sat up before replying in a low voice, [_It didn't really work out between us.]_

[What are you talking about? You're acting like you and her aren't together anymore.]

_[We're not.] _

Benedikt just stared at him furiously for a minute before saying angrily, [_I __**just **__talked to her and she still seems to think you're with her.]_

Luka smirked a little before taking another swig of liquor and setting the bottle aside on the nightstand. Then he sat up to sit on the edge of the bed and said smartly, [_Well you and her are equally terrible at taking a hint then.]_

_[What are you talking about?] _

Luka's eyes flashed up at him fiercely as he spread his arms and said, [_In case you haven't noticed by now, bro. I'm not into chicks, __**alright**__?!] _

Benedikt paused in surprise a little. [_Butâ€|what about the one girl you lived with?] _ He remembered the one occasion where he visited Luka and found him covered in hickies and sores.

Luka scoffed at him and leaned his hands on his knees. [_You mean __**Anna**__? She wasn't the one I was fucking.] _

Benedikt continued to stand there in shock staring at his brother. Luka had always told him that he wanted to stay there out of obligation to help herâ€| Benedikt just assumed he had fallen in love. He had never given him any indication that he wasn't into girls before. In fact, he hadn't really given any solid indication he was into anyoneâ€|Least of all Dagur.

[_Sorry to disappointâ€|] _Luka muttered after the drawn-out silence before standing up and making to move around Benedikt.

[_Where do you think you're going?] _Benedikt asked him in a strong

voice that made Luka hesitate.

"_Raus," _he stated firmly while piercing his green eyes into Benedikt's amber ones.

[_No. You're drunk and you're out of control. And you're coming with me even if it means I have to handcuff you to my own arm,] _Benedikt demanded moving to stand directly in front of his brother, blocking his path.

Luka's mouth drew back into a smirk and he took a step closer to Benedikt. [_Wow, Bene. I never knew you were that kinky,] _he said seductively as he slid a hand under Benedikt's shirt.

Benedikt started from the unanticipated contact and shoved Luka back onto the bed. [_What the __**hell**__ is wrong with you?! I'm your fucking __**brother!**__] _

_"Na u__nd?" _Luka responded curtly as his eyebrows came together. [_That never stopped __**dad, **__DID it?!] _

Benedikt pressed his lips into a hard line as he ate his own words. [_That's different,] _he said, [_It went on years ago. Now he can't-] _Benedikt paused after seeing Luka's smirk grow bigger. [_Youâ€|you aren't letting him do that to you now, are you?] _he asked, his voice shaking as he grew afraid of Luka's answer.

[_Yeahâ€|It's the least I can do, you know? What with all the stress he's under,] _he said in a dangerously low tone.

"_Lukaâ€|" _Benedikt couldn't believe what he was hearing. Pitch had forced himself on Luka before, but now there was no way Pitch could overpower him. Why the **hell **was Luka letting him do that?

[Oh yeahâ€|] Luka continued, his baritone voice dripping like venom in Benedikt's ears, [_he just keeps coming back againâ€|and againâ€|and againâ€| He can't get enough. Always grieving about how much I look like herâ€| Sometimes calling her name out as he cumsâ€| It's patheticâ€|] _Benedikt felt himself become nauseous at the thought, but Luka didn't stop talking, [_I should probably thank him actually. He taught me everything I know after all... And it's __**amazing**__ what straight boys will do for a piece of ass, even if it's mine. In fact,] _he stood up off the bed to close the distance between him and Benedikt, bringing his mouth up to his ear as his voice fell to a low, airy hum, [_They all come backâ€|They all come back because I give it to them better than any __**bitch**__ ever couldâ€|so you've just been missing out, Bene.] _And with that he pulled back flashing Benedikt a wicked smile before he picked up his shirt and sauntered around his brother.

Benedikt stood frozen in his place. He couldn't believe what he had heard. Luka had completely lost it. Not only was he willingly having sex with their own father, but he was handing himself over to random menâ€|including Dagur of all fuckers. Benedikt couldn't stop the various scenarios that flashed through his thoughts, causing his worries for his brother to multiply and overflow. He had to stop himâ€|

Before Luka had reached the doorway, Benedikt quickly turned and wrapped his arms around Luka's middle before hauling his body back

towards the bed. But instead of landing on the mattress, he slammed against the side and fell onto the floor with a loud ****_thud_**_.** Benedikt moved in front of the doorway and stood up straight as he watched Luka grunt and push himself back up using the bed as support. He turned his head and glared at Benedikt, his eyes burning in such a way that made Benedikt clench his jaw and prepare to fight his brother.

Luka charged at him, faking left before slamming his right side into Benedikt in an attempt at pushing him out the door. Benedikt winced as he failed at fully bracing himself against Luka's weight, but still held his ground in a matched struggle.

Both boys had been trained to some extent by Caesar since they had moved to Pitch's. Luka had been given more extensive instruction, but Caesar had often pitched the two against one another to practice their skills. However Benedikt could only remember one time when Luka and he had actually gotten violent like this, and it was after their mother had died. Their fight was so intense that they had left one another with thick scratches across their faces and chests, as well as many bruises. But that was when they were both emotionally volatile. Now, it was only Luka that was out of control.

Benedikt shoved Luka into the bookshelf, causing several books to topple off and hit him on the head, before he quickly came swinging back at Benedikt, who backed out into the hallway narrowly avoiding Luka's fist; however, he didn't anticipate Luka kicking him.

Benedikt grunted as Luka's foot full-on struck him in the chest, shoving him off balance. Luka kicked him again, pushing him until he fell backwards down the stairs slamming into the wall at the turn of the staircase. Benedikt blinked and Luka had already jumped down the half-flight of stairs and made to punch his brother in the side of the head. But Benedikt reflexively raised his arms up to block his hit. Luka swung at him several more times as Benedikt struggled to block him. Then finally he had the opportunity to grab onto Luka's arms and, using his brother's momentum, flung him backwards down the remaining steps.

Luka jumped down on two steps before tripping and stumbling backwards, hitting the ground and rolling until he crashed into the back of a couch. The boys in the living room had stopped what they were doing as they realized the two alpha brothers were fighting and had moved against the far wall in shock.

Benedikt jumped down the remaining set of stairs as Luka was pulling himself back up, and made to punch his darker-haired brother in the side of the head. But Luka quickly ducked and evaded his brother's fist before he grabbed Benedikt around his waist and tossed him over the couch, who bounced off onto the fragile coffee table, causing it to crack and buckle in the middle under Benedikt's sudden impact.

Benedikt lay sprawled out on the broken table as Luka walked around to face him, standing with his hand on his hip and panting as he remarked smugly, **_[Come on, Bene. I thought you liked it rough?]**

—

Benedikt grit his teeth and quickly got up in order to swing again at

Luka's head, who evaded his fist and kneed Benedikt in the stomach before shoving him towards the staircase. Benedikt cried out as his back collided with the doorknob of a closet and opened his eyes to see Luka coming at him again.

He was able to block Luka's fist and swing his own in retaliation, just to be blocked by Luka's arm. They parried with one another, punching and blocking while struggling to connect with the other's head or stomach. They were both the same height and similar weight, but Benedikt was broader than Luka. Using that, he was able to force Luka backwards into the dining room. He landed a blow to the side of Luka's head, who only responded by kneeling Benedikt in the stomach again. Benedikt buckled, but managed to block Luka's following punches.

Benedikt thought he could get the upper-hand on Luka, but his confidence quickly vanished when Luka found an opening and kicked him into the china cabinet, causing the glass to crack and shatter. Benedikt may have been broader than Luka, but Luka was definitely more skilled. The darker-haired brother then quickly grabbed him by the shoulders and threw him onto the ground. Benedikt rolled a couple feet before Luka sat on top of him and started to furiously punch at his head.

Benedikt raised his arms to block Luka's rage as he yelled, "[LUKA CUT IT OUT!]" But Luka wasn't listening. Planting his feet into the ground, Benedikt forcefully raised his hips and shoved Luka off-balance. He took the opportunity to flip Luka over and rest his weight on his brother's hips. To restrain him further, he grabbed Luka's wrists and pinned them over his head.

Luka's eyes furiously bore into Benedikt's as they both remained still, save for their labored breathing. After a long moment, Benedikt asked in German carefully avoiding saying his name in awareness the others were listening, "[It was that one boy, wasn't it? The one Caesar was about to kill.]"

"Fick dich," Luka hissed as he struggled to get back up, but Benedikt was in too dominant a position for him to move.

"[Well why are you acting like this?! Is he dead or something?!]" Benedikt couldn't put it together what else could cause Luka was submit himself to men he knew he hated.

Luka just glared at him for a moment, his jaw was clenched in resemblance to a snarl as he breathed heavily through his teeth, his bare chest rising and falling rapidly. Then he quickly lifted his head and spat in his brother's face. Benedikt raised a hand to reflexively wipe the spit out of his eye, but by doing so, he allowed Luka to shove him off balance.

Benedikt rolled across the floor before quickly standing up to face his brother again. He looked angrier than when they started

"[COME ON BENE! HIT ME! JUST FUCKING DO IT ALREADY!]" Luka screamed at him.

"[WHY DO YOU WANT ME TO HURT YOU SO BAD?!]" Benedikt yelled back at him.

"__BOTH OF YOU, STOP!" _a voice rang out, causing both of them to turn their heads in surprise. Caesar was standing across the living room by the entryway to the house. The expression on his face was very uncharacteristic of his stoic personality. Caesar was furious.

[_I've been trying to reach both of you for over __**an hour**__ now,] _he said in a dangerously low tone and switching into Spanish. _[You both need to come with me immediately.]_

â€|__._

"_Go get 'em tiger," _Jack said playfully as he patted Hiccup encouragingly on the bum.

"_Shut up," _Hiccup chuckled as he straightened his tie in front of the mirror in their room. "_You just can't wait to see me mess up and trip over myself." _

"_Nahh, you've actually been more graceful with your peg leg than your real one," _Jack teased as he walked to the door.

"_You know that's not trueâ€|" _Hiccup muttered quietly as he went to follow the white-haired boy.

But as he passed Jack at the door, Jack grabbed his hand and leaned into him to press his lips against the brunette's. After a moment, he pulled back to look into the brunette's forest-green eyes and replied gently, "_You'll do fine. Either way, I'm extremely proud of you. And besides," _he said as he wrapped his arms around Hiccup to grasp his butt and pull his hips against his own, "_Even if you do mess up, I'll just have to be __**extra**__ nice to you afterwards," _he said as his smile pulled up into the smirk Hiccup loved.

Hiccup grinned back at him and leaned in to kiss him once again. "_Yeah...yeah. That's what you said __**last**__ time," _he added playfully before pulling away to walk down the hall of North's flat to go downstairs to the club.

"_Hey! Would you STOP bringing that up already?!" _Jack yelled after him.

Hiccup just laughed as Jack rushed to catch up with him.

â€|

(_two months ago_)

Ever since he had received his prosthetic, Hiccup hadn't felt as useless as before. He was now able to walk around, albeit his gait was off a little, but the doctors said it would disappear with time. He just needed to continue getting fitted and working his muscles.

However, he had felt more confident in himself to go outside of the house more often. He would now go with his dad to work or go to the Guardians to help out like he used to. He still felt a pang through his heart whenever he looked at the door to their old room, or anything else that reminded him of the raven-haired boy. He couldn't blame Jack for wanting to move back into his old room in North's

flat.

He had just spent the day at the Guardians, visiting with everyone and playing with the kids. He didn't realize how much he missed everyone. He thought that if he went back to the Guardians, he would only be reminded of Toothless and would have another break-down. But it was actually the opposite. Everyone was completely overjoyed to see him, especially the kids. So much that it made Hiccup feel guilty for avoiding them for so long. He didn't stop to think how much his absence on top of Toothless's was affecting them.

But he had a good day with them. They had left and Hiccup was driving them home in his dad's car, who had let them borrow it in order to save Hiccup from walking too much. The doctors had told him that he should walk on it, but to pay attention that he didn't overdo it.

"_It was really good to see you back there," _Jack admitted.

Hiccup glanced over at him and saw him smiling warmly in the passenger seat. Hiccup felt himself smile as well as he replied, "_It was good being back there." _

"_You think you can convince your dad to move back in?" _Jack asked.

Hiccup pursed his lips as he turned down his street. After a moment he responded, "_I'm not sureâ€¦I can ask when we get home." _

Jack smiled and leaned his head against the window. Both of them have been absentmindedly calling Hiccup's house 'their home' even though Jack didn't live there. He wanted nothing more than to be able to fall asleep next to Hiccup again. After sleeping next to someone for almost a yearâ€¦ It was difficult not to have that anymore.

Hiccup pulled up to his house and they both got out the car and walked inside.

"_Hey dad! We're home!" _Hiccup called as he walked in. "_Dad?!" _he called again, but there was no response. "_Hm, he must be staying later at work." _

"_How's your leg?" _Jack asked for the umpteenth time that day as they took off their shoes.

Hiccup smiled at his concern and responded, "_It's fine, Jack. Really." _

But Jack still put a hand on Hiccup's back before bending down to help him get his shoe off.

"_You don't have to do that, you know. I can get it," _Hiccup told him. He was appreciative of Jack's help, but got a little annoyed whenever he was too doting.

"_I know, but I just feel like being extra nice to you," _he said as he playfully smiled up at him.

"_How do you- WOAH" _Hiccup exclaimed as Jack then lifted Hiccup up, who responded by wrapping his legs around Jack's waist and pulling

his chest against his in fear of falling backwards.

Jack walked Hiccup over to the couch in the living room and plopped him onto it before straddling his lap and pulling his face up to meet his. Hiccup closed his eyes and warmth bloomed in his chest at the feeling of Jack's lips moving against his. It had been so long since he had actually felt lust for him without being consumed by guilt or pain. But nowâ€¦ If Jack was so willing to give him extra attentionâ€¦

"_Heyâ€¦let's go up to my room," _Hiccup rumbled against Jack's mouth.

Jack's grin grew broader as he helped Hiccup up and they walked upstairs to his bedroom.

Hiccup forgot to make his bed that morning, but that didn't matter. He just shoved the sheets over and laid down, pulling Jack's lithe figure on top of him. Jack greedily pushed his hands under Hiccup's shirt before leaning down to press his lips into his neck. Hiccup tilted his head back and let out a gasp as Jack sucked on his neck and grazed his fingers across his nipple. He hadn't realized how sensitive he had become after not having the white-haired boy touch him in so longâ€¦

Hiccup sat up and grasped the bottom of Jack's shirt to pull it over his head. Jack then did the same for him before they collapsed back into the mattress, feeling their bare chests pressing against one another. Jack found Hiccup's lips again and bit his lip as he ground his pelvis against Hiccup's. A small groan escaped Hiccup's throat as he felt the white-haired boy's arousal through his pants for the first time in months. Jack grinned and leaned down to suck on the freckled-boy's nipple, causing him to arch his back as the unanticipated warmth surged across his chest. Jack teased the other nub between his fingertips, relishing in the little gasps Hiccup produced with every slight sensation. He wanted to make him scream in ecstasyâ€¦ He swiftly reached down to undo Hiccup's jeans.

Jack looked back up at Hiccup to check on his expression. Hiccup's face was already flushed and his breathing had increased slightly. But the message was clear in his eyes; they were practically begging Jack to continue. Jack grinned in satisfaction and kissed his lips once before leaning back to pull Hiccup's pants and underwear off him. Hiccup helped him kick them off before Jack reached over to grab the sheets and throw them over himself.

"_What are you doing?" _Hiccup asked bemused.

"_Just relaxâ€¦" _he mumbled as he reached his hand up to tease Hiccup's nipple again.

Hiccup lowered his head into the pillow and felt Jack spread his legs and gently rub a finger against his entrance. He had forgotten what all of this felt likeâ€¦ It felt so goodâ€¦

Hiccup's breath hitched when he felt warmth and wetness completely encase his cock. Jack slowly took Hiccup into his mouth until the tip touched the back of his throat. Hiccup whined and reached under the sheets to grip onto Jack's hair. He already felt the build-up in his pelvis and wanted moreâ€¦

He fumbled under the sheets until he found Jack's arm, then he quickly pulled it up towards him so he could lean up and take his fingers into his mouth, sucking and licking until he was satisfied. Jack pulled his arm back and resumed massaging Hiccup, pushing against it teasingly while simultaneously reducing his mouth's pressure.

Hiccup whined and flexed his hips up to try and plead with Jack. Jack groaned out of satisfaction and Hiccup then felt him plunge his finger inside of him. Hiccup yelped but relaxed as he felt Jack's finger twist and turn within him, tickling and teasing his nerves, while he continued sucking him off. Hiccup relished in hearing the little slurping sounds Jack's mouth made as he happily hummed from Hiccup's unbridled reactions.

Jack pulled his finger out, only to add another and push them back into the brunette.

"_Ahh! Jack- I- ehâ€|" _Hiccup froze as he heard his bedroom door quickly open and turned his head to see his own father standing there with the most shocked expression on his face.

There have never been two awkward seconds that had ever lasted as long as those did. Hiccup felt Jack freeze as well, his cock still encompassed in his mouth and his fingers still buried in Hiccup's ass underneath the sheets. But his form was still enough for Stoick to recognize what he had walked in on.

Hiccup could only lie there and stare at his father wide-eyed for those two seconds, not sure of what to do. But, thankfully and without a word, Stoick slowly backed up and shut the door behind him.

"_ACK" _Hiccup grimaced as Jack quickly retracted his fingers and threw the sheets back until he was leaning over Hiccup. They also could only remain still and stare at one another for a few awkward moments before Hiccup shoved him off.

"_Are you going to go talk to him?" _he asked hesitantly.

"_You're coming too." _

"_What?!" _Jack cried out, his voice rising about an octave in horror. He pulled the sheets up around him in a pathetic form of protection as he added, "_He'll kill me." _

"_He's not going to kill you," _Hiccup assured him half-heartedly. "_He knows you and I are together. Andâ€|honestlyâ€|if we don't go down now he'll be imagining what else you're doing to meâ€|" _Hiccup grimaced at the thought.

Jack took a deep breath and then reached for his shirt. Hiccup pulled his clothes back on as well and they left the room together to go find Stoick. Hiccup had never imagined having a more awkward conversation with his fatherâ€|but maybe he could use this as a bit of leverage.

He walked into the kitchen with Jack following behind to find his father sitting at the kitchen table with an open bottle of mead.

Hiccup's eyebrows came together at the thought of his father drinking that memory away. It's not like he had actually seen anything for Thor's sake.

"_Dad..I'm-" _Hiccup started to say.

But Stoick held up a hand, cutting him off. "_No Hiccup. I should really know better than now than to barge into my almost-adult son's bedroom" _he said before looking off at nothing and taking another swig of mead.

"_Well"ok. But hey," _Hiccup started to say as he nervously scratched the back of his head, "_I was actually going to ask you something." _Stoick just looked back at him and simply waited for the question. Hiccup continued, "_I just spent the day at the Guardians and" I would really like to move back there." _Hiccup paused and studied his father's expression. He looked at Hiccup blankly, so Hiccup hurriedly continued, "_It- It's not like I don't want to live with you. But the kids really missed me and... and I need to be there. I want to feel needed and useful again. I-"_

"_Hiccup, you can go live with Jack," _his father interrupted.

Hiccup hesitated, not able to believe that his father had actually agreed. He was so against Hiccup leaving or Jack moving in for such a long time. But then a grin spread across his face as he asked, "_Really?" _

"_Yes, yes. If it'll make you that happy" And it'll prevent me from walking in on __**that**__ ever again" _he grumbled glancing behind Hiccup at Jack.

Jack stood there in shock not sure of where he stood in Stoick's eyes. Hiccup turned around and hugged him joyously, but Jack continued to look blankly at Stoick.

"_Don't worry about it, Jack," _Stoick added, "_But know that I will think up plenty of colorful ways to remove your head if you so much as bruise my kid." _

Jack's eyes grew wider and he stiffened at the thought, but Hiccup reassured him, "_He's kidding, Jack."_

Jack fearfully glanced sideways back at Stoick, whose lips curved upwards into a small smile, and Jack relaxed a little, trying his best to put on a smile that didn't betray his nerves.

"_Oh Hiccup! How could I have forgotten!" _Stoick bellowed before standing up and hugging Hiccup with the strength of a mammoth-sized bear.

"_Urgh- Dad- Wha-" _Hiccup chocked out as his dad squeezed his ribcage together.

Stoick set him back down and put his hands on his shoulders. Hiccup looked up into his father's eyes to see them sparkle with pure delight as he explained, "_I came up so brashly because I received a notice from the hospital. We've been forgiven!" _

"_What?" _Hiccup asked, tilting his head out of confusion.

"_The hospital. They've completely forgiven us of our debt!"

—

Hiccup's eyes widened in shock. They had owed so much money for all the treatment and care Hiccup had received. "_Howâ€|how?" _he stuttered. He couldn't believe that the hospital would so easily forgive them of so much money.

"_It's amazing really! The group of doctors who worked on you put together a collection, and private donors contributed enough money to relieve us of the financial burden. It'sâ€|I can't even believe it myself," _Stoick explained almost in exasperation.

Hiccup stood there still in shock. But his dad wasn't the type to pull pranks. "_Oh my godsâ€|" _he breathed. Then a smile spread across his face again as he realized that the last dark cloud from his accident had been lifted. He could put everything behind him. He could move onâ€|

Hiccup turned around excitedly to squeeze the living crap out of Jack and celebrate. But instead of appearing as happy as he did, Jack's eyebrows were furrowed as if he was doubting Stoick's story.

"_Jack, what's up?" _Hiccup asked as the smile faded from his face.

Jack snapped out of his thoughts and smiled graciously at Hiccup before pulling the freckled boy against him. "_Nothing, Hic. This is unbelievable," _he rumbled into his ear.

â€|.

After Hiccup and Stoick had gotten their excitement out, Jack had taken Hiccup aside and told him about his encounter with Toothless. At first Hiccup was as shocked as Jack had been, but then he realized why Jack was skeptical of his sudden debt relief. But no matter what, Hiccup realized he couldn't be angry with Toothless like Jack was. Hiccup knew without a doubt that Toothless would give everything up if he thought it would make Hiccup happy. And he did. Hiccup's chest still ached at the thought of the angelic, raven-haired boy. He knew his chest would always ache for himâ€|It hurt because he knew that Toothless was unhappy. And despite all that he knew Toothless would always protect himâ€|He had even gone in and erased his debt for himâ€|

He still loved him after all.

Two weeks later, Hiccup had fully moved in with the Guardians. He moved into Jack's room upstairs, but still spent a lot of his time downstairs with everyone else. Hiccup still spent time during the week at his dad's shop, but he hadn't felt comfortable enough to work at the club until now. In fact, he still felt uncomfortable about it. He was afraid he would trip or mess up even more than he used to. But Jack reassured him that he'd be fine. And there was the implied reward of seeing Jack naked afterwardsâ€|.Positives.

Hiccup fulfilled his prophecy of being a klutz; however, not as much as he anticipated. He spilled some drinks and messed up some orders,

but no one looked at him strangely. No one noticed his leg was fake. That was probably the best feeling of all for him. He was back to normal.

After many long hours of working, Jack and Hiccup finished cleaning up and eagerly headed upstairs. Jack fumbled with the lock to North's apartment door as Hiccup reached in front of him to massage him through his pants while breathing into and licking his ear.

Hunching over and gasping as Hiccup gripped him and languidly stroked him, he clumsily unlocked the door and wrenched himself away from the freckled-boy before going down the dark hallway. Hiccup smirked and followed behind him only to have Jack shove him against the wall by their bedroom door.

"_Hicâ€|you're such a little minx, you know that?" _he purred against his ear as he gripped Hiccup's hips.

Hiccup nipped at Jack's neck, to which Jack responded by pushing his leg between Hiccup's and rubbing his thigh against his pelvis. Hiccup groaned a little and quickly covered his mouth with his hand as the noise involuntarily escaped his throat.

"_What?" _Jack asked grinning a little at Hiccup's embarrassment.

"_Shhâ€|what about North?" _he whispered, suddenly aware of the proximity of North's bedroom.

"_Don't worry about it. North told me he's sleeping with earplugs after I told him about your dad catching us," _Jack assured him with a smirk on his face.

"_Ohâ€|alright..." _Hiccup replied still skeptical.

But his skepticism was pushed out of his mind as Jack rubbed his thigh back against Hiccup, who started fumbling with the buttons on Jack's shirt. He didn't like when Jack was wearing a shirtâ€|Jack reached around to open his bedroom door and playfully shoved Hiccup inside. However, Hiccup stumbled and crashed onto their bed.

"_Shitâ€|Sorry Hic," _he apologized as he groped for the switch to his lamp in the darkness. "_Here," _he said as he flicked it on.

Hiccup nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard Jack suddenly shriek. "_How the FUCK are you-?!" _

Hiccup bolted upright on the bed and followed Jack's gaze to see him. The raven-haired boy was there, standing by Jack's desk. Hiccup would have thought him to be a phantom if it weren't for his altered appearance. His hair was cut short and a black and red tattoo covered his left arm. But his face was just as beautiful as Hiccup rememberedâ€| Except that as Toothless's eyes met Hiccup'sâ€| A stream of tears broke through and flowed out of his emerald irises. The expression caused Jack to stopâ€|He had never seen Toothless cry beforeâ€|

"_I'm so __**sorry**__, Hiccupâ€|"_

* * *

><p>Ahh...the story is finishing up. Sad
pandas.

Leave me a review and let me know what you think :)

**How was the scene between Benedikt and Toothless? **

**Why did Caesar need them? **

Why is Toothless suddenly there to see Jack and Hiccup?

34. Chapter 34

Sorry this took so long. Busy time of year here!

* * *

><p>Kapitel 34

Toothless couldn't hold it in anymore. He had gone most of the year trying to forget, trying to destroy and bury every good memory so that they would finally stop torturing him. The faint echoes of laughter, the whisperings of previous declarations of love, the images of their faces and phantom touches deceiving him in his dreamsâ€¦ The pain they caused him was greater and more destructive than any physical pain he'd ever had to deal with, and it took all his strength to suppress them. But whatever barriers his mind had built up in that past year came crashing down the moment those soft, green eyes found his own.

Hiccup slowly stood up from the bed, displaying an expression of pure disbelief as he stared wide-eyed at Toothless. He took a step forward and Toothless winced as the burning memories poured out of his eyes in preparation for the rejection he had been preparing himself for. He deserved to be hated. He deserved to be hurt. He deserved everythingâ€¦

Toothless stiffened and sharply inhaled at the sudden impact. At first, his mind couldn't comprehend what had happened. He opened his glassy eyes to see that Hiccup wasn't hitting him like he had anticipatedâ€¦ he was hugging him. Hiccup's arms were securely encircling his shoulders and arms in the tight embrace of someone who had long mourned the loss of a loved one.

The raven-haired boy stood frozen for a long moment. After everything that had happened, after all the suffering Jack said Toothless had put them throughâ€¦ The fearâ€¦ The loss of his legâ€¦ Abandoning themâ€¦ Hurting themâ€¦ what was he doing?

"_Wh-â€¦ Why don't you hate me?" _his voice finally managed to choke out.

Hiccup only squeezed him a little tighter and answered in a raspy tone, "_I could never hate you."_

Toothless gasped for air as his face drew back into a grimace after

hearing those unbelievable words. How? How couldn't he hate him? How could someone be soâ€¦| soâ€¦|

After months of yearning to hold the boy he had betrayed, Toothless reached his arms up under Hiccup's to clutch the brunette to him as if he were afraid he would disappear like in one of his dreams. He was everything Toothless lacked, which was why it was so hard for Toothless to leave him. Hiccup was so unbelievably pure in heart and mind that he couldn't possibly hate someone he lovedâ€¦|

Toothless couldn't control the horrendous sobs that burst forth as the dam that held them back crumbled completely. Why? Why couldn't Hiccup simply hate him? It would make everything so much easierâ€¦|so muchâ€¦|

His body started to shake as the torrent of sorrow continued to drown him. His body couldn't get enough oxygenâ€¦| he couldn't breatheâ€¦|

Toothless's knees buckled, but Hiccup maintained his hold. They both fell to their knees on the ground, still clutching one another as if afraid the other would disappear into fantasy. Toothless's body shook more violently against Hiccup's as he continued to sob into his shoulder.

"_I'm sor- sor- sorry!" _Toothless croaked pathetically in a failed attempt at steadying his voice. "_I di-didn't want to hur-hurt you I-"_

Hiccup only gently shushed him as he firmly held the back of Toothless's head, who had his forehead pressed into Hiccup's shoulder. Hiccup had longed and dreamt of reuniting with the boy he loved again. He found it difficult not to believe that the body he had clutched to him and the sound of the voice he was hearing wasn't just another one of his mind's cruel tricks. Hiccup must have come up with a hundred theories as to why Toothless had left. What he was thinking and whether he did so out of love or disinterest. But the feeling of Toothless shaking against him and his tears soaking into Hiccup's shirt caused him to shove any suspicions or fears he had aside and accept what he knew deep down to be true. All he wanted was him. For him to be happy again. For that was the reason Hiccup couldn't be angry with him. He knew that Toothless wanted nothing more than to stay with him after his accident. How much it must have killed him to stay away knowing how much Hiccup hurtâ€¦| Toothless was a stronger person than he was. Hiccup knew he couldn't have gone through with the same decision should their places have been reversed. The guilt and deliberate choice to isolate himself would have been too debilitating for him to bearâ€¦|

They remained like that for a long while as Toothless continued to release all off his grief, frustration, guilt, anger, and self-hate into Hiccup. Hiccup did nothing but wait and cherish the feeling of holding Toothless's body after such a long time apartâ€¦| After Hiccup felt the other boy's body steady and heard his breathing return to a steadier state, he tilted his head to murmur into Toothless's ear. "_It's alright," _he breathed trying to further communicate his forgiveness.

"_Noâ€¦|it's not," _Toothless whispered, his voice still catching from his erratic intakes of air. "_I- I said I'd keep you safe. Bu-but I

hurt you in every po-possible way... I hurt __**both **__of you," _he admitted as he released his vice grip on Hiccup and turned his head to look at Jack.

Hiccup looked over as well and saw Jack leaning against the wall with his arms crossed while looking down at Toothless coldly.

When Jack didn't interject, another small stream of tears leaked out of Toothless's eyes as he continued, "_I'm so __**sorry **__Jackâ€¦I had to pu-push you away that nightâ€¦ But I didn't mean anything I-"

_

_"__You mean you __**didn't**__ help protect the person who __**murdered **__Anna's parents and nearly killed Hiccup?" _he demanded as more ice laced into his voice and his hands balled into fists at his sides. "_That you __**didn't **__spend almost two years here pretending like you gave a __**damn**__ about those kids, whose parents you __**stole **__from them?!" _

Hiccup felt a lump form in his throat at the expression on Toothless's face as Jack's words sliced into him. After lowering his eyes away from Jack's frozen stare, Toothless murmured in a low voice, "_I __**did **__care about them. And I didn't kill-" _

Jack interrupted him, his voice rising in intensity despite him keeping his volume low, "_You said it yourself that __**you **__were the reason they were killed Luka! You-"_

_"__No." _Luka stated firmly as he raised his eyes to meet Jack's again. "_I said I was the __**excuse. **__I didn't want or ask for __**any **__of that to happen." _

_"__So why are you here then?" _Jack asked as he maintained the cold stare he held on Toothless. "_You told me you __**had**__ to stay away in order to keep us safe from __**your **__psycho family. So what was so important for you to-" _

_"__Because my dad just died." _

â€¦.

Benedikt stood near the door in the hospital room answering the young nurse's questions and finalizing the arrangements for his father. Pitch was lying motionless on the hospital bed, but he carried a look of peace on his long-weathered face. He had finally lost the fight against the disease he had been battling with for the past year. Benedikt found out almost a year after Luka left that Pitch had been diagnosed with Hodgkin disease, which increasingly debilitated his immune system. However, Benedikt had held off from telling Luka because Benedikt didn't want him to feel pressured to returnâ€¦not after Benedikt had finally seen his brother happy. He eventually broke the news to him the morning Benedikt visited him in the Guardian's basement. Along with Pitch's relatively new substance abuse, which was why the situation with Luka and Hiccup escalated as far as it did. Benedikt had no intentions of making excuses for Pitch. But he was not in a good state of mind, even when sober. Adding various drugs to the mix only intensified his psychosis. In fact, Pitch gave no indication he remembered that night at all.

Caesar was standing outside the hospital room to give the boys space, figuring that they needed some time alone to process everything. Benedikt had known that the moment was long-coming. Pitch had been growing ever weaker, even with treatment, and the fact he started using cocaine more and more frequently probably only expedited the process. His heart couldn't handle itâ€¦

Benedikt was barely hearing what the nurse was saying as he looked over to check on his brother. Luka was standing at the end of Pitch's bed and staring blankly at his eternally sleeping father. But Benedikt knew he wasn't taking it well. His body was stiff and his hands were balled into fists, which were held tightly against his sides.

Benedikt's attention drifted for too long as the nurse gingerly touched his elbow and repeated her question in a gentle voice, "You_u never indicated in your arrangements whether you wanted him cremated or buried-"_

"_Just toss him in a hole and throw some dirt on him," _Luka said coldly as he shoved past them and left out the door.

"_Luka!" _Benedikt called to him, but Luka didn't even slow his pace as he left down the hall. Benedikt threw a desperate look at Caesar, who then took up Benedikt's role of making arrangements. Benedikt left quickly down the hall to catch up with his brother. He had an idea where he was headed, but just wanted to keep him in his sight.

Benedikt left the building and saw Luka take off running across the field toward the small forest that lay next to the hospital. Benedikt broke out into a run as well and followed him. His feet pounding into the uneven earth and his arms pumping along his sides as he struggled to keep up with his brother after they entered the forest. Luka was a lot more agile than he was.

Benedikt understood Luka in a way most people didn't. Luka was always one to try and suppress whatever he was feeling. And whenever anything happened to him to the point he couldn't handle it, he would hide himself away. Throughout their lives, Benedikt could always find him, figure out what was wrong, and a way to help him. But since Luka returned, he had purposefully been avoiding Benedikt like the plague, hiding his problems and concerns away like Caesar had taught him to do... After all that had happened today, Benedikt hoped he could still be there for him like before. Luka was all he had nowâ€¦

The woods broke and Benedikt squinted into the open clearing that was bathed in the orange light of a setting sun. After a second of scanning, his original suspicions were confirmed.

Benedikt ran over to the willow tree, and parted the leaves that created a protective curtain around it. Luka was leaning against the trunk with his forearms pressed into the bark. His back and shoulders were rising and falling rapidly as he panted from the exertion. Benedikt approached him and stopped just behind him, panting himself. But at this distance, he heard Luka wheezing. And Benedikt realized his brother was crying.

Luka dropped to his knees in front of his tree. His hands gripped the bark in front of him as hot tears poured out of his eyes. What was

happening to him?

_[Why?] _he choked out knowing Benedikt was the one standing behind him.

_[Why what?] _Benedikt asked in a low voice.

_[Why the FUCK am I crying?] _he elaborated as his shoulders continued to shake as the grief uncontrollably poured out of him.

_[Because your father just died, Luka. It's normal for you to be upset,] _Benedikt answered. It was an obvious response, however he didn't say it pretentiously.

_[But I __**wanted __thisâ€¦ I __**hate __himâ€¦] _Luka said through gritted teeth. He turned around so his back was against the trunk and he pulled his legs into his chest before burying his face in his knees.

Benedikt remained standing for what seemed like a long while as Luka tried to calm himself into the darkness his knees provided.

His brother then knelt down and Luka felt his hand on his shoulder. _[Look, Luka. Your relationship with dad wasâ€¦ complicated.] _Luka snorted into his knees at his brother's casual description, however Benedikt continued in spite of it, _[But I know you didn't want him deadâ€¦ that's not the kind person you are. Andâ€¦ as fucked up as it was, a part of you does love him. Because we both know he loved you more than anyone else on the planet.] _He paused for a moment before adding, _[You were the perfect sonâ€¦] _

Luka raised his head to look at his brother's face. Benedikt carried an expression of grief that looked to have run deeper and older than Luka had ever realized.

_[What are you talking about?] _he asked his golden-haired brother. _[He chose __**you __**to succeed him, not me.]_

[You weren't there to see him after you left for the Guardians.]

Luka stayed silent and waited for Benedikt to explain himself. Pitch didn't favor Luka over Benedikt. Bene was much more outgoing and charismatic than he ever wasâ€¦ He was the picture of a professional politician. People liked him immediatelyâ€¦ whereas Luka was the exact opposite of that.

Benedikt took a deep breath and started to explain, _[After you leftâ€¦ he was a mess. He would hardly talk to anyone except Caesar or me for the longest time, and even then I could tell he was grieving for you. He asked me constantly how you were, if you were eating enough, if you needed anything, and so onâ€¦ Eventually he started giving me a small gift and a letter to deliver to you once a week.]

_

Luka sat frozen for a moment until he realized he had stopped breathing. _[What did you do with them?] _he asked knowing Bene had never given him anything from their father in the time he spent at the Guardians.

Benedikt took a deep breath and continued, _[Most of the gifts I just got rid of. He would often send you things like your favorite chocolate or those cinnamon mints you like. And the lettersâ€¦I read them.] _

Luka wasn't sure how to react. He wasn't sure if he should be mad at his brother for reading his private mail, but Luka also wasn't sure if he would have wanted to read his father's letters to him anyway.

But his curiosity got the better of him, _[What did they say?] _he asked hesitantly.

Benedikt took a deep breath and carried on, _[Mostly just apology after apology. Asking about your well-being and to let him know if you needed anything. Butâ€¦] _he reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope, _ [He wrote this for you a couple weeks ago. I think he wanted me to give it to you in case he passed unexpectedly.] _He handed the envelope over to Luka, who took it cautiously. _[I didn't read this one,] _Benedikt clarified.

Luka stared at the envelope unsure of whether he wanted to open it. But it was his father's last message to himâ€¦and he wanted to know what his father had to say that he could only do so in death.

He slipped his forefinger under the fold and ran it along so he could break his father's signature wax seal that displayed their English family crest. He pulled out the paper within and unfolded its contents before he slowly began to read:

â€¦..

_My dearest Luka, _

If you are reading this letter, it means I was not able to say these words to you in person before my death. However, perhaps it is better this way. For I am in a better state of mind at this current moment than I might be later on.

Above all else, I want you to know that I love you more than anything. I know our relationship went beyond the normal boundaries of a father and son. And I also know that it was inexcusable, so much that I do not expect you to ever forgive me for the things I've put you through. Which is precisely why I need you to know what I've always struggled to admit, even to myself.

You are in almost every way your mother's son. You have her light, her brilliance, and her smile; however, out of the few traits you seem to have received from me, you have possibly inherited my worst.

_After you left home to hide away from the scandal, the enormity of what I did finally hit me. I held myself in a state of denial when you were around me, but after you left, the guilt that had been building up for years finally consumed me. You were the only person in my life, apart from your mother, I have ever felt a personal connection with. Recognizing that I had hurt you destroyed me. A strong part of me believes this disease is my own personal punishment for being a terrible father, on top of the hundreds of other sins I

have committed. But despite that, I still felt the need to make myself suffer. So I broke my own rule. I used my own product. Eventually I used it too often to where I couldn't stop. I coupled it with other drugs. I lost control of myself._

I promised myself every day that if you came back, I would be a better father. I would be the father you deserved to have. I would never hurt you, my son, again.

And after you returned a few months ago, I did hold up to my promise as best as I could in my weakened state. I truly wanted to build a normal relationship with you. However, when you came to my bed of your own volition, I lied to myself again. I told myself that you were acting out of compassion and love for me, which somehow made it permissible. But I was a damn fool. You're hurting. You're hurting just like I was and you were seeking out ways to punish yourself like I had.

Whatever path you may choose Luka, you cannot live in isolation, for you will destroy yourself. You are young and deserve the life you desire. I know you have people who care for you. If there is anything I've learned from experience, it's to be with those you desire to protect. For those are the ones who will in turn protect you in every sense of the word.

Whatever happens, you will always have your brother. But I want you to have more than that. As I said previously, you are your mother's son. I pray you follow in her footsteps instead of mine.

All my love,

Dad

â€|.

As Luka finished reading the letter, he didn't even realize tears had been silently running down his cheeks. He sniffed once and folded the paper up before handing it over to Benedikt. As Benedikt struggled to read the letter in the fading light of day, Luka stared straight ahead lost in thought, his arms still clasped tightly around his legs.

_[We have to go,] _he said firmly as Benedikt finished reading.

Benedikt put the letter back in its envelope and nodded slowly.
_[There's still a lot we have to take care of with the funeral, Luka. We-] _

_[No we have to leave __**now**__,] _Luka insisted. _[We're going with Plan C.] _

Benedikt pursed his lips after realizing what Luka meant. After a moment he added, _[I need to say goodbye to someone firstâ€|I think you should do the same.]_

â€|.

Toothless finished explaining to Hiccup and Jack what had transpired after his father died. After he started, he somehow managed to steady

his breathing enough so he could continue without uncontrollable interruption. Jack had since moved to sit down next to him and Hiccup on the floor; however, his expression was still hard. Toothless couldn't even bring himself to look up into Hiccup's face, instead he kept his gaze fixated on his lap.

"_What do you mean you're here to say goodbye?" _Hiccup asked, his voice breaking as he fearfully put together what Toothless meant.

"_I have to go home," _he said finally gathering the courage to look up into the brunette's eyes. The disbelief that was previously there had faded and instead he saw them shimmer in the dim light of the lamp.

Hiccup sniffed once before asking, "_When?" _

"_In an hour I'm leaving for the airport." _

"_No you can't," _Hiccup protested before leaning to wrap his arms around the raven-haired boy and pull himself against him in a desperate hold. Why was he doing this again? Hiccup had dreamt for months about finding Toothless. So that they could be together again. So Hiccup could see him happy.

"_So you just show up after months of nothing just to leave again?" _Jack voiced Hiccup's thoughts in a heavy tone that betrayed his anger.

Toothless clenched his jaw and pulled Hiccup into him in an attempt at communicating how much he didn't want to go. How much he wished he could stay with him.

"_I have no choice-" _he started to say.

But Jack interrupted him, "_You __**always **__have a choice, Luka. If you don't want to leave, then stay. But if your family __**business**__ is more important to you-" _

"_It's the only way I can escape it," _he interjected burying his face into Hiccup's hair, knowing it may be the last few moments he had with him. He continued, "_Benedikt and I have been coming up with ways to escape, ways to get out of this life. My dad's sudden death has given us that chance-" _

"_But why can't you just hide here? Like you did before?" _Hiccup asked, his voice betraying his sorrow as he cried into Toothless's shirt.

"_Because my dad built his empire on promises and favors...These people won't forget those promises just because he's dead, Hic. They'll come after Benedikt. They'll come after me. And they'll come after anyone I have contact with." _He lifted Hiccup's face up so he could press his forehead against his as he desperately tried to reason with him, "_My mom wasn't an idiot. She was in love with my dad and was willing to exist in this life here with him. But-" _Hiccup opened his glassy eyes to look into Toothless's and Toothless gently stroked his cheek with his thumb as he continued, "_Once she realized she was pregnant, she knew that it wasn't the life she wanted for Benedikt and I. She had to go far enough away so we

couldn't be traced. So we could live freely. Even if it meant leaving the one she loved behindâ€¦" _

"_Then I'll come with you," _Hiccup pleaded as more tears fell from his eyes.

Toothless quickly pulled his body back into his own as he felt himself start to shake again. Saying goodbye was harder than leaving, he knew it would be. But it still broke his heart just as much to hurt them again. "_You can't. I wish you could, but you have to stay here. You never knew me, you have no connection with me at all. I need to protect youâ€¦"_

"_You don't always have to be the one to protect us," _Jack broke in. Toothless looked up at him and saw his expression had changed. The anger had almost faded away and Toothless could see the hurt he always knew had been there.

"_I have to do this, Jack." _He clutched Hiccup even tighter and kissed his hair as he murmured, "_I'm sorryâ€¦" _

"_So this is it, huh?" _Hiccup demanded as he pulled away from Toothless and glared at him. He seemed to have absorbed Jack's anger as he continued in an enraged voice, "_I finally accepted that I would never see you againâ€¦but then you come here, give me hope, only to rip it all away and do it all over againâ€¦I JUST started to get over everything that happened!" _

Toothless bit his lip and more tears gushed from his eyes after hearing Hiccup actually yell at him. He looked over at Jack, whose expression had deadened as he silently agreed with Hiccup. The lump formed in his throat again as his resolve was shaken at its foundation.

He reached out to grip both of their hands with constricting strength to prevent either of them from pulling away as he squeezed his eyes shut and declared in an uneven voice, "_I have to- I have to go. But-but I __**will **__find you again. I don't want it to be foreverâ€¦It can't beâ€¦" _He stood up, pulling the other two up with him as he reemphasized. "_I'll find you againâ€¦I promise." _

He opened his eyes and saw that grief continued to pour out of Hiccup's eyes, albeit the anger had passed.

"_How long?" _Jack asked firmly.

"_How long what?" _Toothless asked looking over at him.

"_How long until you contact us? You can't tell us to wait for you forever, Luka. It's not fair. How will we know if you're even alive?" _he asked in an unwavering tone.

Toothless stared at him for a moment as he considered the idea himself. It wasn't a part of his plan and he wasn't sure if or when he would be able to do it. Butâ€¦Jack was right. He couldn't drag their hope along againâ€¦

"_A year. At most. If you don't hear from me within a year from now, then forget about me. But pleaseâ€¦just give me that much time."

_

Jack stood strong and looked like he was considering whether to accept the condition. Hiccup looked at him, silently begging him to accept. But he was too impatient. He didn't want to lose Toothless. Not now, not ever. He would wait as long as he needed. He couldn't forget about him. He threw himself back into Toothless's arms and said, "Just don't forget, okay?" _

Toothless wrapped his arms around Hiccup's lower back and squeezed the brunette against him again. "I could never forget you. Even if I tried," he said honestly. He then gently pulled Hiccup's face up to meet his own so he could finally kiss him. It amazed Toothless how much he could miss such simple things like the feeling of Hiccup's lips or the smell of Jack's hair.

The thought caused him to break the kiss and slowly turn towards Jack. Toothless knew the anguish in his eyes must have been apparent, because Jack softened a little. "Please, Jack?" he asked.

Jack stood still and continued to blankly stare at the raven-haired boy. He had convinced himself that Toothless was a selfish bastard, who had hurt him and Hiccup more than Jack had ever conceived to be possible. But...the person standing in front of him was not the same being Jack had constructed in his mind. The boy in front of him was the one he knew, the one he fell in love with.

He couldn't hold back anymore. Jack surged forward and stood on his toes so he could pull Toothless's lips into his own. He kissed the raven-haired boy with all the passion, sorrow, and anger he had harbored for almost a year since he left.

Toothless gasped in shock at first, but his surprise quickly melted as he absorbed all the emotion that Jack was pouring into him. He submitted to the pale boy's insistent kiss and to every bite that Jack inflicted on his lips and tongue. He had missed him so much.

But Toothless felt his pocket buzz and knew that he had stayed longer than promised. He gently pushed Jack away and turned so he could face both of them.

"I'm sorry. I really need to leave now." He pulled Hiccup back into him and they both clutched one another knowing it would be the last time in a long while. Maybe ever.

"I love you," Toothless murmured into Hiccup's hair before pulling back to kiss him again. Then he quickly switched back to Jack, pulling him against him before clarifying, "I love you both. As messed up as it is, I love both of you." _

He held the back of Jack's head as tears broke past his eyelids again and he buried his face into Jack's hair. But he heard Jack say in a voice that betrayed he was crying as well, "What's more messed up is that Hiccup and I fell for a weird foreigner like you." _

Toothless let out air in a quiet laugh at Jack's lame attempt at humor in their current situation. But he pulled back and kissed him one last time before turning to exit out the window.

But before he could reach it, Hiccup ran up to him again and threw

his arms around his neck. Why did he have to do everything possible to make Toothless want to stay?

He pulled Hiccup against him again and kissed him softly about six times before Hiccup backed away from him, being guided by Jack's hand. Toothless smiled at both of them, happy that they at least were together. That they still had each other. And hopeful that he'd see them again.

After one final look, he bit his tongue to hold back any additional tears, and hopped out the window before climbing down the fire escape. He didn't look back, he couldn't look back. It would just give his mind one more excuse to stay, to miss his plane...But he couldn't. He hopped down onto the sidewalk and got into his black car before quickly reversing into the street and speeding away before he could change his mind. He kept his jaw clenched and held his resolve. It wouldn't be forever...

* * *

><p>I want to give a big Thank You to everyone who has stuck around and read through this lengthy concoction of mine.

An even stronger thank you to those who left comments, feedback, ideas, and favorited/followed my story. I loved hearing your feedback and it kept me going this far.

**I hope everyone else enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it. **

xo

* * *

><p>**As an additional author's note, I do have another story in mind. So stay tuned and hopefully I can continue to improve and write good stories. :)

35. Epilogue

A warm thank you to everyone who has read my story.

Special thanks go to Kigen Dawn, Teddy, xfireflyskyx, DragonFireFT, httydfreakforever, HighGreenBunny, Imogene Hemlock, animelovernewbie, artistreilly421, Hiccafrost, Tyler, EmilyxJane, BlackNightRaven1, JustALittleDisneyPrincess, blazingwing, hersheykiss221, and Pandiii. You've left so many wonderful comments and support that helped me continue and actually complete my first story.

Thank you to everyone else who has left me comments, messages, and favorited/followed my story. It made me swoon every week to know that people enjoyed what I wrote.

**This is the final chapter, but I might do some one-shots if anyone messages me with questions that were unanswered or requests. **

So please do!

* * *

><p>Epilogue

"_Hiro, if you mess with my laptop one more time, I swear to gods I'll-"

"__I'm sorry, Hiccup! I'm sorry!" _Hiro cried out as Hiccup pinned him to the floor. "_I promise I was only trying to make it cooler!"_

"__By removing the SCREEN?!" _

"_Yeahâ€¦I got carried awayâ€¦" _Hiro grunted and tried to wriggle away as Hiccup leaned all of his weight in between his shoulder blades. "_But I promise I'll fix it!"_

"__Aand?" _

"__And I won't mess with it anymore!" _

Hiccup sighed and got up off of Hiro, helping the boy stand up as well. Hiro looked up at Hiccup apologetically, and Hiccup couldn't help but smile and ruffle the kid's hair. "_Alright, go on now. But keep an eye on Sophie while you're fixing it." _

"__Will do!" _Hiro promised and he grabbed Hiccup's laptop off of his desk and ran out of the room.

Hiccup smiled a little and shook his head. He couldn't help but like the kid, even though he drove him crazy sometimes. Hiccup thought it was because he reminded him a little bit of Toothlessâ€¦|

He felt his chest constrict at the thought and turned his head to look at the desk. It was the desk Hiccup had built for Toothless, and even though it was the first thing Hiccup ever built, he still treasured it the most. It couldn't compare to what he was able to build now. In fact, Hiccup had started making a pretty steady income from the furniture he crafted.

But Hiccup would never sell the desk and wardrobe he made for his old room. Hiro had moved in a few months ago, so Hiccup and Jack have since donated their old room and everything in it to the small kid. At least someone was putting the desk to good use, Hiro studied really hard so he could get into the best technological university in the country. The kid was definitely clever for his age, which Hiccup didn't quite expect out of the gawky thirteen year-old.

Perhaps that was why Hiccup liked him. Hiro was enthusiastic, stubborn, and wicked smart, but he was still filled with innocent wonder. Hiro was what Hiccup thought Toothless could have been like if he hadn't had the life he didâ€¦|

Not to say that Hiro didn't go through a lot. He confessed to Hiccup that he lost his brother in a fire. He now lived at the Guardians with his aunt, who served as his legal guardian. But after the fire, they had lost everything, including their home and his aunt's business. They didn't have anywhere else to go.

"_Hiccup!" _he heard Jack call him from the living room.

"I'll be right there!" _he called back. Hiccup ran his fingers along the smooth edge of the desk once more, before he turned and left Hiro's room to find out what Jack wanted.

â€|.

Jack was fully absorbed in the kitchen trying to single-handedly prepare dinner for everyone. He begrudgingly assumed that Bunny was out with Hiro's aunt. The two had hit it off recently, which resulted in Bunny dumping more work on Jack. Hiccup was off doing moon knows what as well. Anna was at school, Sandy was asleep, and the older siblings had since retreated into their bedroom. Manâ€| Since when was it so hard to get stuff done anymore?

"Hiro, you mind giving me a hand with this?" _he asked the shaggy, black-haired kid as he walked out of the hallway holding Hiccup's laptop.

"Sorry Jack! Hiccup just got pissed at me for touching his computer and I'm going to fix it real quick," _he said as he looked into the living room. "Sophie! Come here, I wanna show you something!" _he called over to her in the living room. The little blonde girl stood up and ran excitedly into the kitchen with Hiro. She was always enraptured whenever he played with electronics or tinkered with things. He and the little girl walked into the kitchen and spread everything out on the kitchen table in preparation.

But greatâ€| Now what was Jack going to do?

"Hiccup!" _he called out as he didn't want to abandon his sautÃ© pan to go get him.

"I'll be right there!" _Jack heard the faint echo of Hiccup's voice come from down the hallway.

A moment later Hiccup emerged again and washed his hands to help Jack with the food.

After almost an hour, they were finally finished with dinner and had at least set the kids up around the table to feed them. Sandy walked in a minute later just having woken up from his daytime snooze. Jack wasn't sure when anyone else would be homeâ€|they better be back soon to eat though.

As if answering his thoughts, they heard a knock. Hiccup stood up to go answer it and after he heard Hiccup open the large metal door, he heard a high-pitched shriek and a grunt from Hiccup.

"Geez Astrid, you don't have to crush my ribcage every time you come visit meâ€|" _

"__I know, but I miss you so much, Hic!"_

Jack poked his head around the corner with a confused expression on his face. "I didn't know you were coming over, Astrid. Aren't you supposed to be at school?" _

But Hiccup answered for her, "I told you a few days ago she was coming, Jack. Pay attention." _

Jack rolled his eyes at him and went back into the kitchen to wash some of the larger dishes. He wanted to visit with Astrid too, but figured he'd give her and Hic a minute to catch up. They were older friends after all.

However, when he turned off the sink, Hiccup and Astrid still hadn't come in to eat yet. What was taking them so long? Jack walked out of the kitchen, but paused as the two came into his view.

After rounding the corner, he saw Hiccup and Astrid still standing by the entryway. Except that Hiccup was gripping a torn envelope and reading a letter with the most intense expression on his face Jack had ever seen. He saw Hiccup's eyes widen as he took in the contents of the envelope.

"_What'sâ€|going on?" _Jack asked slowly as his eyebrows came together.

Astrid turned to look at him with a bright smile on her face and explained, "_I received an envelope for me at school, but when I opened it, there was another one inside that was actually addressed to you two."_

Jack's eyes widened as well and he snatched the letter out of Hiccup's hands. Then he felt his breath stop when he recognized the flowing cursive script on the paper. This was... He couldn't believe it.

He looked up at Hiccup, who only smiled broadly at Jack before pulling a pair of plane tickets out of the envelope.

...

****Fin****

* * *

><p>Last chance to leave your mark on this story and be my future inspiration!

****The thing I am most curious about is what scene(s) really stood out to you. Maybe they made you really happy/sad/angry or maybe you actually laughed out loud/cried/flipped a table.****

****Something where if you skimmed back through the chapters, you would stop to reread those parts.****

****Or just let me know if you liked it. :]****

* * *

><p>That kind of feedback will help me on my next story, which if you are interested, the prologue has been posted in my profile.

****Once again, thank you so much!****

****Hi all!****

****Just posting to let those who followed know that I did start a pseudo-sequel to this story.****

****If you are still interested, you can check it out at this link:

****s/11128556/1/When-Three-Wrongs-Make-a-Right-Sequel****

****Thank you again for reading, following, favoriting, and leaving me wonderful comments. You all helped me accomplish writing a full-fledged story, which I've never done before. So thank you!****

End
file.